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The Atlantic

A POST-COLD WAR BUDGET / THE ECONOMICS OF PERESTROIKA

BECOMING ATTACHED

What Children Need • By Robert Karen



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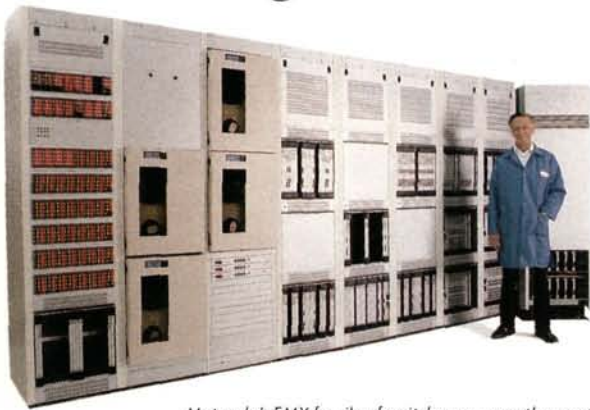
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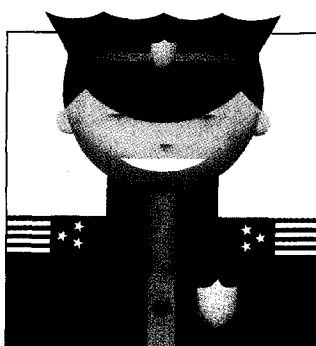
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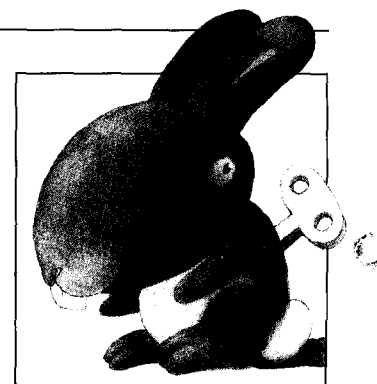
MOTOROLA



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Among the many factors that may contribute to a human being's emotional security, how important is it to have in infancy a primary caregiver who is steady, and consistently available? Some psychologists argue that while such care is desirable, it may not be crucial. But a group of researchers and clinicians known as attachment theorists believe that it is both essential and all a person really needs to thrive emotionally. Are the attachment theorists right? In a world of working parents and day care, the question is urgent.

by ROBERT KAREN

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745 BOY STREET

NOT LONG AGO the editors of *The Family Therapy Networker*, a magazine for professionals in the mental-health field, wondered why *The Atlantic Monthly* published so many articles having to do with psychiatry and mental health; they mentioned specifically last January's cover story, "Wounded Healers," by Thomas Maeder, which speculated that many of those drawn to the mental-health profession came into it with emotional deficits that sometimes hindered them in their work. Could the explanation, *FTN* asked, be that psychiatry is big at the box office?

Circumstantially, the answer, of course, is yes. *Atlantic* issues featuring psychiatric subjects have always sold well, though this observation is as circular as saying that politics, economics, and cultural affairs are covered by this magazine because our readers are drawn to those subjects. Psychiatry and the inner life have been among *The Atlantic's* important concerns for a great many years. In 1961 *The Atlantic* devoted much of an issue to "Psychiatry in American Life"; another such issue appeared in 1964. During the past quarter century *The Atlantic* has published material by and about Sigmund Freud, Erik Erikson, C. G. Jung, Thomas

Szasz, R. D. Laing, Bruno Bettelheim, and Robert Coles, along with articles about electroshock therapy, the psychological underpinnings of marital stress, family-systems therapy, the origins and fate of Freud's "seduction theory," and the emotional weight (for better or worse) of romantic triangles.

This month we look closely at "attachment theory," and at the disagreements among professionals about its meaning and usefulness. "Until the past two decades," Robert Karen, the author of our cover story, writes, "nothing could be said with scientific authority about almost any dimension of the mother-child bond, let alone how aspects of relatedness, good or bad, are transmitted." Attachment theorists believe that much can now be said. The paintings that accompany Karen's article are the work of Etienne Delessert, who has illustrated many of the recent articles we have published on the mind and the emotions. (The painting at left appeared in "Wounded Healers.") Delessert's interest in such subjects has deep roots. Some of his earliest work involved a collaboration on an illustrated children's book with the French child psychologist Jean Piaget. —THE EDITORS



CONTRIBUTORS

ROBERT KAREN ("Becoming Attached") has written for *New York*, *The Nation*, and other magazines. He is the author, with Ralph Rosenblum, of *When the Shooting Stops* (1979). Karen's most recent book is *Top Dog/Bottom Dog* (1987), about experiences of power and insecurity in everyday life. He is a doctoral candidate in clinical psychology.

ETIENNE DELESSERT (cover artist) was born in Switzerland in 1941 and lives in Connecticut. Delessert has written and illustrated more than forty books. He has won numerous awards for his work, including four gold medals from the Society of Illustrators. Delessert's next book, *Ashes, Ashes*, will be published in the spring.

JACK BEATTY ("A Post-Cold War Budget") is a senior editor of *The Atlantic Monthly*. He was for several years the literary editor of *The New Republic* before joining the staff of *The Atlantic*, in 1983. His article "The Exorbitant Anachronism" was part of last June's cover story on national defense.

GEOFFREY A. HOSKING ("The Soviet Union: The Paradox of Perestroika") is a professor of Russian history at the School of Slavonic and East European Studies at the University of London.

SUSAN LEHMAN ("Justice: A Matter of Engineering") has worked as a criminal-defense and civil-rights lawyer. She is now a free-lance writer specializing in law and crime.

EDMUND LEVIN ("Points of Departure") is a television producer and a consultant on Soviet affairs. His articles have appeared in *The New York Times*, *The Wall Street Journal*, and *The Nation*.

PETER SEARS ("Oil Spill") is a community coordinator for the Oregon Arts Commission, in Portland. His most recent book is *Tour: New & Selected Poems* (1987).

MAY SWENSON ("The Snowy"), who died last December, was the author of many books of poetry, including *In Other Words: New Poems* (1987).

MADISON SMARTT BELL ("Black and Tan") is a writer in residence at Goucher College. His latest collection of short stories, *Barking Man*, will appear this spring.

GUY BILLOUT ("Layover") has received numerous awards for his magazine and advertising work, and has written and illustrated five children's books.

WILLIAM H. YOUNGREN ("Serious Opera") has written widely about music and is completing a doctorate in musicology at Brandeis University.

MARTIN AMIS ("Miss Jane's Prime") is a Special Writer for the *London Observer*. His most recent novel, *London Fields*, will be published in April. Amis's reconsiderations of classic novels appear from time to time in *The Atlantic*.

RICHARD SCHICKEL ("The Church and the Movies") is a movie reviewer for *Time*.

RODGER P. DOYLE ("At Last Count: Men, Women, and Cancer") is the president of Map Makers. His map in this issue will appear in a forthcoming book of maps tentatively titled *The American Chart Book*.

The February Almanac was compiled with the assistance of Gail Cleere, of the U.S. Naval Observatory; Ted Moncreiff; and Peter B. Johnsen, of the U.S. Department of Agriculture.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR



RESTLESS CHILDREN

The article on hyperactivity by Alfie Kohn ("Suffer the Restless Children," November *Atlantic*) is a prime example of how a lot of data can be assembled to create substantial misinformation. The victims of this distortion are the children who need effective treatment for a serious and sustained disorder that poses great risk for their later development, and their parents, who too often are blamed for their children's difficulties or are frustrated in their efforts to obtain effective treatment and reliable information.

Hyperactivity, or attention-deficit hyperactivity disorder (ADHD), cannot be a true disease, Kohn argues, because children exhibiting the symptoms that lead to such a diagnosis are just more active than is normal. However, nearly all medical illnesses and symptoms reflect the extreme of normal physiology. Would Kohn similarly dismiss the importance of a fever, since everyone has some degree of temperature, or of hypertension, because everyone has some degree of blood pressure? Kohn demonstrates a remarkable naiveté about the diagnostic process in medicine. He seems particularly bothered by the discovery that the criteria for a diagnosis of ADHD are often determined "by committee." Does he think such a diagnosis should be made by revelation rather than by the deliberation of experts in medicine and psychology who have devoted their professional lives to working with children with this severe disability?

As a neurobiological researcher seeking to develop new laboratory measures for ADHD, I know that virtually every disorder and every laboratory test also exists on a continuum. Cells can be precancerous, clearly cancerous *in situ*, or metastasized and fulminantly cancerous. The fact that the exact boundaries of diagnosis are somewhat imprecise, that clinical judgment is required for appropriate

treatment, does not invalidate the authenticity or severity of the disorder.

Substantial research and vast clinical experience support the following conclusions: attention-deficit disorder with hyperactivity, though variously named in the history of medicine, is a real and significant disorder. It has a high degree of genetic inheritability. Social, environmental, and familial factors must be considered in the treatment and outcome of this disorder, but generally do not account for its core clinical manifestation.

ROBERT D. HUNT, M.D.
Associate Professor of Psychiatry
Vanderbilt University
Director, Clinic for Attention-Deficit
Hyperactivity Disorder
Vanderbilt Child & Adolescent
Psychiatric Hospital
Nashville, Tenn.

We wish to applaud Alfie Kohn's excellent article. As parents of a son who has been labeled "intellectually gifted but hyperactive," we have concluded that the traditional classroom is a prescription for failure for the very active child. We are also leery of schools that, for hefty fees, will "accommodate hyperactivity."

Our recent decision to try home schooling has produced some interesting results. We now realize that most of our son's behavior problems at home were a direct result of his frustration with school.

In our opinion, most schools, public and private, simply do not provide the individual attention and flexibility the active child needs and deserves.

We appreciate Kohn's balanced and sensitive treatment of this difficult subject.

DAVID BUCKEY
PAMELA MCNALLY BUCKEY
Norfolk, Va.

"Suffer the Restless Children" supplied some much needed balance to the mail I receive dealing with the



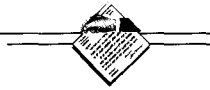
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latest workshops, techniques, and detection systems that I should pay for in order to discover classroom peace of mind. Not only the drug industry has a dollar stake in a hyper child; it would seem that the supplemental-education, literature, and conference-workshop people also depend on teachers' fear of having one of these children in their classroom.

Ritalin, which I feel is Valium for the under-twelve set, does have the unique property of reducing tension in some children. However, at its best it does no more than calm the nervous system, which leaves the child more vulnerable to his environment. This is a double-edged blade, for if it was the stressful environment that the child was originally reacting to, he would again be confronted with the stresses that created his so-called illness in the first place. When doctors prescribe medication for a behavior, they should insist on an equal dose of parenting classes or family counseling.

GEORGE LINTHICUM
Child Development Specialist
Portland, Oreg.

Alfie Kohn replies:

When I started work on the article, in 1988, I anticipated writing a piece that would emphasize the large number of hyperactive children who are undiagnosed and untreated. Little by little I came to realize that most professional views of "hyperactivity" seemed to rest on a foundation of sand. While many experts take for granted that a discrete disorder resides inside some children—a disorder best treated with amphetamines—the evidence for this view is shaky at best. And evidence for the idea that ADHD is a biological *disease* is nonexistent.

Robert D. Hunt's rhetorical references to fever, hypertension, cancer, and so forth beg the question: whether ADHD is analogous to these things is precisely what needs to be proved. While a temperature of 104° is only quantitatively different from a temperature of 98°, both the cause and the consequences of the former are different in kind from what is normal to the organism. There is no reason to think that such qualitative differences exist with respect to a child who is more distractible than most of his peers—particularly when the child sits still for things he finds interesting.

As for diagnosis by committee, it isn't troubling that several minds collaborate in deciding how many symptoms of which kind are necessary for a diagnosis. But it *is* troubling when the decision, which is notable for being arbitrary and changeable, is treated as though it were a product of revelation.

That there may be neurochemical correlates of ADHD is surely no proof that differences in brain chemistry cause kids to fidget; Dr. Hunt must know of the research indicating that serotonin and androgen levels fluctuate in response to social and behavioral changes. I assume that when he uses the word "inheritability," Dr. Hunt means "heritability"—that is, a measure of how much genes account for differences in a population with respect to a given trait, rather than the extent to which genes determine the trait itself. In any case, I went looking for research quantifying the heritability of what is called ADHD and found none.

Many children behave in ways that seem extreme and frequently frustrate parents and teachers. Of course, this may to some extent reflect the environment in which they find themselves, as the Buckeys and George Linthicum point out.

COMING GLOBAL BOOM

Charles R. Morris's "The Coming Global Boom" (October *Atlantic*) presents a very persuasive case for a strong American economy in the 1990s. It is significant that this fine piece of work comes not from an academic economist but from someone in business—someone whose judgment is derived from real experiences in today's global economy rather than from sitting around talking to aloof theorists.

The view of America's economic future presented in Morris's article is basically the same thesis laid out by the staff of the *Kiplinger Washington Letter* in their 1986 book *The New American Boom* and in a sequel last year, *America in the Global '90s*.

KNIGHT A. KIPLINGER
The Kiplinger Washington Editors
Washington, D.C.

To Charles Morris, the term "global" seems to mean anything that is part of a triangle composed of the Pacific

Rim, Europe, and the United States. In ten pages he made only seven references to places outside this triangle, and one of them was Mars! Surely underdeveloped and developing countries have an impact on global big business in terms of potential markets, competition, and available labor. It seems naive to assume that global migrations of workers to jobs and jobs to workers will not affect demographics in Japan, the United States, and Europe. This is already happening in the American Southwest and northern Mexico.

Do the new optimists include the Third World in the anticipated global boom, or will the gap between haves and have-nots widen? A boom that encompasses the *entire* world would have seemingly limitless potential for growth. One that does not would be precarious at best.

PATRICIA E. NEAL
Winona, Minn.

Reports of the death of the business cycle are much exaggerated. This reader, for one, fails to see Charles Morris's brave new economic world on the horizon. Here are some reasons for skepticism.

There is no boom in U.S. productivity. Morris conveniently measures productivity growth from the trough of the worst postwar recession in U.S. history. Slightly different calculations can lead to much more sober figures. For instance, economy-wide, productivity has grown at an annual rate of only 1.2 percent over the past decade.

What about the future? Given that no one knows why labor productivity fell in the early 1970s, it seems a bit foolhardy to predict a resurgence in productivity on the basis of demographic trends.

World savings are increasing, but U.S. savings are not. While it is true that the U.S. federal budget deficit, as officially measured, is shrinking, add in off-budget items like the savings-and-loan bailout, and remove the Social Security trust-fund surplus, and one sees that the deficit is actually increasing. In any event, it is the cyclically adjusted budget deficit (the average deficit over the business cycle) that matters. Unfortunately, this is also not declining.

What about German and Japanese savings? Will they come to the rescue? In fact increased savings-to-GNP ratios

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in these countries may only exacerbate our current trade difficulties (and hence our ability to repay our foreign debt). Suppose the supply of foreign savings rises relative to foreign demand. Consequent lower real interest rates abroad will depress the values of foreign currencies relative to the value of the U.S. dollar, making U.S. goods more expensive in world markets. Hence increases in world savings are no panacea for U.S. problems.

Morris asserts that U.S. personal savings will increase in the future. Let's suppose that they do; it will still be a very tight race between demography-induced savings increases and our rapidly accumulating foreign debt.

Synchronized sectoral shocks are no more. Morris argues that slumps are now hitting individual sectors, rather than broad manufacturing bases, so the business cycle of the 1970s is over. Yet it is arguable that most recessions are driven not by autonomous declines in demand but rather by policy actions in response to crises—the best example being a Federal Reserve tightening in response to accelerating inflation. If

Morris could guarantee that oil and commodity markets would remain slack for the next decade, then I, too, would be sanguine about our prospects for a more tranquil economic future.

Otherwise, one may need to accept that sometimes the conventional (albeit less inspiring) wisdom is the correct one.

MENZIE DAVID CHINN
Berkeley, Calif.

Charles R. Morris replies:

I thank Knight Kiplinger for his compliments, and I regret that his excellent book on the 1990s did not come to my attention until after my article was published.

To Patricia Neal: Undeveloped countries saddled with corrupt elites, whether of the left, right, military, or communist variety, will not share in a future global prosperity; but those who force real political reform will do quite nicely. Migrants from poorer countries are usually the most ambitious, energetic, and intelligent of their countries' workers. If anything, they help the developed world.

To Menzie Chinn: I expressly stated that *manufacturing* productivity grew rapidly in the 1980s. That's true even if measured from 1979—that is, before the 1981–1982 trough. And few scholars dispute that the large influx of young workers into services in the 1970s reduced overall measured productivity. Almost everything else in his letter is highly questionable. A few highlights: (1) Social Security trust-fund surpluses are real deficit reductions—they remove spending power from the economy regardless of their ultimate purpose. (2) The “foreign debt” bogeyman is mostly an accounting convention: it includes, for example, foreign real-estate investments in America, which no one ever has to pay back. (3) Worries about dammed-up German and Japanese savings ignore the reality of integrated global financial markets. I stressed in my article that American savings were important. (4) Commodity reserves of all kinds, including oil, increased substantially during the 1980s; there is no reason to foresee a change in that trend in the 1990s.

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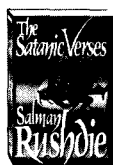
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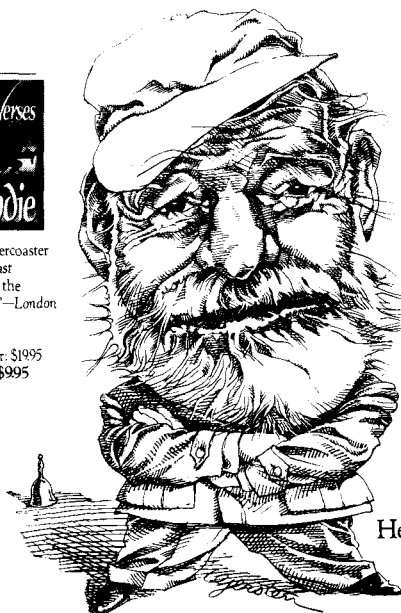
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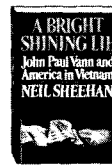
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DIFFICULT PEOPLE

David Owen's hilarious exposé of seminars ("Are You a Difficult Person?" October *Atlantic*) reminds me of a statement made by a man I know who is an ex-"est" student: "The purpose of est is to teach you how to get along with other est students." Another friend, who formerly taught assertiveness training, and who is now a tomato farmer, says he quit assertiveness training because "I got tired of arguing all the time."

Apparently, the success of the seminar industry is due to the addiction of many Americans to stress, which is packaged and sold. When put to use, the skills that people acquire through seminars, tapes, and books like those that Owen mentions allow them to trade their insecurity and meekness for a higher stress level, and the ability to manipulate, even *jab*, others more expertly. As we crawl toward becoming civilized, perhaps we will overcome the need for such training.

JOHN H. WASHBURN
Austin, Texas

We enjoyed the article on the difficult-people seminar, written by an apparently difficult person. David Owen aimed his sniping sarcasm at the credibility of the speaker, the training company, and the concept of seminar education. His distortions regarding clinical nutrition (which he glibly labels "health food") and naturopathic medical education ("They can't join the American Medical Association" and "almost as much like real doctors as chiropractors are"), while typical of the article, do your readers a disservice, and must be addressed.

The 1988 Surgeon General's Report on Nutrition and Health (DHHS [PHS] Publication #88-50210, 1988) states that billions of American health-care dollars are wasted because our medical system has not embraced the central role of diet in human health and health care. Medicine based primarily on drug and surgical interventions can have dramatic side effects and hidden costs.

Dr. Koop's report specifically recommends improved nutritional training of physicians. These "advances" are al-

ready present in naturopathic medical education. In addition, prerequisites for admission parallel those of M.D. programs, and medical-science requirements during the first two years of the four-year program are as great or greater. Emphasis in the remaining two years is on disease prevention and natural therapeutics. Comparative curricula are available from the American Association of Naturopathic Physicians (AANP)—which, by the way, M.D.s cannot join.

As for the rest, CareerTrack training programs have been presented to and endorsed by government, education, and industry leaders worldwide. We leave it to your readers to determine Owen's depth and purpose regarding his distortions of the content of the seminar or our tape program "How to Deal With Difficult People." To us, it comes as no surprise that not much gets through to a person who mistakes being a wiseguy for possessing wisdom.

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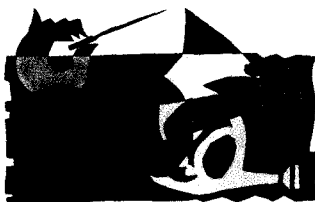
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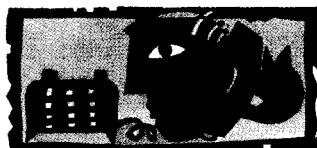
ARTS & LETTERS

February 11, the National Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Mstislav Rostropovich, begins a week-long visit to the USSR—the first visit by Rostropovich to his homeland since his departure in 1974. 27, publishers trying to expand sales in Japan—the world's second largest book market—will gather there for Japan's first international book fair. Western psychological self-help books tend to do poorly in Japan, but financial self-help books find a substantial readership among young salarymen. Children's books are also popular—and not only among children. Robert Hyde, of Little, Brown, explains that children's books featuring “a soft, simpatico style of illustration, with a minimum of text, appear to satisfy the romantic yearnings of Japanese teenage girls.”

Q & A

When you dial a wrong number, what are the odds of reaching a fax machine?

Chances are currently about one in 39, and the odds are increasing rapidly. Two years ago misdialers had only one chance in 127 of finding a fax machine at the other end; two years hence, if the devices (and the number of phone lines) proliferate as expected, the odds could be one in 14. At least one fax machine will never be reached through inadvertence: the one that was added to the White House “hot-line” system in 1986; it complements the traditional teleprinter.



ENVIRONMENT

Be on the lookout for “sun dogs,” or weather galls, on the way home from work this month. When the sun is about to set, bright spots can often be seen flanking it, at the same distance above the horizon as the sun itself. Sometimes sun dogs will display hints of color. Sun dogs are always 22 degrees from the sun—the apparent distance, roughly, from the thumb to the pinky of a fully extended hand outstretched toward the horizon. They are caused by the prism-like effect of ice crystals in the atmosphere, and so are most likely to be seen on days with a high thin haze, rather than on clear, sunny days (no ice) or cloudy ones (no sun).



FOOD

In February the crawfish harvest begins in earnest in Louisiana. Crawfish production has expanded substantially in recent years, owing to the development of aquaculture, and the United States in 1990 will export some 10 million pounds of crawfish to Europe, where it is packaged more elaborately and costs much more than it does in Louisiana and—in sharp contrast with robust, home-style Cajun practice, which involves newspapers spread on tables and plenty of beer—is served as a delicacy, along with dill sauce or dainty slices of cucumber. Aquaculture is the fastest-growing segment of U.S. agriculture; catfish, striped bass, redfish, and even alligator are being raised for food by such means. The U.S. Department of Agriculture believes that a combination of greater reliance on aquaculture and a reduction in imports could significantly reduce the \$4 billion U.S. trade deficit in edible fish products.



DEMOGRAPHICS

February 14, Valentine's Day; men in their twenties may be feeling the competition this year. After two decades in which the number of young women exceeded that of young men, the situation has been sharply reversed: there are currently 108 men aged 20–29 for every 100 women aged 18–27. (Demographers define the age cohorts differently because men on the average marry women who are about two years younger than themselves.) Jib Fowles, who teaches demography at the University of Houston, says, “Romance-related industries will do well: restaurants, movie houses, florists. Women are becoming more valuable, simply because of their scarcity. Nobody likes to think about the marriage market in this way, but the raw numbers are powerful. It's going to be an interesting period.”

HEALTH & SAFETY

February 1: As of this date foods that have been tested by the American Heart Association and found to contain what the association considers to be healthful levels of fat, sodium, and cholesterol will be permitted to bear a special red heart-shaped seal of approval on their packages. Companies must pay the AHA up to \$40,000 in administrative fees for each brand they submit for testing, and companies that place the seal on approved products must pay from \$5,000 to \$600,000 a year to an education fund run by the AHA.



The U.S. Department of Agriculture has pointedly declined to endorse the AHA labeling program, believing it to be simplistic, and will not allow the heart association's seal of approval on any foods that the department regulates, such as meat and poultry products. Some food-industry associations have also opposed the program, calling it (among other things) a marketing gimmick that only wealthy conglomerates can afford.



THE SKIES

February 9, Full Moon, also known this month as the Snow or Hunger Moon; a total eclipse of the Moon occurs today, visible in the United States only from parts of Alaska. 18, sixty years ago tonight an Illinois farmboy-turned-astronomer, Clyde Tombaugh, discovered Pluto, the ninth planet in the solar system; Tombaugh went down the hall at the Lowell Observatory to tell his boss, and then went into town, Flagstaff, Arizona, to see *The Virginian*, starring Gary Cooper. 25, New Moon.

25 YEARS AGO

David Brinkley, writing about Lyndon Johnson in the February, 1965, issue of *The Atlantic*: “Foreign policy never has been Mr. Johnson's first interest, and a member of his staff says, ‘He knows he's got to prove himself in that area because they don't know anything about him and most of what they do know is wrong.’ It can be expected that his proving himself will be careful and deliberate, and innovations few, the objectives mainly unguent in nature and always pursued in the conviction that reason can be as sweet in foreign capitals as in the congressional dukedoms of our own.”

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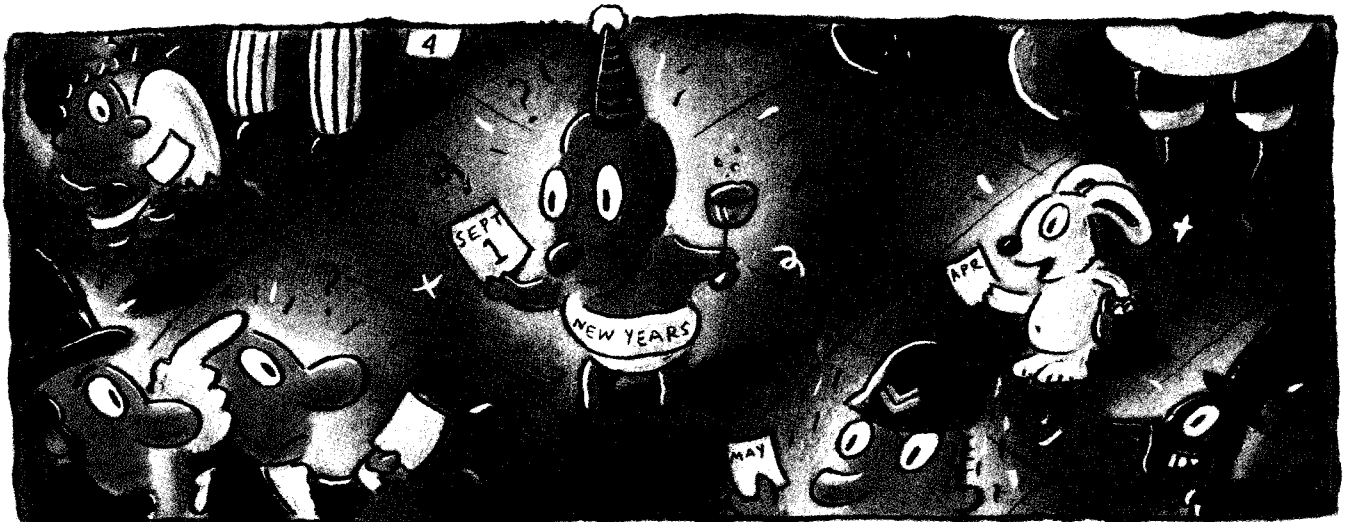
WE HAVE REACHED that time of year, with the winter festivities finally behind us and the drear of February to the fore, when the people I know tend to concede privately what we ought to acknowledge publicly: that our system of holidays, established willy-nilly over the course of two centuries, is in a state of disrepair. Some of our holidays—Columbus Day, Washington's Birthday, Memorial Day—have become unmoored not only from their traditional dates of observation (by act of Congress, so that they can be welded into three-day weekends) but also from any real substance. For most people, they are little

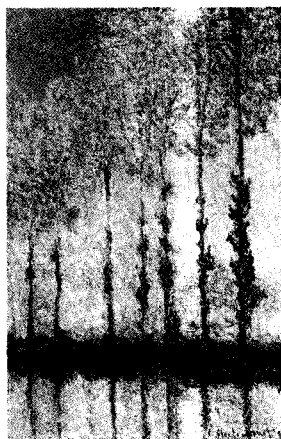
more than days off. Other holidays—Thanksgiving, Christmas, New Year's Day, Martin Luther King Day, Presidents' Day—are bunched too close together. One passes them like kidney stones, and is overcome, right around now, by the relief of pain suddenly abated. No, the system that has evolved is not one that a sensible nation would invent. And while Americans are not always a sensible people, there are a few corrective steps that even we might take.

Let's first recognize the few holidays that function properly: Easter/Passover, the Fourth of July, Thanksgiving, and Christmas/Hanukkah. No one tinkers with the dates on which they fall, and everyone pays at least lip service to each holiday's intrinsic high purpose. They are engaging in other ways. The Fourth of July and Christmas, being affixed to specific dates, fall on different days of the week in successive years, offering variety in the holiday configurations. How glorious it is when the Fourth falls on a Tuesday or a Thursday, inviting a four-day weekend. Easter and Thanksgiving, for

their part, though affixed to specific days of the week, roam across the calendar like shortstops, sometimes playing in, sometimes on the edge of the far grass. Passover and Hanukkah are more unpredictable still, varying from year to year both by date and by day of the week. All these holidays have a strong ritual component that transcends commercialization. Two of them, the Fourth of July and Thanksgiving, are the occasion of sporting events of the most appealing kind: the daylight double-header and the high school football game. There is nothing not to like about these holidays.

They stand in sharp contrast to New Year's, which is an occasion of hollow cheer and fake bonhomie, and comes too hard upon the heels of Christmas. New Year's Day is misplaced. Psychologically, the new year begins not on January 1 but on September 1, and we should adjust our calendars accordingly. Of course, Labor Day would then be too close to New Year's, so let's move it to the first Monday in October, and let's have the following Tuesday be the new day when income taxes





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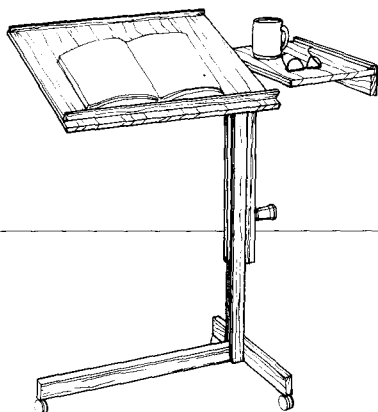
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Also, watch for "Monet: Legacy of Light," a special public television presentation about the man, his art and his vision. Produced by WGBH/Boston and Malone Gill Productions in association with the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston.

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must be paid. The proximity of tax day to Labor Day could hardly be more appropriate, and many of us could use a long weekend before the filing deadline. (The World Series should start that weekend too.) Having to pay taxes in October would, admittedly, leave us feeling a little poorer in December, but that might be to the good.

With New Year's moved out of the way, relieving some of the congestion, Martin Luther King Day could stay where it is, on the third Monday of January. I admit to being pleasantly surprised by Martin Luther King Day, which in the five years of its official existence has been observed with high-mindedness and dignity. But it is wispy; it lacks a certain heft. That problem could be solved by arranging for the final National Football League playoff games to be held on the Saturday and Sunday directly preceding it. Martin Luther King Day's relative stature would be further enhanced if we canceled the Super Bowl, which is rarely as good as the playoffs and is in any case grotesque. (The playoff winners could simply flip a coin.) Finally, Martin Luther King Day needs some sort of familial or collective rite. Perhaps it could be a day devoted to good works on the community's behalf, when nobody rests until dinner.

Moving on: Memorial Day should be kept as a holiday, but it needs some refurbishing. Do most people stop for very long on Memorial Day to contemplate what this observance is actually about? Or is Memorial Day just an excuse to go lie in the sun? We all know the answers to those questions. That's why Veteran's Day should be moved back from November to reinforce its martial cousin, and why the pair should be celebrated together, on the first rainy day after the last Sunday in May. Fixing the date to a rainy day has several advantages. It means that the holiday would be observed on different days in different parts of the country—and would serve, therefore, as a symbolic bulwark against encroaching homogeneity. It means that communities would often be taken by surprise as they awoke of a morn—a delightful prospect. And it means that the Memorial Day parade would be sodden—a mild yet effective reminder that military service is no day at the beach.

Presidents' Day is a joke, and so is Columbus Day. By now the only

thought given to Lincoln, Washington, and Columbus on the holidays meant to honor them is how to use images of their faces to sell merchandise, chiefly linens and underwear. Presidents' Day should be disposed of at once. Columbus Day likewise deserves oblivion, but perhaps could be granted a reprieve until after the quincentennial of its namesake's landfall. In effect, 1992 will be Columbus Year, with commemorations somewhere, of some sort, on each of its 366 days—grounds enough, surely, to suspend the holiday for the next 366 years. If people in A.D. 2358 want to reinstate it, fine.

Taking the places of Presidents' Day in February and Columbus Day in October would be a calendrical innovation, loosely based on Daylight Saving Time, called Sanity Saving Time. It would work like this. Every February, on a day to be selected randomly—perhaps by giving Dr. Joyce Brothers an opaque jar holding twenty-seven black marbles and one red one, and asking her to pick out one marble each February morning on the *Today* show—the date would suddenly spring forward by a week. If Dr. Brothers picked the red marble on February 9, for example, the day would instantly turn into February 16. A week's worth of obligations would disappear—and, what is more, February would pass 25 percent faster than it does now. In many years we would also be spared the psychological burden of Valentine's Day. Adults would be given the option of not counting any missed birthdays, and children could reschedule theirs for any day they chose. Similarly, on a randomly selected day in October we would fall back by a week—on the 20th, say, we could suddenly find ourselves on the 13th again—and enjoy a welcome breather at a splendid time of year, along with, frequently, an automatic extension for filing our taxes.

Some of these suggestions would entail the occasional dislocation. The fact that our calendar, owing to Sanity Saving Time, would be out of synch with that of the rest of the world between February and October is one cause for concern. Strong U.S. leadership, however, could persuade many countries to adopt our system. One motto that appears on every dollar bill is *Novus ordo seclorum*—"A new order of the ages." It's time we lived up to it.

—Cullen Murphy

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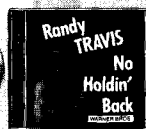
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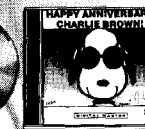
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Leningrad's Free Market: an outlet for the growing "cooperative sector"

THE SOVIET UNION

The Paradox of Perestroika

If economic reform works, the Soviet Union will experience working-class and ethnic unrest; if it fails, the Soviet Union will collapse

THE SOVIET economy is, of course, the Achilles' heel of Mikhail Gorbachev's reform program. The economic system established by Stalin has proved, despite all its conspicuous deficiencies, to be forbiddingly stable and self-reinforcing. In some ways, in fact, the Soviet state has perpetuated the attitudes of the pre-1930 Russian village community.

The expectation is still prevalent that the community will guarantee essentials in a context of comradely indigence just above the poverty line. This shared privation generates natural fears about what economic reform might entail, and also resentment of those who have benefited from the new atmosphere by indulging in some recently legalized private enterprise. I can't count the times over the past year or two that I have heard Soviet citizens

use the word "speculator" to disparage private traders or cooperatives providing at high prices goods and services that are seldom available at all in the state sector.

This sullen egalitarianism dovetails neatly with the interest of the Party-state apparatus in retaining its network of controls and hence its grip on the economy. The attitude is especially common in Russia, as distinct from the other nations of the Soviet empire—maybe because the village community was more cohesive and lasted longer there than elsewhere. However that may be, most observers would agree that private enterprise is likely to be both more successful and more socially acceptable in the Baltic or the Caucasus, perhaps even in Central Asia, than in Russia itself. Such ethnic discrepancies harbor considerable dangers, for they mean that effective economic reforms may intensify conflicts among the various Soviet nations, with their different levels of economic achievement and expectation. The damaging rivalries among the various republics of Yugoslavia are a warning; and in the Soviet Union the situation would be aggravated by the fact that the nation that may prove the most backward economically is also the largest and most powerful.

This resistance—or, at any rate, inertia—is reinforced by the practical difficulties of implementing reform. So

many institutions and so many attitudes have to be changed that it cannot be done at one blow. For instance, it is virtually impossible in conditions of scarcity and imbalance simultaneously to abolish the system of centralized supply allocation (Gossnab) and to carry out a comprehensive price reform, letting goods find their own price level on the wholesale market. Nor is it easy for enterprise managers to break away from dependence on the state and find their own suppliers and customers—a task to which they are entirely unaccustomed, and for which marketing information is largely lacking. Yet if these changes are not carried through, then enterprises cannot in any meaningful sense exercise the autonomy they were granted by law on June 30, 1987. They continue to rely on the state for raw materials, spare parts, and fuel, and their negotiations with potential customers are still distorted by administratively determined prices that may bear no relation to supply and demand. One has to agree with the British economist Alec Nove that "to change everything at once is impossible, but partial change creates contradictions and inconsistencies."

The inherent difficulties of reform are further aggravated by the inconsistencies of the leadership. When Gorbachev came to power, he began by continuing Yuri Andropov's policy of trying to reinvigorate the economy by tightening up and disciplining the existing system. He proclaimed the need for technological innovation and "acceleration" (*uskorenije*). He established Gospriyomka, or the State Commission for Quality Control. He cracked down on alcohol consumption. He closed some of the old ministries and set up new state superagencies to run whole branches of the economy, like machine-building, energy, and agriculture. He imposed new penalties for receiving "non-labor income," to try and restrict the black-market economy.

It is true that from the outset Gorbachev also proclaimed his intention to decentralize the economy by offering individual enterprises more autonomy. But by the time the new enterprise law took effect, on January 1, 1988, the modified institutions of centralization and discipline were already well established, their strength bolstered by decades of custom and self-interest. Not

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The Ryshkie Market, Moscow: the high prices of capitalism

surprisingly, then, enterprises required to cope with self-financing found it simplest to continue fulfilling imposed production targets, now renamed state contract orders (*goszakazy*), which account for all or nearly all of their output. As the economist V. Selyunin says, "Either you can have *uskorenie* or you can have *perestroika*. You cannot have both."

Moreover, increasing aggregate growth has the paradoxical effect of exacerbating shortages, since it enfeebles enterprise autonomy and thwarts the working of the market. It does not even result in more goods that people can use. As the reform economist Otto Latsis puts it, "They build irrigation channels which bring no increase in agricultural production. They produce machine tools for which there are no operators, tractors for which there are no drivers, and threshing machines which they know will not work. Further millions of people supply these superfluous products with electricity, ore, oil and coal. In return they receive their wages like everyone else, and take them to the shops. There, however, they find no goods to buy, because their work has not produced any." In the words of Premier Nikolai I. Ryzhkov, "We produce more tractors in this country than all the capitalist countries put together. And yet we don't have enough tractors." So the economy grows, and the shortages grow with it.

AGRICULTURE IS A special problem. The villages have never recovered from the brutal and humiliating collectivization imposed by Stalin. Since coming to power Gorbachev has been hesitant about tampering with the status of collective and state farms as the core of the system of agricultural production. Indeed, Gorbachev strengthened the existing system in some ways by creating a new superministry for agriculture and food processing, known as Gosagroprom. This characteristic brainchild of the first phase of *perestroika* soon exercised its deadening grip, and by last year, according to *Pravda*, was "flooding the collective farms with instructions and regulations," which amounted to more than 5,000 categories of forms and bulletins, containing eight million planning indicators.

But Gorbachev soon began to move smartly in the opposite direction, toward the principle that small is beautiful, by encouraging the creation of contract brigades from units as small as a household or family. He went on from there to urge that collective-farm chairmen offer to lease farmland to such miniature brigades on a long-term basis, for up to fifty years at a time. This campaign was accompanied by the rehabilitation of Bukharin, who in the twenties had argued for a gradual "cooperatization" of farms as an alternative to full-scale collectivization.

These moves seemed to presage a transition to an essentially private form of agriculture, with former collective and state farms acting as cooperatives to provide bulk purchasing, agrarian expertise, and marketing services.

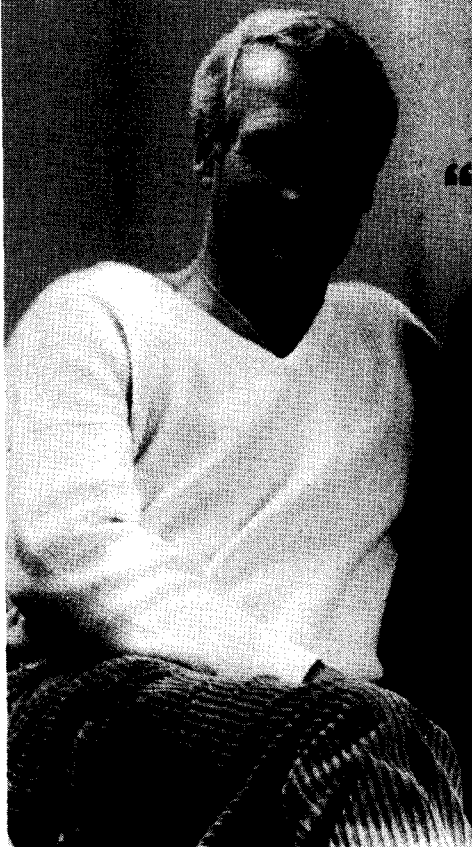
Gorbachev has hesitated, however, to take the final step, presumably because the rural Party apparatus fears that it will lose authority and indeed the lion's share of its current function. At the long-awaited Central Committee plenum on agriculture, in March of last year, Gorbachev abolished Gosagroprom but reaffirmed the collective principle and denied that there was any intention of returning to private property in land. Otherwise he merely reiterated his commitment to changes already announced—that is, to a mixture of collective and private leasehold farming.

These changes have not generated a marked increase in food production, and they are unlikely to. Land is available to be leased, but the collective farms, its current owners, and the peasants, its potential lessees, are both proving reluctant to seize the opportunity. Some commentators attribute this reluctance to the "depeasantization" of Russia's countryside: because sixty years have passed—at least two whole generations—since private agriculture was the norm, the skills needed to run a small family farm have been lost, and even the will to resuscitate those skills is absent. There is undoubtedly some truth in this diagnosis. Yet one feels that if the right framework were created, both enterprise and skill could be recovered. This will happen only when villagers are convinced that the Party leadership is permanently committed to private farming and that there will be no more lurches and turnabouts in policy. Such a commitment would require explicitly slimming down collective farms and turning them into cooperatives, freeing food prices and making cheap credit available to smallholders, and investing heavily in rural roads, schools, and other services. Only such a demonstrative package of measures would halt the exodus of the best people from the villages and could perhaps even promote something of a reverse flow. Gorbachev is still some way short of this kind of commitment. He has shown flexibility and a willingness to learn, but even so, this failing is ominous in a

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A hair-cutting salon in Kiev: Must this be a job for the state?

policy area that is crucial if he is to regain the faltering confidence of the public, who will assess *perestroika* not least by what they can buy in their grocery stores.

THE ONE ECONOMIC innovation that is producing results is the cooperative sector—essentially the private sector under another name. Dotted around Moscow, and increasingly in other towns as well, are restaurants, hairdressers, fruit and vegetable stalls, shoe-repair booths, and so on, where the décor is a little more imaginative, the supplies somewhat more reliable, the quality a little higher than in the state sector—and the prices are three or four times as high. People make use of these businesses but often resent them, partly from prejudice, as I have noted above. But they also have some objective reasons for their animosity. As a correspondent from Saratov recently wrote *Pravda*: “In the shops everything has vanished, but in the private markets there is more and more. How does it get there? You have to pay 250 to 300 rubles for a pair of women’s boots. My daughter needs some, but she earns only 115 rubles a month—where’s she supposed to get the money from?”

This, too, is a problem caused by having to implement reforms piecemeal and without a secure legal framework. The cooperatives are not yet

buttressed by legally protected institutions of private ownership or by properly worked-out commercial and contract law. Alien bodies in an economy still mainly directed by the state, they inevitably have the air of the parasitical or the criminal, and their owners charge the high prices necessary to keep an insecure business going. They are able to do this because the businesses have been introduced in conditions of scarcity and are trading in products whose output has not (or not yet) increased. Many people believe that these entrepreneurs acquire their wares by entering into agreements with officials in the material and technical supply sector of the planned economy. If that is true, then the cooperatives are in effect aggravating the shortages by sucking goods out of the state sector. In short, the new private economy is conspiring with the old public one to profit by the chronic shortages and thus exacerbate them. It is an unhappy result of the first tangible “success” of the reform. Unfortunately, the state has been unable to step up its own output of much-needed consumer goods and services. Instead, in the lingering spirit of the first phase of *perestroika*, it has merely attempted to restrict by law what cooperatives may do and sell, and the prices they may charge.

The rising prices in the cooperatives fuel people’s fears of what may happen if reform bites in the state sector. If the

“dependence economy” is abolished and the huge subsidies for housing, food, and transport are withdrawn, then the prices of these basic necessities will rise beyond the reach of the less well paid. If such citizens are not to become destitute, their pay will have to be raised proportionately. This will in turn reinforce the inflation that is bound to take hold once restrictions are removed and the money that people have been saving for lack of anything to spend it on begins to come into circulation in pursuit of perhaps more abundant but still insufficient goods. According to Selyunin, at the beginning of 1988 there were 260 billion rubles in savings accounts, plus an unknown amount under mattresses—perhaps as much as the annual income of the entire Soviet population.

This kind of inflation is something the authorities dread. Soviet workers are not quite so docile as is generally assumed in the West. They have occasionally demonstrated and gone on strike, and did so even during the Brezhnev period. The last time they rioted in the streets was in 1962, when Khrushchev put up the price of sausage meat by a third without a compensating rise in wages. The new prices were repealed, and subsidies were increased instead. They have been steadily growing to the present day, which suggests that the authorities fear a repetition.

So the fate of the Soviet economic reformer is unenviable indeed. He is faced with two alternatives. Either the reforms will fail, in which case *perestroika* as a whole is doomed, and the Soviet Union will probably fall apart and certainly cease to be a great power. Or they will succeed, engendering working-class unrest and ethnic tension to a degree that may well strain the resources of the state. Moreover, the combination of relative political freedom and access to information with disappointing economic performance—more or less the current juncture in the Soviet Union—has in the past been thought to create a classic revolutionary situation. Even the legendary patience of the Russians, as we have seen in the recent waves of miners’ strikes, may be expected to give way at a time when they are, as we have seen, rediscovering their talent for improvised collective action.

—Geoffrey A. Hosking

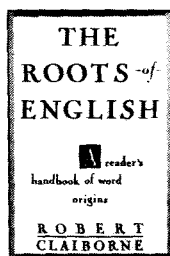
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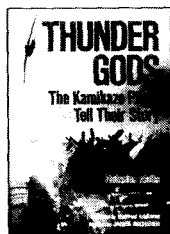
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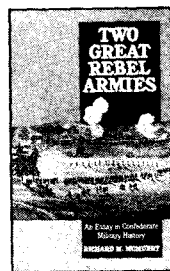
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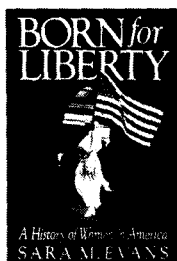
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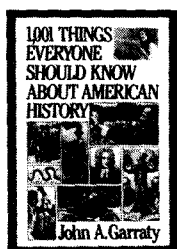
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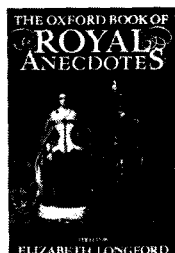
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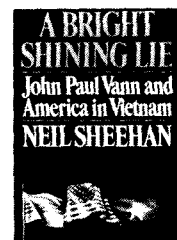
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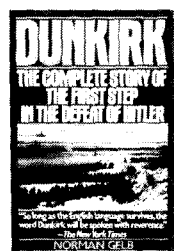
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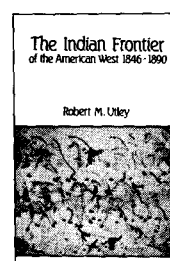
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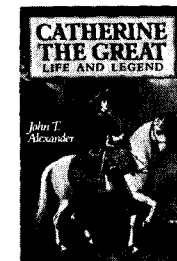
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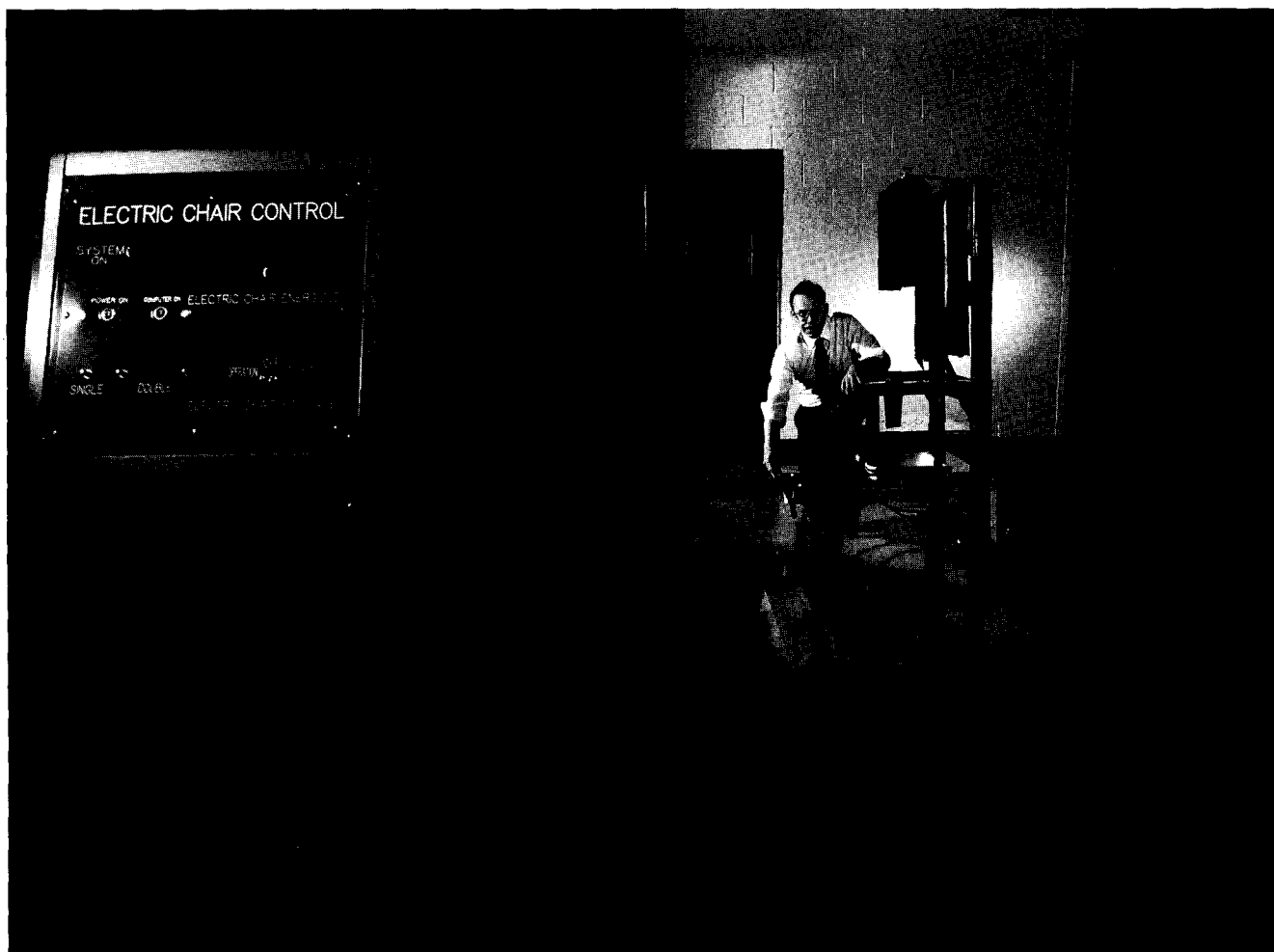
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Fred A. Leutcher in a southern prison with one of the electric chairs he has refurbished in recent years

JUSTICE

A Matter of Engineering

*Capital punishment as a
technical problem*

FRED LEUTCHER invites me to have a seat. No thanks, I say, declining to sit in the tall oak chair in which nearly 180 people have lost their lives.

The electric chair, sitting beside a pinball machine in Leutcher's basement, belongs to a southern state that has more than sixty inmates on Death Row. It is here because the 350-pound man who is to be electrocuted next can't sit comfortably in it. Also, the

chair, which prison inmates built nearly ninety years ago, needs new wiring, a more comfortable backrest, a plastic drip pan, and other modern conveniences. Fred Leutcher is busy re-vamping the chair so that it can be put back into use in the months ahead.

Fred A. Leutcher, the president of Fred A. Leutcher Associates, Inc., in Boston, is the obvious person to call for electric-chair repair. Leutcher designs and builds state-of-the-art electrocution systems, and he runs the only training program in the country for execution technicians. Leutcher's company repairs, adapts, and installs electric chairs. As the nation's only commercial supplier of execution equipment, Fred A. Leutcher probably knows more about electric-chair technology than anyone else.

Leutcher's expertise is not limited to electrocution. A trained and accomplished engineer, he is versed in all types of execution equipment. He makes lethal-injection machines, gas

chambers, and gallows, as well as electrocution systems. In its literature the company promises to meet "any requirement you might have relative to execution equipment, training or protocol."

Leaning on the chair, Leutcher explains that electrocution is a fairly simple procedure. There are, he says, just a few technical considerations. Good results depend on careful calibrations of voltage, current, and connections, and the duration and number of electrical jolts supplied.

A good electrocution system, Leutcher says, uses three electrodes. Electricity is introduced through an electrode on the inmate's head. Leutcher places a metal beanie on his own head and explains that this is the head electrode that came with the southern chair. Electricity travels through the body toward two electrodes tightly secured to the ankles, Leutcher says as he removes the electrode from his head. He stresses the

importance of maintaining "good circuit continuity at the electrode contacts." Tight electrical contacts, he points out, "help reduce flesh burning."

After he finishes rewiring it, the chair will supply its occupant with 2,640 volts AC and five amperes of electrical current. "Current cooks," Leutcher says, "so it's important to limit the current. If you overload an individual's body with current—more than six amps—you'll cook the meat on his body. It's like meat on an overcooked chicken. If you grab the arm, the flesh will fall right off in your hands." Leutcher is reassuring. "That doesn't mean he felt anything. It simply means that it's cosmetically not the thing to do. Presumably the state will return the remains to the person's family for burial. Returning someone who had been cooked would be in poor taste."

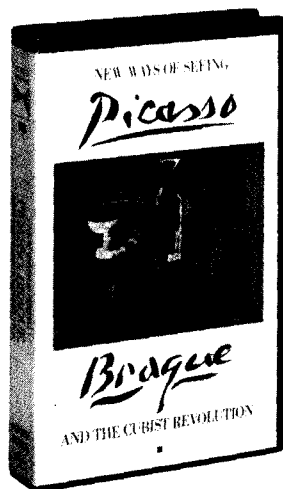
Although 2,000 volts is usually sufficient to seize the heart, Leutcher figures that an additional 400 volts might be needed to dispatch hefty inmates. And he factors in an additional 240 volts to compensate for the 10 percent voltage drop likely to occur during the electrocution; the extra volts will eliminate the need to re-electrocute the inmate. Satisfied that this voltage will not cause "unnecessary trauma to the subject prior to death," Leutcher says 2,640 is the ideal number of volts to supply during electrocution.

Once it has been remodeled, the chair in Leutcher's basement will supply two one-minute jolts of electricity. The first 2,640-volt jolt will incite an adrenalin riot inside the inmate's body. The adrenal activity will probably keep the inmate's heart in action after the initial jolt. Not even the strongest human heart, however, can survive a second 2,640-volt jolt. That's why Leutcher's chair is electronically programmed to deliver the second jolt after a ten-second delay that allows the adrenalin to dissipate.

IF SOMEONE HAD asked him about it ten or twelve years ago, Fred Leutcher wouldn't have believed he'd end up in the execution-equipment business. He says he "just kind of slid into it." During the twenty-year period following his graduation from Boston University, Leutcher busied himself with a variety of electrical-engineering pursuits. He designed navigational equipment for the navy

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we look
at art.
So rarely
do we see.

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and holds the patent for the first electronic sextant. He also holds patents for several other optical-coding and surveying devices, including a photographic instrument that works from helicopters and was used to map terrain in Vietnam. Ten years ago, when a New England prison warden called to see if he might be able to repair an electric chair damaged in a riot, Leutcher was working as a private engineering consultant. He had never worked on execution equipment before.

Leutcher, who with a partner eventually set up a company called American Engineering, began to investigate execution technology. He consulted medical journals at the Boston University library. He spoke with engineers and prison personnel around the country. He examined available electric-chair blueprints and photographs. When he'd completed his studies, Leutcher returned the New England prison warden's call and announced himself competent to answer electric-chair-related questions. Soon after, another warden called. This one needed something to hold a head electrode in place during execution. Leutcher dispatched a \$1,400 handmade helmet. Word travels fast in the community of correctional personnel. Soon wardens all over the country were calling to see if Fred Leutcher and American Engineering could help them with various electric-chair problems. Shortly thereafter American Engineering was dissolved. Leutcher and his newly formed company, Fred A. Leutcher Associates, Inc., were left alone to field the calls.

The United States has been executing increasing numbers of people since the Supreme Court upheld the constitutionality of capital punishment, in 1976. As executions have become more common, so has the incidence of misadventure in the death house. On December 12, 1984, for instance, witnesses watched Alpha Otis Stephens thrash and struggle for breath for eight minutes after an initial two-minute jolt failed to kill him. Seventeen minutes elapsed before Indiana successfully executed William Vandiver in a malfunctioning electric chair on October 16, 1985. Slow, painful death by lethal injection and lethal gas were also reported at the time, in Mississippi and Texas.

Responding to calls for help that

came from wardens around the country, Leutcher began visiting prisons to inspect execution machinery. He was distressed by what he saw. He was sorry to find that most states didn't adequately protect prison personnel from dangers associated with execution, particularly the dangers presented by lethal gas. He was even more troubled to see that many of the systems in use, almost all of which are nearly a hundred years old, were in questionable condition or downright defective. "To be frank," Leutcher says, "I do not feel that all of the systems existent today are painless, and no execution system should cause pain."

Leutcher says that he sleeps well because of what he does. Not only does his company provide prison personnel with safe machinery so that they need not risk getting hurt during executions, but, "more important," Leutcher says, "as someone who believes in capital punishment but does not believe in torture, I sleep well knowing that as a result of what I do, fewer people are tortured."

Leutcher also likes what he does. He says that he especially enjoys traveling to prisons around the country. As the son of a man who spent forty years working for the transportation department of the Massachusetts prison system, Leutcher feels at home in the world of inmates and prison personnel. While his father worked, young Fred spent free time playing with inmates, who passed on lore about picking locks and cracking safes. Leutcher notes that "inmates have skills you could never acquire anywhere else"—skills, he adds, that he often uses as an engineer.

Leutcher's chair-remodeling plans reflect his engineering skills and his concern for condemned inmates and prison personnel. He plans, for instance, to outfit the chair from the southern state with a special electronic mechanism designed to conceal which of two executioners, each with his own control, actually administers the fatal jolt. In order to spare prison personnel unnecessary trouble should they one day need replacement parts for his chairs, Leutcher builds his electrocution systems with simple components that can be bought at local hardware and electrical-supply stores.

"Another thing," Leutcher says, sitting in the electric chair and securing himself in place with leather har-

nesses; "we're going to replace these straps with better restraints." The nylon airplane-style seat belts he's going to install will have quick-release mechanisms, too. Lifting himself out of the chair, Leutcher explains that people who have been electrocuted smell bad, have burnt flesh, and are usually covered with urine and feces. Someone has to move the inmate's body out of the chair in this condition, and quick-release belts will help shorten the time needed to complete the task.

Several of Leutcher's remodeling plans are designed to maximize the inmate's comfort. He will replace the chair's present arms with an adjustable pair, so that the chair can better accommodate different sizes of people. He'll install a taller backrest, so that the inmate's head won't "bob around during execution." Leutcher will equip the helmet that comes with the chair with small internal snaps and a little denim mask that can be snapped across the inmate's face during execution. "This," Leutcher says, "allows the executee to enjoy some degree of privacy during execution."

IF HE HAD TO choose, Leutcher says, he'd prefer electrocution to other methods of execution. "Basically, it's a matter of speed. If all goes well, it should take just 4.16 milliseconds to lose consciousness in an electric chair," Leutcher adds that in deciding on an execution method of choice, cost factors generally don't enter into consideration. For the record, however, the electricity needed for electrocution in a Leutcher electric chair costs just thirty-one cents. Some \$600 to \$700 worth of chemicals are needed for a lethal injection, and for the sodium cyanide pellets required in a gas-chamber execution a warden must spend about \$250.

The cost of the hardware varies considerably. The Leutcher company's lethal-injection system, at \$30,000, is the cheapest execution system the company sells. (Prices do not include installation.) The Leutcher electrocution system costs \$35,000, and a Leutcher gallows would run about \$85,000. More and more states are opting for Leutcher's \$100,000 "execution trailer," which comes complete with a lethal-injection machine, a steel holding cell for the inmate, and separate areas for witnesses, chaplain, prison work-

ers, and medical personnel. Leutcher's gas chambers cost nearly \$200,000.

Despite Leutcher's personal preference, lethal injection is gaining popularity in states that allow capital punishment. Soon after he had mastered electrocution technology, a northern state, one of the first to switch to lethal injection, called Leutcher for advice. He went back to the library and brushed up on pharmacology and chemistry. From the results of tests done on pigs and rabbits he calculated the dosages of sodium pentothal, potassium chloride, and pancuronium bromide (a synthetic curare) needed for lethal injection of human beings. Then he invented a computer-controlled machine to inject inmates lethally without rupturing their veins or otherwise causing undue discomfort.

Four states have Leutcher-designed lethal-injection machines, though Leutcher has never seen one used. (Indeed, he has never witnessed an execution.) But he is certain that his system will help prison wardens avoid mishaps like the one that occurred in 1988 in Texas, when, during a manual injection procedure, a tube attached to the inmate's arm burst, causing lethal chemicals to spray across the death chamber toward the assembled witnesses.

Given the trend toward lethal injection and his own high regard for electrocution, Leutcher finds that most of his sales efforts are directed toward the lethal-injection and electrocution systems markets. Leutcher is, however, willing to accommodate states committed to hanging and gassing.

States faced with hanging usually find themselves in a jam. Hanging is a difficult business. One slip can cause strangulation or decapitation. Qualified hangmen, as the State of Washington found when it recently undertook an extended search for one, are hard to come by. Leutcher, not surprisingly one of America's few experts on hanging, designed a gallows that employs a hanging formula developed by British military executioners. The hand-built gallows drops inmates with a force of 1,600 foot-pounds, which Leutcher says is sufficient to sever an inmate's spinal cord and painlessly snap his neck. Leutcher says he probably would have gone out to Washington to set things up if the state had gone through with the scheduled execution.

A state will have to be insistent be-

fore Leutcher will agree to sell it a gas chamber. He thinks gassing is dangerous. For one thing, he says, gas chambers can leak. The ventilation systems for removing the gas are often inadequate. And hydrogen cyanide gas can travel through skin, so prison guards who remove corpses after lethal gassing expose themselves to great danger and possibly death. "The unfortunate part," Leutcher says, "is that the people who deal with this sort of stuff are not really trained. I feel very concerned for the personnel who have to operate these systems, because they do not fully understand the inherent dangers they pose."

ALTHOUGH HE HAS NO competitors, Leutcher works hard to solicit business. He's on a first-name basis with prison wardens in every state that has a death penalty. He checks in with the wardens about their execution-equipment needs at least once a year. (He remembers that he once had "a devil of a time" getting through to a warden whose secretary kept hanging up on him, because she did not believe in capital punishment.) He attends conventions of correctional institution personnel, where he uses photographs and blueprints to advertise his wares. The market is apparently growing, and Leutcher is pleased to report that a foreign government recently called him to see if he might build it a new gallows. Leutcher, who has never sold equipment to a private individual, hands me an embossed pen. In case I should wish to obtain "Execution Equipment and Support," the pen's scripted letters provide Fred A. Leutcher Associates's phone number and business address.

As I'm leaving, Leutcher takes a moment to share an anecdote. "When I was a kid," he says, "and used to go with my father to Massachusetts prisons, there was a story about another small kid, another prison worker's son, who once sat in the state's electric chair. Eleven years later he was killed in the same chair. He'd gotten mixed up in some murder. Anyway, a legend developed that if you sat in the chair, you'd die in it. Well, I sat in that chair too. And I didn't get electrocuted in it later. I sat in the chair and now I make electric chairs."

He smiles. "I created a new legend."

—Susan Lehman

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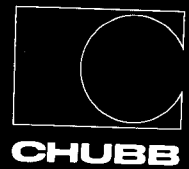
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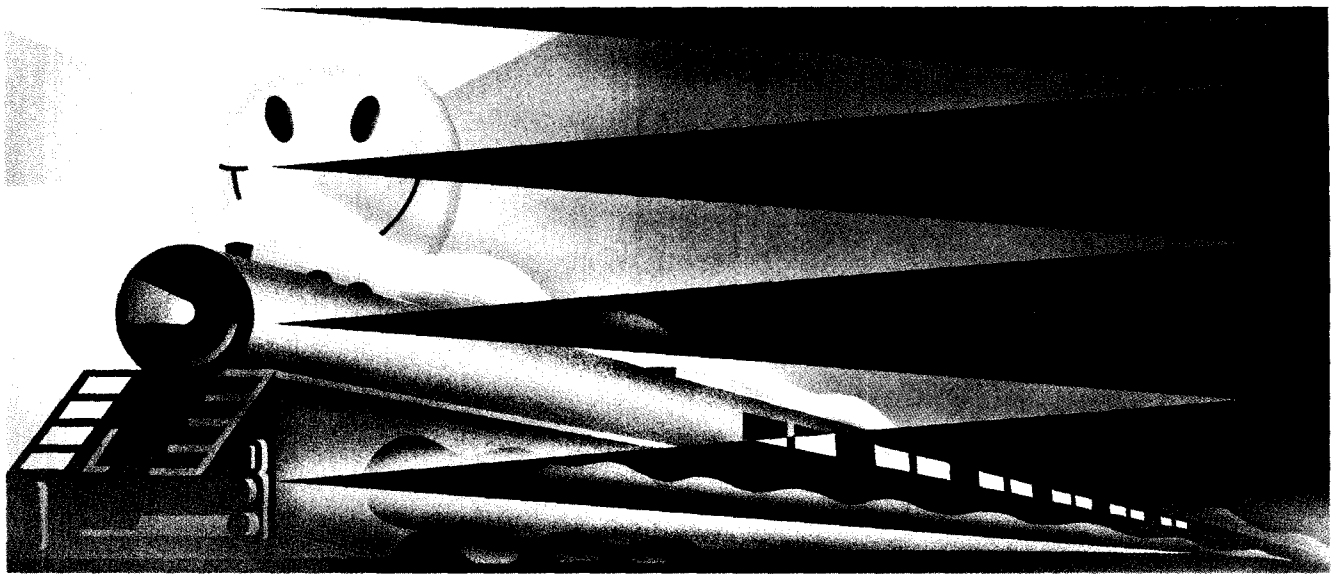
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POINTS OF DEPARTURE

BY EDMUND LEVIN

I. Riding the Rancid Raven

I HAD THOUGHT THAT traveling by train to Ulan Bator with a tour group might be relaxing. I would be invisible in this crowd of over-stuffed leisure suits. I would be anonymous, sipping tea in the coziness of my compartment, reading underrated American novelists, and watching undisturbed as the awful monotony of the steppe, like a chromatograph, faded into the nauseatingly dreary tedium of the desert. How wrong I was.

On the first day my cover was nearly blown when I was recognized by Charles Kuralt and his camera crew. Kuralt bellowed from the other end of the car, "Isn't that Paul Theroux?" Then he lunged and gave me a bone-shattering bear hug. I slunk back to my compartment to nurse my wounds.

None of my other accidental companions could be trusted with the slightest bit of information. One evening, after another bowel-crushing meal of putrid mutton fat and dried goat's ears, I was cornered in the dining car by Bernice, a pimply thirty-two-year-old dwarf of a woman. Bernice was totally bald and shaped like a barrel. After skillfully blocking my only exit, she embarked on a thirty-minute Gestapo-style interrogation—What did I do? Where had I been? Was I enjoying myself? Her shiny scalp reflect-

ed the naked bulb above us directly into my eyes. I wondered if this was a conscious tactic. In any event, it must have broken down my resistance: I revealed my name. Within hours everyone in the group was calling me "Paul."

My compartment-mates for the first three weeks of the journey were a decrepit old country doctor called Doc Campbell and an elderly man who wanted to be known as Blind Al. I lay deeply engrossed in my second underrated American novel when, with no excuses, Blind Al sat on my bunk and began to tell me his sad story. He said that his oculist had told him he would soon be completely blind. He was on this trip to "see the world," as he put it. I cast my eyes back to my novel, but Blind Al's vision was too far gone for him to pay heed, and he went on.

When Blind Al finally finished, he set off for the squalid lavatory down the corridor. He never made it. I had forgotten to remove my valise from the doorway. Blind Al tripped, did a kind of double flip, and landed on the floor in a semiconscious heap. Later, as the pig-faced, bowlegged porter carted him away, I pitied Blind Al that his last visions of things on this earth would be of fetid mounds of animal waste, noisome crowds of jabbering natives, and other doughy-faced tourists.

While Blind Al lay in the makeshift infirmary, his place was taken by a randy little couple of Uighur newlyweds. The man had annoyingly protruding buttocks. Upon entering, he attempted to bow and smile in my direction, but I crouched behind my underrated American novel. He and his runtish, bandy-legged wife hopped onto the upper couchette. They giggled together and sang songs endlessly. Later they broke out their provisions: rock-hard Uighur bread with crusty pustules and a fresh tin of rancid yak butter.

I closed my book, shut my eyes, held my nose, and tried to imagine I was back on Cape Cod.

II. On the (Rail)Road

I'D BEEN ON THE road in these fifty-odd United States of ours for over twenty years, and I knew something was wrong. The old middle-American well seemed to be running dry for me. Grandma's apple pie with its sourdough crust and brown sugar and whipped cream had gone stale. The aroma of fresh molasses in the morning had lost its sweetness. In other words, I needed a new road to follow. So I joined a score of my fellow Americans on the Trans-Siberian railroad.

My first welcome came from a great big bubbly barrel of a woman named

Bernice. We got along like brother and sister. It was as if we were made from the same mold. Upon first seeing her. I must confess, I felt pity—for Bernice was totally bald. But there was no self-pity in Bernice! She polished and buffed and burnished her scalp until it shone like a golden mirror. No maiden has ever taken more pride in her tresses than Bernice took in her hairless pate. It was the jewel in her personal crown.

In the corridor I ran into another well-known professional wanderer—the writer Paul Theroux. We gave each other a great big bear hug. How wonderful it is to make new friends on the road!

And then there was Blind Al. Al wasn't blind yet, but he soon would be, and he wanted to see as much as he could of this glorious world while he still had the chance. How wonderful, I thought, that Blind Al's final memories would be of gaily dressed crowds of natives; of endless fields scented with the aroma of fertilizer that farm boys like Al and me love so well; and of his fellow American travelers, who, without fear or favor, lent him their ears and eyes and hands and hearts and heads.

But it was the oldest man on the train, 102-year-old Doc Campbell, of Missoula, Montana, still spry and healing townsfolk after eighty-four years, who touched me the most of all. He didn't have a lot in the way of book learning, and maybe his diploma did come from a mail-order house! But all the same, babies were delivered, legs were splinted, and many a whimpering little child was comforted by old Doc Campbell. Oh, yes, from time to time Doc would make a mistake—and another middle-American soul would meet his Maker a little early. When the casualty list got too long, Doc would shrug his shoulders, pull up stakes, change his name, and send away for a new sheepskin; he would settle in a new town, and serve his new flock with the same care and love and devotion as he had all the others—until it was time to move on again.

I asked Doc Campbell what was the most important thing he had learned in over a century of living, and he told me: "Stick with what you know." That's good old American common sense. So I bade a fond farewell to my companions and returned to the American heartland, which I know best. □



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What experiences in infancy will enable children to thrive emotionally and to come to feel that the world of people is a positive place? Attachment theorists believe they have some answers

BECOMING ATTACHED

BY ROBERT KAREN

THE STRUGGLE TO UNDERSTAND THE INFANT-MOTHER BOND RANKS AS ONE of the great quests of modern psychology—one that touches us deeply, because it holds so many clues to how we became who we are. I have a friend who does not want to be a father, because he fears he will be as emotionally stingy with his child as his mother was with him. This dread, that our character mirrors one of our parents', is very common, and the terrible certainty some of us have that we will re-enact the worst aspects of our upbringing with our own chil-

dren is not only widespread but seems distressingly well founded. The abused child does indeed often become the child-abuser, and evidence suggests that many other behavioral and emotional tendencies are passed down through the generations.

Theories to explain this unwanted inheritance are plentiful. But scientifically verifiable explanations have been elusive. Indeed, until the past two decades nothing could be said with scientific authority about almost any dimension of the mother-child bond, let alone how aspects of relatedness, good or bad, are transmitted. The multitude of voices confuses not only parents but also the judges and government agencies that make decisions about young lives.

What do children need, at a minimum, in order to feel that the world of people is a positive place and that they themselves have value? What experiences in infancy will enable them to feel confident enough to explore, to develop healthy peer relations, to rebound from adversity? What custody or foster-care arrangements will best serve their emotional needs if the family should dissolve, and at what point do we decide that a neglectful or abusive mother is worse than a kind stranger? Which of us are at risk of being parents who will raise insecure children, and what can be done to minimize that risk? These are all questions of huge theoretical and practical interest.

Today, with mothers spending less time at home, with families falling apart and being reshaped in new combinations, and with debates raging about the emotional

needs of schoolchildren and the advantages and disadvantages of day care, understanding all this seems more urgent than ever. One group of researchers and clinicians, known as attachment theorists, claim that they've discovered some answers and are on the road to finding the rest. But although they've dazzled many of their peers, altering some of our most basic attitudes toward early child care, their contributions have frequently met with skepticism, opposition, or rebuke.

In 1958 Harry Harlow reported a study that every student now learns of in Introductory Psych. Inspired by the pioneering work of the psychoanalyst René Spitz, who had shown that infants raised in foundling homes without handling or loving attention withered away and often died, Harlow, an animal-learning theorist, devised an experiment with rhesus monkeys. He



took infant monkeys from their mothers shortly after birth and raised them with two surrogate "mothers"—one made of bale-wire mesh, the other covered with terry cloth. Either "mother" could be equipped with a feeding nipple. Even when the bale-wire "mother" was the only one providing food, the infant monkeys became more attached to the terry-cloth "mother," cuddling it, running to it when frightened, and using it as a base for explorations. The experiment appeared to disprove the assumption, common among both Freudian and social-learning theorists, that infant attachment to the mother is mainly a function of feeding. To rhesus monkeys, at least, warm contact seemed more important.

As persuasive as Harlow's study was, experiments with monkeys can tell us nothing definitive about human attachment. And given the restrictions on what a researcher can do with human subjects, a more conclusive statement on the infant-mother bond seemed unlikely.

But a decade after Harlow began putting infant monkeys through a variety of extreme deprivations in order to capture the essentials of mothering, Mary Ainsworth, with much the same goal, was conducting experimental observations of human babies in a Baltimore lab. Using a technique called the Strange Situation, Ainsworth embarked upon a longitudinal study of attachment during the infants' first year. In an approach that was extremely unusual at the time, researchers closely observed mothers and children in their homes, paying careful attention to each mother's style of responding to her infant in a number of fundamental areas: feeding, crying, cuddling, eye contact, and smiling. At twelve months the infant and his mother were taken to the lab and the infant was observed as the mother was separated from him. During two intervals a stranger was in the room; during another the baby was alone.

Ainsworth spotted three distinct patterns in the babies' reactions. One group of infants protested or cried on separation, but when the mother returned, they greeted her with pleasure, frequently stretching out their arms to be picked up and molding to her body. They were relatively easy to console. Ainsworth labeled this group "securely attached."

She labeled the other two groups "insecurely" or "anxiously" attached. One group of anxious babies, called "ambivalent," tended to be clingy from the beginning and afraid to explore the room on their own. They became terribly anxious and agitated upon separation, often crying profusely. An ambivalent baby typically sought contact with his mother when she returned, but simultaneously arched away from her angrily, resisting all efforts to be soothed.

The second group, called "avoidant," gave the impression of independence. They explored the new environment without using their mothers as a base, and they didn't turn around to be certain of their mothers' presence, as those labeled securely attached did. When the mother left, the avoidant infant didn't seem affected. And on her return he snubbed or avoided her.

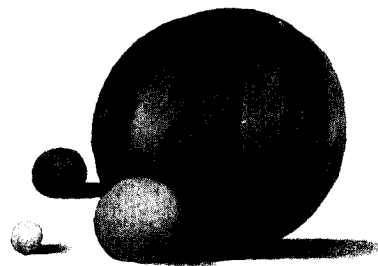
Without the painstaking observation that had come before, Ainsworth's findings would have been relatively

insignificant, no more than a demonstration that babies reacted differently when separated from and reunited with their mothers. But because Ainsworth's team had observed each of these mother-child pairs for seventy-two hours over the prior year, they were able to make specific associations between the babies' attachment styles and the mothers' styles of parenting. Mothers of securely attached children were found to be more responsive to the feeding signals and the crying of their infants, and to readily return the infants' smiles. Mothers of anxiously attached children were inconsistent, unresponsive, or rejecting. The three patterns seen in laboratory observation proved directly related to the way the babies were being raised.

The importance of the Strange Situation was not immediately apparent when Ainsworth's article describing her research was published, in 1969. But her findings marked the beginning of a critical shift in perceptions about infancy and child-rearing, set in motion a prolonged debate that divides infancy researchers to this day, and signaled a revolution in the field of developmental psychology—the branch of psychology that studies the processes by which we progress from infancy to adulthood. Before Ainsworth, numerous methods had been devised to measure conceptual and cognitive development. Many of them had been introduced by the Swiss psychologist Jean Piaget, who showed the steps by which a child's mind grasps the complexity of his world. But almost no procedures were available for assessing or measuring an infant's social and emotional development—certainly none at this level of complexity. Although real-life experiences were widely assumed to shape personality, no one had been able to demonstrate exactly which experiences mat-

tered. Ainsworth, at a stroke, changed all that, and in subsequent research she and her followers laid siege to much of the received wisdom of the field, offering new explanations of how our inner world is developed and organized and what all this means in terms of security, personality, and future relationships.

In succeeding studies attachment researchers found that without intervention or changes in family circumstances, attachment patterns formed in infancy persist. At age two, insecurely attached children tend to lack self-reliance and show little enthusiasm for problem solving. At three and a half to five years, according to their teachers, they are often problem kids, with poor peer relations



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THAT THE RESPON-
SIVE MOTHER PROVIDES
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THE INFANT NEEDS TO
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SECURELY ATTACHED

and little resilience. At six, they tend to display hopelessness in response to imagined separations. Reliable, statistically verifiable information like this—about what infants need in order to feel secure and how they are likely to feel and behave in later years if they don't get it—had never before been available.

Parents, too, were examined. Mary Main, a former student of Ainsworth's and now a professor at the University of California, Berkeley, found that the way parents remember and organize their own childhood experiences is a powerful predictor of which attachment group their children will fall into. This was the first research both to show intergenerational transmission of secure and inse-

cure attachment and to attempt to distinguish between adults who have retained the negative legacy of their childhood and those who have worked through it.

Questions about child-rearing that had only been speculated about could now be answered with greater authority. For years mothers had been warned against picking up their babies when they cried. It seemed contrary to nature and intuition, but behavioral theory asserted that picking up the child reinforced the crying, and if you did it enough you'd have a monstrous crybaby on your hands. Attachment research seems to have disproved this, at least as a general principle.

Ainsworth's central premise was that the responsive mother provides a secure base. The infant needs to know that his primary caregiver is steady, dependable, there for him. (Throughout this article, for simplicity's sake, I'll refer to the primary caregiver as the mother—though fathers and nonrelated adults can also be primary caregivers—and I'll use the male pronoun for the infant.) Fortified with the knowledge of his mother's availability, the child is able to go forth and explore the world. Lacking it, he is insecure, and his exploratory behavior is stunted. This was an astonishing assertion in the behaviorist-dominated atmosphere of the late 1960s, when most experts warned against spoiling children with too much responsiveness.

Warm, sensitive care, Ainsworth insisted, does not create dependency; it liberates, and enables autonomy. "It's a good thing to give a baby and a young child physical contact," she says, "especially when they want it and seek it. It doesn't spoil them. It doesn't make them clingy. It doesn't make them addicted to being held."

To many mothers, Ainsworth's prescriptions seem as natural as maternity itself. (Of course you pick up your baby when he cries!) But as pleasing as it is to discover that psychology is catching up to intuition—finding that little children do indeed need nurturing and consistency, that the way you are with your baby will profoundly affect

his personality development, that what happens to him when he's little will influence what he becomes later—it is equally displeasing to encounter a body of evidence suggesting that you yourself haven't been or aren't or won't be doing it right. Attachment theory, which seems implicitly to advocate a stay-at-home role for the mother, has thus provoked both rage and enchantment.

The day-care issue has been the most explosive (see "Babes in Day Care," by Ellen Ruppel Shell, August, 1988, *Atlantic*). Attachment-theory proponents tend to see full-time day care in the first year as a risk, and Jay Belsky, an attachment researcher at Pennsylvania State University, has voiced the concern that if you put your baby in substitute care for more than twenty hours a week, you are running a serious risk of his becoming anxiously attached—which could skew his subsequent efforts to relate to the outside world. Such assertions, needless to say, have drawn heavy fire, and bristle with political implications.

In twenty years of Strange Situation research, stable middle-class American homes have consistently produced babies of whom about two thirds are securely attached and one third are insecurely attached. As these numbers suggest, being securely attached hardly ensures that babies will grow up free of neuroses or even of insecurities. It means only that they have been given confidence that someone will be there for them and that they are thus at least minimally capable of forming satisfying relationships and of passing on that ability to their children. But in unstable homes, where parents, often single, are under great stress, and where neglect or abuse is more common, this minimal bulwark is often missing and the numbers of insecure children swell. Larry Aber, the director of the Barnard Center for Toddler Development, at Columbia University, estimates that of the 100,000 four-year-olds in New York City today, as many as half may be insecurely attached. He believes that we need "dramatic preventive measures" to help these children and expects that attachment research will make its most important clinical contribution in the search for such measures. Other experts would reject both ends of this assertion.

THE CONTROVERSY ADDS URGENCY TO THE QUESTION of whether attachment principles can be justly claimed to have scientific validity. Resistance has certainly been vigorous among classical analysts, behaviorists, and those who favor a genetic view. Jerome Kagan, a developmental psychologist at Harvard, believes that the Strange Situation is not a reliable measure, and thus that much of attachment thinking is flawed. "Ainsworth had a very small sample," Kagan says; "it was restricted in variety; it's certainly not enough to build a theory on." Besides, he asks, can we really expect six minutes of reunion behavior in an unfamiliar room to re-

OIL SPILL

The ocean is leather in slow motion.
Waves don't break, they squat and slide.
Stick a finger in—thick as fudge
up and down the beach;

and the fixed, brown bubbles
mean death by suffocation.
May the men who did this
boil and roll in a sea coat of oil;

and may their superiors
join us and our neighbors
on our knees
to scrub this beach to the bone.

If they are unwilling,
may they stand naked facing a mirror
and hear behind them, forever,
the fawning and sniveling of underlings.

—Peter Sears

veal an emotional history between parent and child "comprising over a half-million minutes in the home"?

Friendlier critics are concerned about a reductionist tendency to assume that quality of attachment is all-important. They argue that other aspects of parenting, such as teaching, playing, and having fun, may go well even if attachment goes poorly. Others believe that in focusing so much on the primary caregiver, which usually means the mother, attachment theory has not paid adequate attention to the father's role.

Nevertheless, leading psychoanalytically oriented infancy researchers, such as Daniel Stern and Stanley Greenspan, acknowledge that attachment theory has filled in a piece of the puzzle. "It's too early to say how big a piece," Stern says, "but it's certainly a piece, and it's a nice piece." Psychotherapists are finding that familiarity with attachment concepts is helping them in their work with patients. "My training in the attachment interview," says Arietta Slade, of New York's City University, "has dramatically changed the way I listen to how patients talk." And attachment concepts have increasingly influenced the advice that baby doctors give both parents and lawmakers. T. Berry Brazelton, a famed Boston pediatrician who has popularized his own brand of attachment theory, says, "My whole thinking has been based on it."

Attachment theory was itself born of three unlikely parents: ethology, developmental psychology, and psychoanalysis—disciplines that have not traditionally troubled themselves with one another's findings. But in 1951 the biologist Sir Julian Huxley began talking ethology to John Bowlby, the British psychoanalyst who originated attachment theory. Huxley urged Bowlby to read Konrad Lorenz, considered the father of modern ethology, particularly Lorenz's work on imprinting in newborn goslings, a phenomenon by which the infant birds attach themselves to the first moving object they see. Bowlby did so and became imprinted himself.

Captivated by ethological ideas, Bowlby now had a biological basis for his belief that a child needs a reliable ongoing attachment to a primary caregiver and that he suffers grievously, even irreparably, if that attachment is interrupted or lost. He developed the concept of "internal working models" to describe how the infant's sense of self and other unfolds through interactions with that primary caregiver. A brilliant synthesizer, Bowlby

was the first theorist to exhaustively combine cognitive and emotional development, to build a bridge between Piaget and Freud. Having written the three-volume work *Attachment and Loss*, he is the uncontested father of the movement. But Mary Salter Ainsworth's Strange Situation put attachment theory on the map, by providing empirical evidence for a number of conclusions that until then had only been intuited. She made the bridge from Piaget to Freud sturdy enough for half the field of developmental psychology to traverse. "Our whole developmental approach was cognitive until she came along," Brazelton says, referring to the pre-Ainsworth emphasis on such functions as perception, memory, and abstraction.

"She enabled psychology to look at the emotional development of children in a reliable, quantifiable way." Says Bowlby, "Her work has been indispensable. It's difficult to know what might have happened otherwise."

Ainsworth, now seventy-six, lives in semi-retirement in a suburban home near the University of Virginia in Charlottesville, where she taught for many years. "The fact that the Strange Situation was not in the home environment, that it was in the lab, really helped," she says with a laugh. "I only did it as an adjunct to my naturalistic research, but it was the thing that everyone could accept somehow. It was so *demonstrable*."

A bright-eyed woman whose short brown hair is streaked with white and blond, Ainsworth has a face that changes gently from intellectual delight to feisty engagement to shy vulnerability. In discussing her work she reveals both pride and modesty, and an uncommon willingness to credit others. The penetrating gaze she trains on an interviewer is suggestive of her years as a teacher and a clinician.

Although she never had children of her own, Ainsworth is the matriarch of a far-flung but close-knit family of attachment researchers and theorists, many of whom have been intellectually nurtured by her since their graduate-school days and still see her as a guiding force in their work. They, in turn, have helped make her one of the biggest names in developmental psychology since Piaget. Ainsworth is all but unknown to the public (and to many psychoanalysts and psychiatrists, who tend to be unfamiliar with trends in developmental psychology), and yet her fame in the world of infant development exceeds that of John Bowlby himself.

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this kind of thing, she would get it," says Alan Sroufe, of the Institute of Child Development at the University of Minnesota. "When I went to school, I was taught that only behaviors were real, not relationships—they didn't exist. Ainsworth demonstrated that there can be a psychology of relationships and that relationships can be measured. That's why you get Nobel Prizes, isn't it?"

The Search for a Theory of Relatedness

BY 1950, WHEN AINSWORTH AND BOWLBY FIRST MET, many researchers had grown dissatisfied with the lack of attention paid by classical analysis to the influences of relationships, especially in early life. It wasn't that Freud ignored relationships or failed to see that the way one was raised would influence one's emotional well-being. But after discarding his trauma (or "seduction") theory about the origin of neurosis, he came to place more and more emphasis on the unconscious workings of the individual psyche and the instincts or "drives" that motivate it. Classical analysts retained this tight focus—often ignoring Freud's speculative thoughts in other directions—and in their writings the nature of the patient's relationships, past or present, often seemed incidental.

But Freud wasn't even in his grave before new schools of thought were generating new questions about our first relationships and their lasting impact on us. Soon interpersonal and social theorists, family-systems theorists, and object-relations theorists (in psychoanalysis the unfortunate word *object* usually means "person") were all struggling over the relational ground left uncharted by the classical Freudian model.

When, at sixteen, Ainsworth (then Mary Salter) entered the University of Toronto, in 1929, she quickly found that her first mentor, William Blatz, had his own ideas about relatedness. The subject matter of Blatz's abnormal-psychology class consisted almost entirely of his "security theory," and, troubled by insecurity herself, she was drawn to it. "I was impressed with his idea that the child derives security from being near his parents," Ainsworth says. "That security enables him to move out to explore his world, to learn about it, and to acquire the skills to master what he encounters out there. I don't remember if he called that 'using the parent as a secure base from which to explore the world,' but that is how I finally came to phrase it."

Ainsworth recalls Toronto's psychology department as being imbued with a messianic feeling, one that she quickly came to share, and retains to this day: that the science of psychology could be used to improve the quality of human life fundamentally. She became a psychology major, did her doctoral dissertation on Blatz's security theory, and in 1939 became a lecturer at the university, before doing a three-year stint as an army major in charge of personnel selection during the Second World War. In

1946 she returned to the University of Toronto, where she and Blatz co-directed a team studying security in various aspects of adult life. She also began training as a diagnostician during those years, and later co-authored a volume on ink-blot technique with Bruno Klopfer, the leading Rorschach interpreter of the day.

Blessed with a quick mind and a keen eye, the young psychologist was a brilliant and eager researcher. But she had neither the hunger nor the disposition of a scientist on the make. Although intellectually tough, interpersonally she was often softer. In 1950, when she married Len Ainsworth, who was younger than she and had recently completed his masters degree in psychology, she readily dropped her work in favor of his education. "It didn't seem like a good idea for Len to remain at the U of T for his Ph.D., so we went to England. He got admitted to University College, London, and I went along."

If Ainsworth did not have destiny writ large in her features, the man who placed the help-wanted ad that she answered in the *London Times* did. Bowlby had opinions, determination, and presence. Ainsworth's four years with him and his small team would alter the course of her career. She was taken not only with his ideas but also with his formidable and secure personality. "He made no bones about the fact that he was single-handedly fighting the analytic establishment, that it pained him some, but that he was convinced he was on the right track. It was a long time before I felt any sense of getting close to him or being a friend. But I had no difficulty whatsoever making him into a surrogate father figure—even though he's not much older than I."

During that first interview Ainsworth and Bowlby discovered that their interests coincided to a remarkable degree. It was the beginning of a professional marriage that would prove as fruitful and enduring as any in the history of psychology.

Bowlby

S EVEN YEARS HER SENIOR, JOHN BOWLBY HAD already made a name for himself with the publication of *Forty-four Juvenile Thieves*, which noted the high proportion of delinquent boys who had suffered early maternal separations. He was now at work on a report to the World Health Organization on the mental health of homeless children, who were a big problem in the postwar years. Published in 1951, *Maternal Care and Mental Health* warned against separating children from their mothers—even mothers who were untidy and neglectful. It asserted that children suffering maternal deprivation are at increased risk for physical and mental illness, and that even a clean, well-meaning, and well-run institution—unless it somehow provided a true maternal substitute—was unlikely to save a small child from being irreversibly damaged by the age of three.

During the late thirties Bowlby was supervised in child

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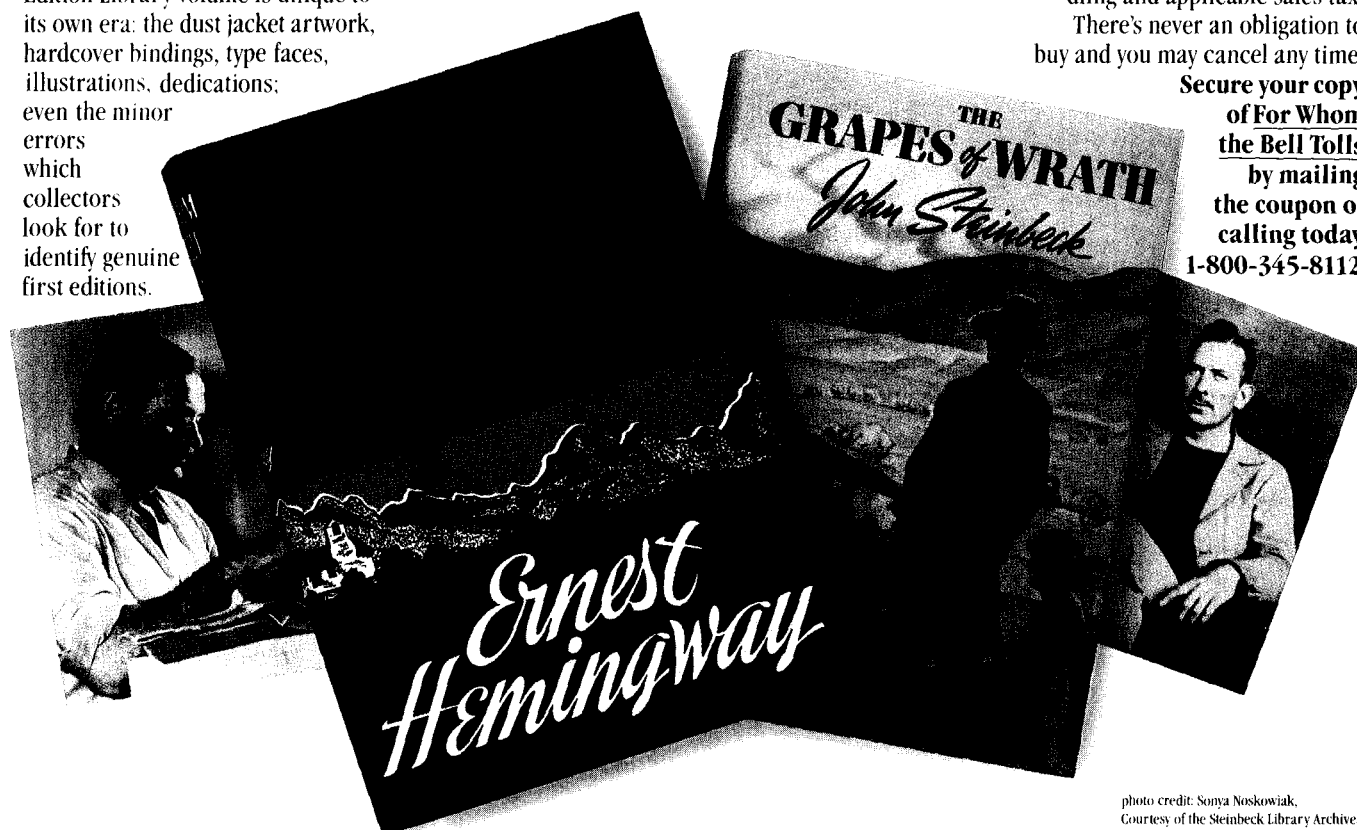
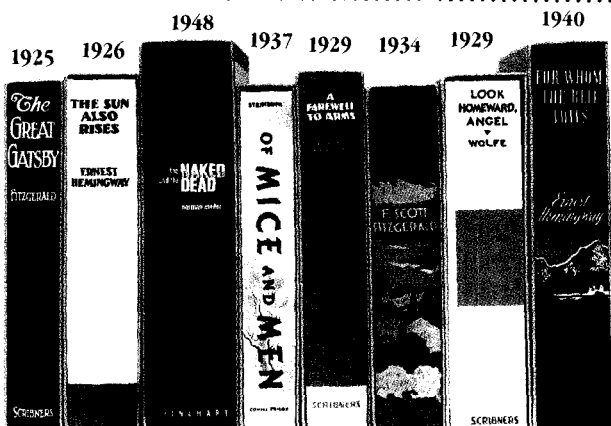


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treatment by Melanie Klein, a brilliant and original Vienna-born analyst and the inventor of psychoanalytic play therapy, who had won a large following in England after arriving there in 1926. One of the first avowed object-relations theorists and a giant in the field to this day, Klein is also remembered by some for being eccentric, devious, and nasty.

"I trained with the Kleinians," says Bowlby, eighty-three, a soft-featured man with bushy white eyebrows, thinning white hair, and a proper, somewhat detached upper-class bearing. "But I parted company with them, because I held that real-life events—the way parents treat a child—are of key importance in determining development, and Melanie Klein would have none of it. The object relations that she was talking about were entirely internal relationships—that is, fantasy. 'The notion that internal relationships reflect external relationships was totally missing from her thinking.'"

The very first case in which Klein supervised Bowlby, in the spring of 1938, set the tone. "I was seeing a small hyperactive boy five days a week. He was anxious, in and out of the room, all over the place. His mother used to bring him, and her job was to sit in the waiting room and take him home again. She was an extremely anxious, distressed woman, who was wringing her hands, in a very tense, unhappy state. But I was forbidden by Melanie Klein to talk to this poor woman."

In Bowlby's earlier work at the London Child Guidance Clinic, he says, "we were seeing parents as much as children and dealing, so far as we could, with parents' emotional problems," an approach that has become widespread today. But Klein was a purist and insisted that he see only the child.

"Well, I found this a rather painful situation, really. After three months the news reached me that the mother had been taken to a mental hospital, which didn't surprise me. And when I came to report this to Melanie Klein, her attitude was What a nuisance—we shall have to find another case. The fact that this poor woman had a breakdown was of no clinical interest to her whatever; it might have been the man in the moon who was bringing this boy. So this horrified me, to be quite frank. And from that point onwards, my mission in life was to demonstrate that real-life experiences have a very important effect on development."

When a goose or a duck is born, it attaches itself to the first moving object it sees. Almost invariably that will be its mother; although if a human scientist elbows his way into view first, the gosling or duckling will become hopelessly attached to him and follow him everywhere. Other instincts can similarly be distorted, or fail to develop at all, depending on what the young animal encounters or fails to encounter in its environment. We know this and many other facts about the bonding behavior of birds and mammals, thanks to the work of ethologists like Konrad Lorenz and Niko Tinbergen. While Ainsworth was in

London, Bowlby became, as he puts it, "addicted" to the work of these men. He immediately sensed that human beings, too, must have such bonding behaviors and inter-generational cues, that they, too, must be predisposed toward some sort of relational experience, and that with them, too, nature's intentions could go awry—as they obviously had with that hyperactive boy—if the environment failed them.

"I mean, talk about *eureka*," he says. "They were brilliant, first-class scientists, brilliant observers, and studying family relationships in other species—relationships which were obviously analogous with those of human beings—and doing it so frightfully well. We were fumbling around in the dark; they were already in brilliant sunshine."

In addition to suggesting improved strategies of investigation, ethology gave Bowlby an explanation: separations from the mother are disastrous developmentally because they thwart an instinctual need. Bowlby soon declared that clinging, sucking, and following are all part of the child's instinctual repertoire, and that the goal of these behaviors is precisely to keep the mother close by. He saw the child's smile as a "social releaser" that elicits maternal care. And he abandoned the Freudian notion of drives, arising out of hidden forces like libido and aggression, which accumulate within us and crave discharge. Instead, Bowlby saw an array of innate behavior patterns—relationship-seeking patterns like smiling, babbling, looking, and listening—that are enriched and developed by the responses they call forth from the environment.

Bowlby proceeded to define a series of developmental stages based on the maternal bond. During the first year the child is gradually able to display a complete range of "attachment behaviors," protesting his mother's departure, greeting her return, clinging when frightened, following when able. Such actions are instinctual and rooted in the biological fact that proximity to one's mother is satisfying, because it is essential to survival. The establishment, maintenance, and renewal of that proximity begets feelings of love, security, and joy. A lasting or untimely disruption brings on anxiety, grief, and depression.

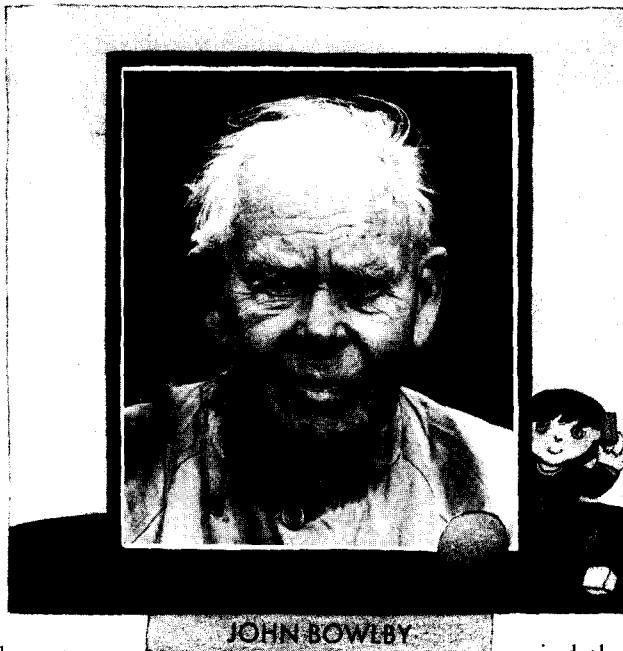
Both Melanie Klein and Anna Freud, the rival doyennes of British psychoanalysis, found the analytic-ethological concoction Bowlby was brewing distasteful, and they let their followers know it. Analytic critics charged him with, among other things, gross simplification of psychological theory; assuming that all pathology results from disturbances of the infant-mother bond (when it was well known that early medical and environmental traumas could equally be at fault); and overlooking the infant's ability to develop a negative concept of his mother on wholly irrational grounds—such as a failure to relieve his suffering despite her best efforts, or the arrival of a new sibling, which can bring forth intolerable feelings of

abandonment, rage, and guilt. The debate was bitter, even though the participants were largely in the same camp, all of them psychoanalysts who accepted basic analytic principles. Even René Spitz, whose work on institutionalized children Bowlby respectfully cited, joined the public scolding.

Bowlby did find some fellow analysts at least cordial to his views. Most closely kindred was D. W. Winnicott, a pediatrician turned psychoanalyst who had attained great stature as a theorist and was also the British equivalent of Dr. Spock. Winnicott, too, had taken strong positions, some of them pre-dating Bowlby's, on both the centrality of the infant-mother bond and the critical importance of the quality of mothering. His ideological proximity, although expressed in different language, gave Bowlby some comfort during this time.

But regardless of whether Bowlby's radical restructuring of psychoanalytic concepts was correct, he had plainly found a hole in analytic theory. For however closely attuned psychoanalysts had become in their practices to the impact of real-life events and the ways in which parenting styles affect personality, their theories did not reflect it. In their writings psychoanalysts still focused mainly on the individual psyche and the workings of the unconscious in the average expectable environment. That was a big gap, and Bowlby was determined to fill it. He chose to do so by studying separations in and disruptions of the parent-child relationship in the first five years of life, "because I thought that was researchable." Such investigations became the focus of his little unit at the Tavistock Clinic.

Ainsworth's responsibility in Bowlby's unit was to analyze and make sense of an enormous quantity of data that his people had collected, and to determine the direction for future research. One of those whose material she reviewed was James Robertson, a social worker who died recently, at the age of seventy-seven. Robertson had been making detailed observations of young children who were being sent to the hospital, where, in the early 1950s, parents were allowed only very limited visits. Robertson's skillful observations captured the insoluble agony and despair these separations created. When psychiatric experts insisted that no such trauma could have occurred, Robertson was infuriated. He decided to buy a camera and film the thing. His harrowing documentary, *A Two Year Old Goes to Hospital*, about little Lau-



JOHN BOWLBY

PHOTOGRAPH BY DANIEL GOGAN

ra's eight-day separation from her parents, was influential in changing hospital practice to allow parents to make routine visits and to stay the night with their hospitalized children.

"It was Jimmy's work I most admired," says Ainsworth, who spent many hours wrestling Robertson's raw data into theory. "In studying separation he got acquainted with the families before the child was separated; he did observations of their behavior during the separation, and followed them when they came home. And I made up my

mind that whenever I went elsewhere and could start a project, it would be a study of this sort—direct observation in the natural environment—and that is what I did in Uganda."

Ainsworth's Home Studies

IN 1954 AINSWORTH FOLLOWED HER HUSBAND TO Uganda, where she launched one of the pioneering studies in modern infant research. With no lab, with meager institutional support, with no help in collecting or analyzing the data, accompanied only by her interpreter, she rounded up twenty-eight unweaned babies from several villages near Kampala and began observing them in their homes, using the careful, naturalistic techniques that Lorenz and Tinbergen had applied to goshawks and stickleback fish. It was a happy time for her. She loved doing research, and she loved the contact with babies, which her own marriage had failed to produce.

Ainsworth immediately felt that Bowlby had been right. A baby is not a passive-recipient creature who becomes attached to his mother because she satisfies his needs. "These were very active babies. They went after what they wanted. I began to see certain behaviors that indicated that the baby was becoming attached, and I was able to list them in chronological order of appearance. There was, for instance, the differential stopping of crying. The mother picked up the baby, the baby would stop crying, but if somebody else tried to pick him up at that point, he would continue to cry. Differential smiling. Differential vocalizations. I began to see different situations where attachment to the mother could be spotted; and you could differentiate an attachment figure from some other person, even a familiar person."

Ainsworth classified the twenty-eight Ganda babies she saw as secure, insecure, or nonattached (a category

she would later discard), and created some crude scales to rate the degree of sensitivity and responsiveness in the mother. These classifications and ratings would become much more refined in her next project.

For a third time Ainsworth changed countries to follow her husband—this time to Baltimore, where, within a few weeks, a teaching and clinical job was patched together for her at Johns Hopkins University. Seven years passed before she managed to start her next longitudinal study, during which time she divorced her husband and began her own analysis. The connection with Bowlby had grown thin, but when he visited her in 1960, just as her marriage was dissolving, she presented him with the findings that she eventually published as *Infancy in Uganda*. This was the only major study done outside his own unit offering empirical support for his theory. In terms of their relationship, Ainsworth says, “that made all the difference.” Once his most capable adherent, she had become an equal colleague. In a few years she would be a partner.

“What I hoped to do in the Baltimore study was to replicate the Uganda research and make it more systematic. But now that I’d done one study, there were specific things I was curious to observe; I wasn’t just letting the moving finger write on the blank slate anymore.”

Backed by a solid research grant, Ainsworth got together a team of four observers to make 18 four-hour home visits to each of twenty-six families. Other researchers had observed infant-mother interaction in the lab—even, in one case, a lab that was fitted out to look just like a home. But to Ainsworth, a home in a lab was not the same as a real home.

“Just take feeding. In the home environment I could see how a mother responded to infant signals when she had a lot of other demands on her time, with the telephone and house-keeping and other kids. I saw one mother who was working very hard to put her six-week-old baby on three meals a day—and she was breast-feeding at that! She would say, ‘I don’t know why the baby’s crying. He was fed at seven o’clock this morning’—it now being after twelve. She would pick it up and play with it very nicely for a while and then put it down, and it would cry again. She would dangle a rattle, she would do this, do that, she even gave it a bath one day to fill up the time till one o’clock, with the baby off and on screaming. You would never observe that type of thing in the lab.”

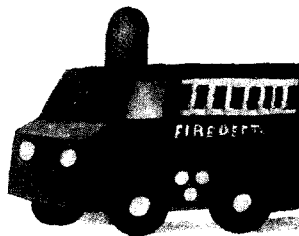
Ainsworth and her colleagues acted like friends, not furniture—talking, helping, holding the babies, becoming part of the family—in order to encourage the mothers to act naturally. “To have somebody there for an extended period of time just watching and taking notes could be very tension-producing. Besides, I wanted to see whether the baby would smile at us, whether he would cuddle when we picked him up, and how the baby would behave with us in comparison with the mother.” She was excited to find that the behaviors she’d identified as attachment behaviors in the Kampala infants were also abundantly evident in Baltimore, suggesting that babies everywhere speak the same attachment language.

If Ainsworth had stopped there, she would have produced another valuable pioneering study. But she had a problem in making a certain critical comparison between Ugandan and middle-class American babies. “I all along had this idea about a secure base. It was so conspicuous with the Ganda babies. If the mother was there, the kid would roam all around the room and explore things, looking back at her and maybe giving her a smile, but focusing most of his attention on the environment. And just as soon as the mother got up to leave the room, the chances were the baby would shriek and absolutely stop any kind of exploratory behavior.

“Now, the Ganda babies are used to having their mother with them all the time. Whereas the Baltimore babies were used to having their mothers come and go, come and go, and they were much less likely to cry when their mother left the room. So when they were happily exploring, it wasn’t clear if it was because the mother was there or not.”

For Ainsworth, these questions brought to mind a paper she had read in 1943 called “Young Children in an Insecure Situation,” by Jean Arsenian, who had put babies into a playroom, some with their mothers and others by themselves. “Arsenian didn’t talk about exploratory behavior, but she made it quite clear that the ones brought in with their mothers could take a constructive interest in the environment, while the others spent most of their time crying. I always remembered that.

“So I thought, all right, if you don’t see the secure-base phenomenon very clearly at home, that doesn’t necessarily mean it doesn’t exist. It could very well be different in a strange environment, such as Arsenian used. If I could bring the children into the university with their mothers,



BOWLBY DECLARED THAT CLINGING, SUCKING, AND FOLLOWING ARE ALL PART OF THE CHILD'S INSTINCTUAL REPERTOIRE, AND THAT THE GOAL OF THESE BEHAVIORS IS PRECISELY TO KEEP THE MOTHER CLOSE BY.

maybe I could see how they used the mother to explore." Thus the Strange Situation was born. New research by Harry Harlow, in which rhesus monkeys were able to explore a frightening new environment only when accompanied by their cloth "mothers," further confirmed her thinking:

"I thought, we'll have the mother and baby together in a strange environment with a lot of toys to invite exploration. Then we'll introduce a stranger when the mother's still there, and see how the baby responds. Then we'll have a separation situation where the mother leaves the baby with the stranger. How does the baby respond to the departure? And when the mother returns, how does the baby respond to the reunion? But since the stranger was in the room during the first departure, maybe we'd better have an episode in which the mother leaves the baby entirely alone. Then we could see whether the return of the stranger lessens whatever distress has occurred. Finally, we'll have another reunion with the mother. We devised this thing in half an hour."

Ainsworth divided the twenty-three babies who went through the first Strange Situation into three main groups and eight subgroups, and, to her amazement, these categories have held up for twenty years and through studies of thousands of children.

"The thing that blew my mind was the avoidant response." The avoidant children, who seemed indifferent to their mothers' comings and goings, even to the point of snubbing them on reunion—who looked so extraordinarily independent—had appeared quite insecure in the home. They had cried and showed more separation distress than the secure babies. And they turned out to have mothers whom the observers had rated as interfering, rejecting, or neglectful.

Ainsworth noticed that in the Strange Situation these avoidant one-year-olds behaved like the older child who has had a long depriving separation and comes home and ignores his mother. "Here were these kids who had never had a serious separation behaving just that way." The avoidant response suggested that the infant and the older child were using the same coping defense. Further, it implied that Ainsworth had hit upon the thing that Bowlby had only dreamed of—a procedure to assess the effects not of drastic separations and loss but of the everyday details of parenting.

"I did not intend this as a way of assessing attachment," she says, "but it certainly wound up as that. We began to realize that it fit in with our impressions after seventy-two hours of observation in an amazing way. But instead of seventy-two hours of observation we could do a Strange Situation in twenty minutes."

In the history of psychology a great many procedures had been devised for assessing individuals, and new ways of diagnosing, describing, and categorizing them were repeatedly being developed—but no one before had come up with a method of assessing relatedness. And no one

before had found a way to assess how styles of parenting contributed to individual differences. Through this ingenious project, capping years of research, Ainsworth had begun her revolution.

For the next twenty years Ainsworth would be occupied with the fallout from this work. Because she had made such a painstaking description of each infant-mother pair, the statistical analyses took years to work through. Meanwhile, she would be training others to use the Strange Situation technique, supervising new research, writing, teaching, and serving as the leader of a growing attachment community. Of the Baltimore study Ainsworth now says, "It turned out to be everything that I hoped it would be, and it has drawn together all the threads of my professional career. Each piece of data analysis we did, with very few exceptions, had some sort of bang to it. It was always such a pleasure to find things working out, and we had an awful lot of things work out." The constantly appearing evidence, meanwhile, constituted more raw material for Bowlby's grand synthesizing machine. It was fed into the three volumes of his *Attachment and Loss*, which made their way into publication from 1969 to 1982.

Years passed, however, before the importance of what Ainsworth had done became apparent. The Baltimore study had been conducted from 1963 through 1967, but its findings did not begin to appear in published form until 1969, and Ainsworth's book, *Patterns of Attachment*, was not completed until 1978. The Strange Situation procedure could not easily be learned from a manual; developmentalists had to go through training to master it. The longitudinal studies that Ainsworth's students conducted, which supported and extended her work, did not start seeing print until the late seventies. And beyond all that, scientists are cautious, new ideas are slow to catch on, and the attachment ideas turned out to be especially problematic for some, offending reigning theorists and threatening others by calling specific parenting styles into question. Even Bowlby took Ainsworth's work in stride at first. As he himself eventually said, "I hadn't yet seen the payoff."

The Payoff

"I GOT INTERESTED IN THE FIELD BECAUSE I WENT to her lectures," says Inge Bretherton, who was a thirty-four-year-old undergraduate, returning to college after her children started elementary school, when she first heard Ainsworth speak, at Johns Hopkins, in 1969. "I thought, oh, here is somebody who's studying real children in real environments. Almost nobody else was doing that at the time. Back then everybody was a behaviorist. You couldn't talk about the inner life, so to speak, or the internal world. Not in developmental psychology. I had gone to lectures in Cambridge where every time the person talked about consciousness



AMBIVALENT

he made quotation marks in the air. That was the sort of climate in which all this developed."

Bretherton, now a leading attachment scholar who teaches psychology at the University of Wisconsin, was just one of many bright students Ainsworth began attracting at that time, people who would carry attachment work with them to other universities throughout the seventies and eighties.

Everett Waters was an undergraduate chemistry major at Johns Hopkins when he met Ainsworth, in 1971, and volunteered to help in her research. Waters, who now teaches at the State University of New York at Stonybrook, soon abandoned chemistry and in 1972 entered

the psychology doctoral program at the University of Minnesota. There he met Alan Sroufe, a young assistant professor. Sroufe was intrigued by what Waters told him about Ainsworth's work, and before long the university was buzzing with attachment research. That Minnesota's Institute of Child Development, prestigious and centrist, had gotten into attachment was enormously helpful to Ainsworth, who needed the support. Behavioral critics, as Bowlby puts it, were "clobbering her," much as conservative analysts had clobbered him.

Staunch opponents of psychoanalysis and any other theory that posits the existence of unconscious processes or structures of the mind, behaviorists believe that hu-

man actions are best understood in terms of environmental conditioning. Their studies had shown that if rewarded, a behavior increases in frequency; if punished, it diminishes. Surely, if Ainsworth's babies were crying or sitting quietly, those behaviors must have been reinforced in similar circumstances, the children must have been responding to familiar cues from their mothers, and Ainsworth must have misread her data. That infants may have built-in needs for certain kinds of relatedness, that they develop unconscious working models of self and other, which reflect in part how well their mothers tend to meet those needs, and that their behavior reflects such internal considerations were heresy in the American university of that time.

But the Strange Situation's value did not escape a handful of infancy researchers, who saw that they had been given an extraordinary tool, a Rosetta stone of sorts, with which they could decipher the traces of an infant's experience with his parents. Once they could do that, all sorts of questions previously confined to theoretical speculation were suddenly accessible to empirical study. In the coming years psychologists would use the Strange Situation—sporadically at first, then with greater frequency, and finally in a flood of empirical excitement—to correlate attachment style with self-esteem, with cognitive abilities, with persistence in solving problems, with peer relations, with romantic love, with maternal depression, and with just about everything else that seemed relevant. The results would range from inconclusive to contradictory to stunningly consistent. No one would be more prolific in applying Ainsworth's techniques than Sroufe.

Sroufe, at forty-eight, is a soft-spoken and deliberate man with a commanding presence and a crusading ardor for the principles he believes in. Extremely articulate, both in person and in print, he broke the ice for many developmentalists with his influential and widely reprinted 1977 article "Attachment as an organizational construct," which was co-authored by Waters. Sroufe's passion for Ainsworth's work derives partly from his own history of difficulties with the research methods that preceded hers.

"In the past," Sroufe explains, "developmental psychology thought there were two ways of doing things—you either counted discrete behaviors or you did global ratings. The problem with discrete behaviors is it takes a tremendous amount of observation to get anything that's

worthwhile, and it's hard to know what they mean. To know that one mother picks up her kid more than another mother does, or that one child talks to other children more than a second child does—that may tell you something, but it probably doesn't."

Global ratings, on the other hand, allow an observer to use his own judgment: How sensitive is this mother? How sociable is that child? "But," Sroufe says, "global ratings have always had the reputation of being subjective and unreliable. People can't agree. Well, Ainsworth's methodology is neither of those."

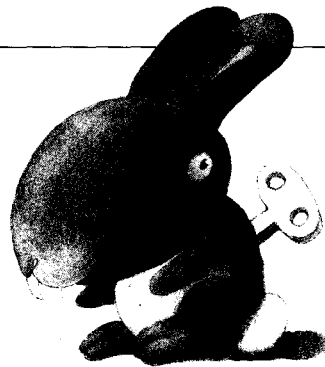
"She has one scale called Cooperation and Interference. On the cooperative end the parents fit what they do to the child. They do things in a timely manner, they do things when the child is open to them, they don't do things at cross-purposes to the child. On the other end, interfering, the parent is coming in doing things when the child isn't ready. Ainsworth showed that mothers of babies who later are avoidant hold their babies as much as mothers of babies who later are secure. So if you just measure frequency of holding you get no difference. But there's one circumstance in which mothers of babies who are later avoidant do not hold them, and that's when the baby signals that it wants to be held. So you could have counted a lot of holding and you would have gotten nothing."

Blessed with sophisticated facilities, a steady flow of cash from funding agencies, their own nursery on campus staffed by teachers trained to do their ratings, fleets of observers when needed, and summer camps equipped with remote cameras, the Minnesota researchers have been able to follow various samples of children from different socioeconomic strata, taking the initial attachment patterns

observed by Ainsworth and extending their implications to later and later periods of life.

They have found that two-year-olds assessed as secure at eighteen months were enthusiastic and persistent in solving easy tasks and effective in using maternal assistance when the tasks became more difficult. In contrast, their anxiously attached counterparts tended to be frustrated and whiny. They found that preschoolers who had been judged securely attached as infants were significantly more flexible, curious, socially competent, and self-reliant than their anxiously attached counterparts. The securely attached children were more sympathetic to the distress of their peers, more assertive about what

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they wanted, and more likely to be leaders. Similar findings persisted through elementary school age.

Some of the most intriguing Minnesota material, much of it since confirmed by other studies, concerned avoidant kids. They have proved far less able to engage in fantasy play than securely attached children, and when they have engaged in such play, it has more often been characterized by irresolvable conflict. Children with histories of secure attachment tend to be neither victims nor exploiters when placed in pairs, but avoidant kids often victimize other insecurely attached children. Critics had claimed that infants labeled "avoidant" were simply more independent, but the fact that they grew up to be four-year-olds who sought contact with their teachers at a greater rate than securely attached children suggested otherwise. That they were frequently sullen or oppositional and not inclined to seek help when injured or disappointed, however, spoke poignantly of their avoidant patterns.

According to Sroufe, many teachers react with tragic consistency when dealing with the three types of children. They tend to treat securely attached children in matter-of-fact, age-appropriate ways; to excuse and infantilize the clingier ambivalent children; and to be controlling and angry with avoidant ones. "Whenever I see a teacher who looks as if she wants to pick a kid up by the shoulders and stuff him in the trash," Sroufe says, "I know that kid had an avoidant attachment history."

In following a sample of 180 children from poor homes, Sroufe and his colleague Byron Egeland have found that nurses' ratings of the mothers' interest in their new babies accurately predicted future quality of attachment. They have also discovered that a child's attachment classification can change, usually as a result of a major alteration in the mother's circumstances: for instance, a single mother's forming a stable partnership with a new man. That the first year's effects, though still assumed to be profound, are not necessarily indelible is a hopeful sign.

The 180 Minnesota children are now heading into adolescence. "You couldn't name a federal priority that we can't access with the data coming up!" Sroufe says. "Drug abuse, delinquency, AIDS, teenage mothers—we'll be able to tell what their histories were and who was in the risk group." Needless to say, he expects security of attachment to be a principal factor in predicting healthy functioning in the teenage years.

They Are Leaning Out for Love

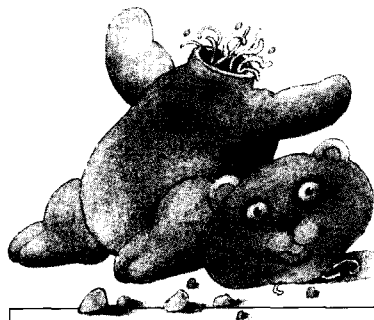
IF ATTACHMENT THEORY IS CORRECT, THE INSECURELY attached child has developed a strategy for dealing with his mother's unavailability or inconsistency. The ambivalent child (ambivalent children represent about 10 percent of children from middle-class U.S. homes) is desperately trying to influence her. He is hooked by the fact that she does indeed come through on occasion. He picks up that she will respond sometimes—perhaps out of guilt—if he pleads and makes a big enough fuss. And so he is constantly trying to hold on to her or to punish her for being unavailable. He is wildly addicted to her and to his efforts to make her change.

The avoidant child (20 to 25 percent) takes the opposite tack. He becomes angry and distant (even though he remains no less attached). His pleas for attention have been painfully rejected, and reaching out seems impossible. The child seems to say, Who needs you—I can do it on my own! Often in conjunction with this attitude grandiose ideas about the self develop: I am great, I don't need anybody. Indeed, some parents unwittingly promote such grandiosity in the child. If the mother can convince herself that her child is vastly superior to other children, she has an excuse for her lack of nurturing attention: This kid is special, he barely needs me, he's been doing his own thing practically since he was born.

In such cases the mother's lack of nurturance likely has its own tragic reasons, often originating in the neglect that she experienced when she herself was young. Needs and longings that she has long repressed make her angry, depressed, or disgusted when she sees them in her child.

Meanwhile, if she, too, is somewhat grandiose, the idea of a superior kid, who has no needs, will reinforce her own sense of superiority. This style of nonrelatedness can thus pass down through the generations, along with values that conveniently support it (our family believes in independence; we're not namby-pambies).

Some of these patterns of anxious attachment may be responsible for certain well-known maladaptive syndromes. Bowlby believes that avoidant attachment lies at the heart of narcissistic personality traits, one of the predominant psychiatric concerns of our time. It may also be at work in the legions of people who achieve a rigid independence from their families by becoming emotionally



THE BEHAVIOR OF THE INSECURELY ATTACHED CHILD—WHETHER AGGRESSIVE OR CLOYING, ALL PUFFED UP OR EASILY DEFLATED—ELICITS REACTIONS THAT REPEATEDLY RECONFIRM THE CHILD'S DISTORTED VIEW OF THE WORLD.

日米経済関係の今後の展望

Ambassador Mansfield Talks to America

by Mike Mansfield

U.S. Ambassador to Japan, 1977-1989



Over the last decade, during which I have been privileged to be the American ambassador to Japan, I have seen the U.S.-Japan relationship develop in extraordinary ways.

As Japan has improved its economic status, we became more interested and fascinated by it; but, as it became more competitive, we failed to face up to the changing nature of our relationship.

The U.S.-Japan relationship today is much broader and more complicated than it was in 1977 when I became ambassador. The interdependence of our two countries has increased; our knowledge of each other has grown; and our obligations to each other have expanded to include obligations to the rest of the world community. Our two nations, because of their power and position, influence the very structure of international relations today. At the same time, we

face a long-term challenge in our relationship.

Let us look at the goals of our relationship: To create a stable, prosperous international order; to lead the free world into a 21st century where citizens feel fulfilled in their private lives even as they enrich their nations' vitality; and to manage our differences and draw on our underlying strengths and compatibilities. With these goals in mind, I would like to examine the U.S.-Japan relationship, put it into perspective and discuss what we have achieved and the significant challenges that remain.

World War II left many legacies. One of these was a cautiousness in Japan about claiming a legitimate postwar international role. Japan was the "junior partner" in our bilateral relationship, which permitted it to avoid the difficult choices involved in moving its economic system away from one that protected domestic markets to one that was truly open to foreign goods and services. As a result, the United States, as the "senior partner," became used to taking the initiative in managing the relationship, and because our own

economy was so strong, we were somewhat tolerant of Japan's market restrictions.

Over the past decade, however, this relationship has markedly changed — to the point where the equal partnership which was often given lip service has become a reality. Japanese leaders understand this new status means they can no longer ask for special consideration and avoid implementing necessary but sometimes painful economic readjustment policies. The United States, for its part, must realize that it can no longer dictate the terms of the relationship. This new reality has required an adjustment in how we relate to each other, how we divide specific responsibilities and how we maintain a fundamental balance.

Another development has been the emergence of a significant degree of consensus, both between our two countries and within them, on the common defense. This understanding is predicated on the terms of the Treaty of Mutual Cooperation and Security. The United States remains content with the basic division of duties reflected in that document, and I believe

most Japanese are satisfied as well. The alliance is strictly bilateral and Japan's role is purely defensive, but the arrangement is essential to the maintenance of peace and security throughout the region.

Yet no alliance — even a bilateral one — exists in a vacuum. In response to changes in the regional security situation, both countries have worked to strengthen the partnership. Japan, for its part, has made several important initiatives, including the Mid-Term Defense Plan; increased financial support for U.S. forces in Japan; the transfer of Japanese defense technology to the U.S.; participation in strategic defense initiative (SDI) research; and former Prime Minister Suzuki's 1981 commitment to defend its sea lane to 1,000 nautical miles offshore. Japanese government policy has won wide public acceptance for enhancing the country's defensive posture to meet the threat of the Soviet military buildup in the Pacific. This has been a major plus for peace and democracy everywhere in Asia.

Another change taking place through dialogue and negotiation are the yen/dollar talks, which

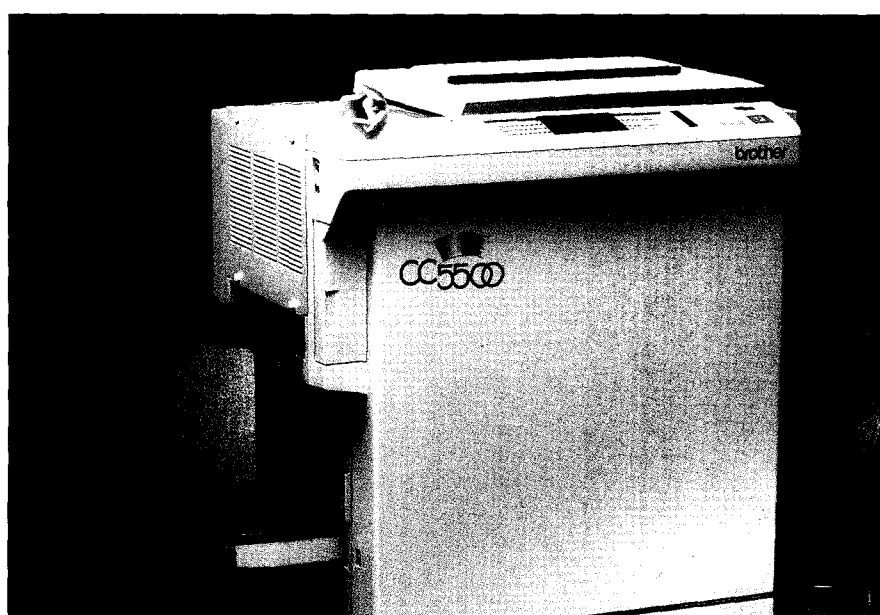
began in 1983 with former President Reagan's visit to Japan. These have helped convince the Japanese that the yen must — and inevitably will — play an international financial role commensurate with Japan's status as an economic power. While I believe that Japan still has a long way to go in this area, the sheer size and variety of Japanese markets, financial resources and banks and insurance institutions have led to irresistible market pressures in this direction. Likewise, more foreign access to those Japanese financial markets and resources must also be provided.

We have long acknowledged the interdependence of our two economies, but agreeing on our respective responsibilities has been more difficult. The Bush administration accepts the need to reduce the national deficit, guard against protectionism and enhance the competitiveness of American exports. The Japanese government has acknowledged that Japan's own interests are best served through stimulating domestic demand, opening its markets and providing fair access to foreign competitors. As we all know, in both countries there is a big gap between acknowl-

edgment and implementation. I believe we can — and will — proceed to settle our differences based upon the principles of free and fair trade, but it is now a question of whether we can act quickly enough to beat back the pressures for protectionism.



Protectionist measures will only lead to higher prices for consumers everywhere, increased long-



Technology breakthrough: Brother CC5500 full-color copier

■ BROTHER Looks to a Colorful Future

Founded in 1908 by Masayoshi and Jitsuichi Yasui and their brothers, the relationship that gave the company its name, Brother Industries began as a manufacturer of sewing machines in Japan in 1927. Today the company has grown to be a leading producer of business machines, sewing machines, knitting machines, home electronics, machine tools and more.

The company's U.S. sales and marketing division, Brother International Corporation, celebrated its 35th anniversary in 1989. True to its name, it serves as a partner throughout the world with 29 affiliated Brother companies in 21 countries.

In an effort to better serve its various markets, Hiromi Gunji, president, CEO and chairman of the board for the Somerset, New Jersey-based company, recently announced a divisional restructuring. "Brother is entering 1990 with the goal to expand our market share and streamline our operations. Divisions and the products they carry have been tailored to supply specific channels, insuring greater success."

One key component of this reorganization is the Export Division, which will begin pro-

moting exports to Latin America and expanding the current program for exporting American-made goods to Japan. "We are viewing ourselves as the headquarters for the Western Hemisphere," states Executive Vice President Patrick T. Gilmore.

Currently Brother produces 45,000 typewriters a month in its Bartlett, Tennessee facility, established in 1987. Monthly output is projected at 55,000 to 65,000 for 1990.

Research and development also plays a key role in Brother's plans. Brother Industries now boasts over 2,000 patents outstanding, with nearly 7,000 more under review. Based on Gunji's recommendation, product development planning management (PDPM) groups are in place throughout the worldwide operations. "R&D deals with tomorrow's products; PDPM deals with the day after tomorrow," he says.

One of the company's latest breakthrough products is the Brother CC5500 full-color copying machine, which incorporates Cycolor® technology developed in tandem with the Mead Corporation. Unlike conventional copiers, the color is built into the paper so there are no toners, ribbons or chemicals to change. Brother is focusing increasingly on image-processing and color-related areas. "As business moves from a black and white environment to one of full color," concludes Gunji, "Brother plans to be there to help lead the way."

brother®

term unemployment, higher interest rates, reduced competitiveness (the heart of the free enterprise system) inflation, recession in affected areas — and retaliation. Everyone loses. But Japan, still overly dependent on its export economy, would perhaps be hurt the most by the loss of American and other world markets. To reduce its dependence on exports, the Japanese government has moved rapidly to implement the economic restructuring policies covering the domestic sector as outlined in the Maekawa Report. Domestic demand in Japan now is growing by 8% annually, while exports constitute a drag on the economy.

Some people believe an effective way to deal with the impact that import flows have had on American industries is to build protective walls. I disagree. There simply is no substitute for free and fair trade. American firms don't need special advantages; they need a free competitive atmosphere. American consumers don't want closed markets; they want to be able to choose the best products at the best prices. The long-term solution to our economic problems with Japan—and for that matter with our other major trading partners—lies in correcting economic distortions, eliminating trade barriers and putting our own house in order.

Let us not lose sight of the important economic benefits that accrue from our relationship with Japan. Japanese companies have directly invested more than \$53 billion in the U.S. and employ about 250,000 Americans. (Incidentally, the U.K. increased its direct foreign investments in the U.S. by \$32.8 billion in 1988 to a total of \$107.4 billion.) Japan is one of our most important customers, importing more from us last year than France, West Germany and Italy combined. Japan is the biggest overseas market for U.S. agricultural products, purchasing 22% of our total farm

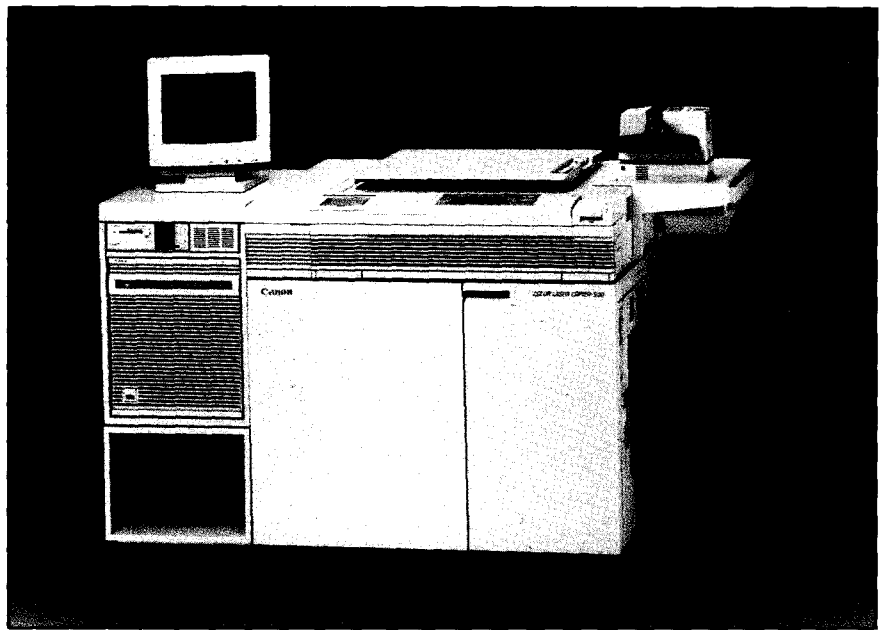
exports (\$7.6 billion) last year. In our financial markets, the regular inflow of capital from Japan, \$86 billion in 1988, is of great help in financing the federal debt.

And yet the economic relationship is not the only one our two nations share; we cooperate and interact closely in a number of ways. Educational, scientific, professional and cultural exchanges remind us of how much we have to learn from each other. These exchanges are another kind of long-term investment — in human resources — between two of the most talented peoples in the world.

Japan is the world's second greatest economic power. It is the world's largest creditor nation, and industrially it is moving to number one in many areas of technology. By most measures, it is a huge success. But Japan's economic relations with the U.S., as well as with other countries, have become a source of conflict. For one thing, the Japanese trade surplus is the biggest in history. As a result, this great economic power and close ally finds itself criticized in the U.S. Congress, in ASEAN and by the EC. China and Korea also complain. How Japan deals with this mounting criticism is of significant importance.

While some Japanese are becoming irritated with these attacks and with one trade negotiator after another taking up increasingly sensitive issues, many other Japanese policy-makers and opinion leaders are aware that their country—one of the chief beneficiaries of the world trade system—must take action in order to preserve that system. They understand that, whether foreign accusations of protectionist practices are right or wrong, Japan's burgeoning trade surplus takes from the system without giving enough in return.

One thing Japan needs to



Innovative and efficient: Canon's Color Laser Copier 500

■ People and Innovation Drive Canon's Growth

1989 marked a new era for Canon U.S.A. as Hideharu Takemoto assumed the presidency following Fujio Mitarai, who returned to Canon Inc. headquarters in Tokyo. Also serving as CEO, Takemoto is "committed to keeping Canon U.S.A. at the forefront of America's corporations."

Canon U.S.A. experienced another banner year in 1989 by achieving over \$2.9 billion in annual sales. Takemoto first attributes this success to the "strong efforts of Canon people in the U.S." The company now employs 4,500 in North America and plans to increase that number by 1,000 or more by 1992. Other important factors were excellent growth in the copier, facsimile and laser beam printer operations, where Canon continues to be the original equipment manufacturer of 80% of all U.S. units sold. Takemoto also cites continued growth in the camera and optical products divisions. He projects overall sales to double by 1995.

The popularity of Canon's varied products makes possible its ongoing U.S. investment. Canon Business Machines, Inc., founded as a calculator plant in Costa Mesa, California, in 1974, is expected to enter the 1990s as

the major Canon facility worldwide for electronic typewriter production. Canon Virginia, Inc., opened in 1987 in Newport News, Virginia, as the company's first North American copier manufacturing facility. Today it produces the well-known NP3000 line of office copiers, 25,000 laser beam printers per month, and Canon's unique replaceable cartridges for copiers and printers. To date, Canon's investment in North America is well over \$150 million and the company expects further expansion of its manufacturing capacities as well as its own research and development capabilities in the next few years.

Canon continues to offer true product innovations. Its new Color Laser Copier 200 offers full-color copies at affordable prices. The Xap Shot RC-250 still video camera allows up to 50 visual images to be recorded on a two-inch floppy disk and then played back when connected to a TV set. Other plans include the extension of Canon's Bubble-Jet Printer technology to a wider range of products; the full line of 8 mm video camcorders and the production of specific software products to drive Canon's products of the future.

Canon



Reaching new heights: JCSAT-1 launched in March 1989

■ C. Itoh Widens Its Role in World Trade

Continued emphasis on joint ventures and assisting in the export of products from the United States to the Pacific Rim are key elements of the evolving operating strategy of C. Itoh Co. (America) Inc.

As the flagship subsidiary of a leading Japanese *sogo shosha* (general trading company), C. Itoh (America) is a \$10 billion American company with 5,000 employees (270 Japanese) including its 45 subsidiary operations here. Consolidated 1989 trading transactions of its parent, C. Itoh & Co. Ltd., are expected to be in the \$120-\$130 billion range depending on currency fluctuations.

"Today, Japan and the United States have become totally integrated into the global economy," states C. Itoh America's President and CEO Mike T. Furuhashi. He cites two recent examples of how C. Itoh Japan has put joint ventures to work in a big way.

The successful launching of Japan's first commercial communications satellite on March 7, 1989, was the result of a business partnership between C. Itoh, Mitsui & Co., Ltd. and Hughes Communications. The newly formed company, JCSAT, is

scheduled to launch its second satellite, this time from Cape Canaveral in Florida, by year-end 1989.

C. Itoh also has been an active participant in the formation of International Digital Communications (IDC), a venture with Cable & Wireless PLC of the U.K., the Toyota Motor Company and Pacific Telesis of California. IDC currently is preparing to lay a transpacific fiberoptic submarine cable system, which will directly link Japan with the U.S. and offer customers another alternative for international telecommunications when it becomes operational by December 1990.

"These two successful cases reflect our philosophy of working with partners who are experts in their respective businesses and someone we can trust. We will continue to seek out first-class American companies to help compete on an international basis," says Furuhashi.

C. Itoh (America) also is pursuing more opportunities in the exporting of American-made products throughout the world. According to Furuhashi, in 1989, exports to Japan made up 31% of the company's total trade volume, up from 27% in 1988. Its third-country trade, which includes Korea and China, increased to 16% of total volume in 1989, up from only 12% in 1988.



C. ITOH & CO. (AMERICA) INC.

do is provide the United States, and its other trading partners, increased access to its markets. We do not seek guarantees that our products will sell; we simply seek the same opportunities, generally speaking, that we give the Japanese in the U.S.

In fairness, however, I must note that a considerable share of the responsibility for the present imbalance rests with the United States. U.S. trade representative Carla Hills has estimated that perhaps only 25% of our deficit with Japan is caused by Japanese market restrictions. Furthermore, our deficit is not with Japan alone; in 1988 the U.S. worldwide deficit was \$119 billion, of which Japan is merely one—albeit a substantial—part. We therefore must find some of the answers right here at home.

○ We must control and reduce the massive federal budget deficit that has made us the largest debtor nation in the world.

○ We must improve the competitiveness of American industry, increase investment in manufacturing and R&D, pay serious attention to quality control and follow-through service and court the consumer as we once did.

○ We must work for more cooperative relationships between industry and government and between management and labor.

○ We must resist protectionist impulses and realize that expansion of trade, not its restriction, is the real path to prosperity.

Despite the work that needs to be done, I think that historians, judging our times from the perspective of the 21st century, will render a just verdict about the relationship the U.S. and Japan have been developing. Megatrends that we see now only dimly will emerge in sharper relief, their images enhanced by the lens of hindsight. Let me give you

some reasons why I think so.

First, the "big brother, little brother" period is over. Our two countries know each other very well now, and each respects the other's strengths and capabilities. There is more candor. Implicit in all of our cooperative activities is the notion that there must be a balance of benefits for the relationship to prosper. That means that opportunities accorded Japan in our market should be matched by equivalent opportunities for the U.S. in Japan. It means that scientific and technological information must flow freely in both directions. It means that we acknowledge that our security relationship serves the interests of both nations in roughly equal degree, and act accordingly.

Second, despite what some people say, the United States is not in decline. We have always had an unmatched resource base. Perhaps, however, we did let ourselves get somewhat complacent and self-indulgent, and we paid for that with economic misallocation and the inflation that was raging as recently as 1981. The policies of the past eight years have rebuilt the foundation, I believe, for strong and steady expansion of our economic power at home and abroad. It is on that foundation that all our influence ultimately rests.

Third, the Japan that is now taking on a world role is not the old, fragile, "export or die" Japan. The work of the five-year Nakasone prime ministership, continued by former Prime Ministers Takeshita and Uno and now by Prime Minister Toshiki Kaifu and his administration, reveals a Japan concerned with the maintenance of peace, prosperity and security in places far beyond its traditional areas of interest. It is a Japan that is the world's largest donor of development assistance. In Japanese fiscal year 1989, that means \$11 billion in grants and "soft" loans, as well as additional



Intuitive leadership: Isuzu's highly rated Impulse

■ Inspiration and Intuition: American Isuzu Lets It Ride

Playing hunches comes naturally to John E. Reilly, the canny senior vice president of American Isuzu Motors Inc.

Reilly's intuitive leadership has delivered a record sales pace to the Japanese automaker, and brought accolades from Madison Avenue to Main Street for the recognizable Joe Isuzu ad campaign and its innovative product lines.

Isuzu's prominent profile began with the introduction of the Isuzu Trooper, a 4-wheel drive utility vehicle, and the new Amigo sporty truck. Reilly expects even greater recognition for Isuzu with the introduction of their stylish Impulse and Stylus coupes in 1990-91.

Now as American Isuzu embarks in 1990 upon its second decade in the United States, the world's largest consumer market, Reilly's biggest hunch is about to take shape.

Isuzu Ltd. of Japan has fashioned a partnership with Fuji Heavy Industries, makers of Subaru cars. The joint venture will produce Isuzu trucks and sports utility vehicles in the same Lafayette, Indiana, assembly plant where Subaru automobiles are currently manufactured. Isuzu began rolling out 1990 pickup trucks in October and the newly christened 1990 Rodeo 4-door sports utility vehicle will be manufactured there in the mid-90's.

Isuzu invested \$500 million in the venture, Subaru-Isuzu Automotive, and in

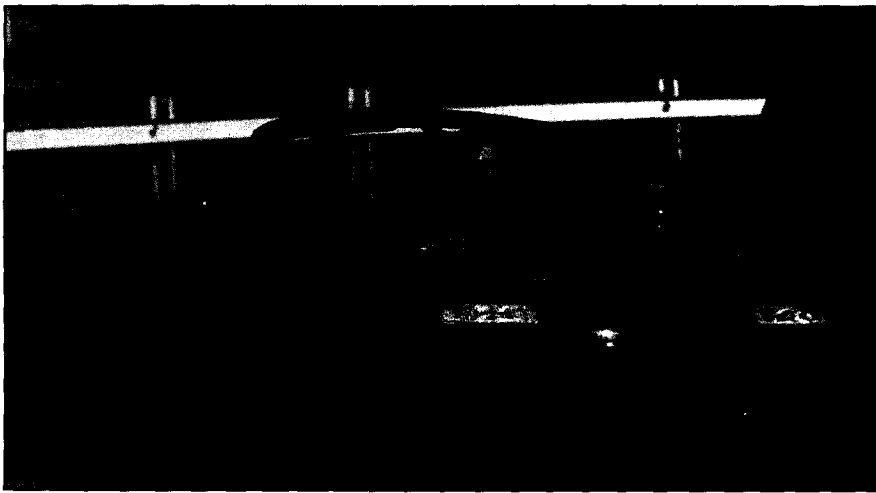
October began rolling out 1990-model vehicles at a 60,000-unit annual clip.

The Lafayette plant, currently employing almost 2,000 people, expects to double the number of employees and quadruple its production in the 1990's. Dealers are especially enthusiastic about having a domestic source for the popular Isuzu pickup. "Direct access to the manufacturing process," says Reilly, "is something we have been looking forward to."

And that points to the other dimension of Reilly's gambit, that Isuzu's sporty, cost-efficient cars and trucks will be just what the American car buyer is looking forward to in the 1990s. "I think the early years of the next decade are going to be extremely competitive," says Reilly. "So what we've really pointed ourselves at is the 'lifestyle' philosophy. We're trying to anticipate what the consumer is going to want.

"Right now we feel they're going to want sport-type vehicles, whether they're sporty cars or sporty utility vehicles. And they're going to want them priced right. "This is just a hunch," Reilly continues, "but, I make it a point to talk to an awful lot of people about what it is they want; what they are seeing; what they are buying. And these are the kinds of answers I'm getting."





Kansei engineering: The pure driving fun of the Mazda MX-5 Miata

■ MAZDA: The Feel of Success

One wouldn't normally think of automotive engineering and design in emotional terms, but Mazda does. The reason is *kansei*, the word Mazda applies to its unique sensory approach to product design and engineering.

Kansei is a Japanese word that describes how the five senses interact to affect an individual's perceptions. Mazda is the only automaker using this philosophy to guide the creation and production of its products. The end result is that Mazda vehicles go beyond mechanical perfection to satisfy the human senses as well. They get consumers emotionally involved in the driving experience.

This concept is applied in virtually every step of the design and engineering process. The telemetry system at Mazda's Miyoshi Proving Ground enables engineers to determine how vehicle dynamics relate to unquantifiable factors affecting driver *kansei*. The system measures vehicle performance and physical reactions of the driver electronically while the driver supplies subjective reactions to everything from changes in ride comfort to levels of engine sound. The results of these tests are

used to build vehicles that satisfy the people who buy them.

The Mazda MPV multi-use vehicle, the sporty Mazda MX-5 Miata and the Mazda Protege sedan all incorporate *kansei* engineering, and all have been recognized for their outstanding design. *Road & Track* named the Miata one of the five "World's Best Cars"; Television's *Motorweek* selected the MPV as the "Driver's Choice" in its class; *Motor Trend* included both the Miata and MPV as two of its ten best imported vehicle buys for 1990; and the MPV, Miata and Protege have all received accolades from consumers and media alike.

These award winners are included in a full line of vehicles marketed by Mazda Motor of America through nearly 850 dealers nationwide. Some of these vehicles are produced at the Mazda Motor Manufacturing (USA) Corp. plant in Flat Rock, Michigan, and are designed with input from Mazda Research & Development of North America. In addition, Mazda (North America) serves as a liaison between the parent company in Hiroshima, Japan, and the other American operations.

At these U.S. companies and at facilities around the world, Mazda's goal is to use *kansei* engineering to produce and market vehicles that not only perform right. . . they feel right.

mazda

billions of yen dollars deliberately "recycled" in commercial loans to developing nations with balance-of-payments problems. Nor are these loans just a question of quantity. Japan is also moving to improve the quality of its foreign aid, by seeing to it that it is effectively used.

Fourth: One role that Japan is not going to take on is that of a regional or global military power. A Japan intent on projecting military power abroad would be destabilizing to relationships throughout Asia. The Self-Defense Forces have restricted their efforts to the defense of the Japanese home islands. And Japan has not stinted in this respect. It has increased defense spending by 5% or more each year for the past two decades. None of our other allies can make that claim, nor can we.

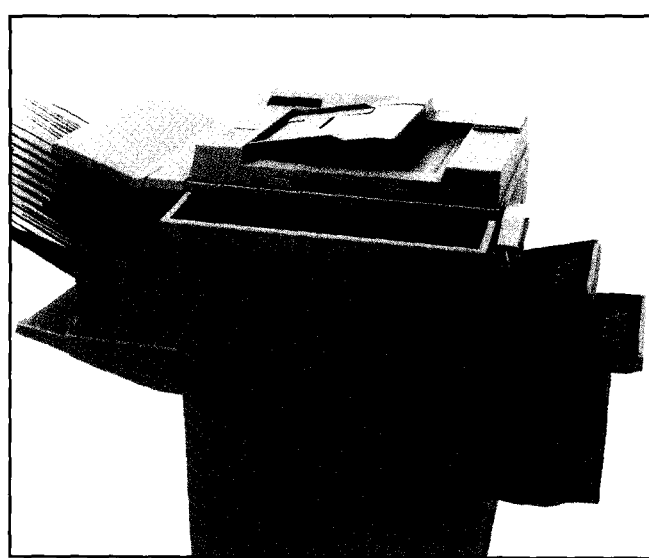
Fifth, and finally, the Japanese market is no longer as closed as many people like to think; "Japan Inc.," as we used to perceive it, no longer exists. Perhaps "Japan International" does. This is in part the result of unremitting American efforts to secure the removal of import barriers all the way from the issue of peculiar standards that was first addressed in the famous 1982 case of the aluminum baseball bats to Japan's agreement in June of last year to phased removal of import quotas on beef and citrus fruit. It is in part due to the Japanese government's acquiescence to a near doubling of the yen's value against the dollar and the public perception that the yen will remain high. It is also the result of greater government willingness in Japan, as elsewhere, to let market forces set the direction and pace of economic growth. (Put another way, there is less concern with orderly markets and more concern for economic efficiency, and that is a major reason for Japan's current spurt of domestic demand-led growth.) And it is in part the consequence of the coming of age of a new generation of more

sophisticated and "internationalized" consumers who are beginning to make their power felt where it counts — in the Japanese marketplace.

Thus it is that the percentage of manufactured goods imported to Japan has risen from 22.8% of total imports in 1980 to 49% for 1988. Thus it is that in 1988 Japan imported 33.5% more from the United States than it did in 1987, and for the first six months of 1989, imported 18.5% more than the same period in 1988. Thus it is not only that Japan's imports from Asia's industrializing economies have expanded more than 70% over the past two years, but also that virtually all of this expansion is represented by textiles, electrical equipment and other manufactured goods.

We are seeing at last what the Japanese call the "horizontal integration" of the Pacific economy, and we are seeing Japan become another engine of growth for this vast region. In 1988 a Singapore economist, Sanjoy Chowdhury, described this trend in an *International Herald Tribune* column. He noted that intra-Asian trade—\$189 billion in 1987—is growing twice as rapidly as Asia-North America trade, which was \$258 billion in 1987. And he noted the growing capacity of East Asian markets to absorb American exports. He called the growth of Japan's domestic demand "critically important" to the rest of Asia. Former Foreign Minister Hiroshi Mitsuzuka pointed out that Japan now imports more from the rest of Asia than the United States does.

A vitally important complement to this growth is the qualitative improvement and quantitative increase of Japan's foreign aid. Seventy percent of the nearly \$11 billion that Japan annually spends on aid goes to the Asian region; and the Japanese government has



Trendsetter: Ricoh 320F multifunctional system

■ RICOH Looks to the Office of the 1990's

As image processing technology continues to evolve and advance, Ricoh Corporation has identified several major trends in office equipment for the 1990's: Continued development of digital technology, stepped-up demand for digitally based integrated multifunctional systems and expanded use of color in the reproduction of documents.

"As users become more sophisticated, manufacturers will begin to integrate multiple functions into a variety of office machines," says Keiji Endoh, chairman of Ricoh Corporation, the West Caldwell, New Jersey automated office equipment and consumer electronics company. Anticipating this demand, Ricoh Corporation will look to begin marketing a digital-based multifunctional prototype system that includes copying, printing and scanning capabilities in one unit. An enhanced version that offers facsimile capability is also planned.

When combined with computers, scanners and optical storage devices, Endoh believes these systems will have limitless potential, allowing users to input, sort,

retrieve, edit, print, copy and transmit documents from a single computer keyboard. The parent company, Ricoh Company Ltd. in Japan, has been a leader in the development of this technology.

The demand for full-color copying machines is also expected to rise. In response to that demand,

Ricoh recently announced an affordable, full-color copier, the NC-100, which also works as a conventional black and white 24-copies-per-minute copying machine.

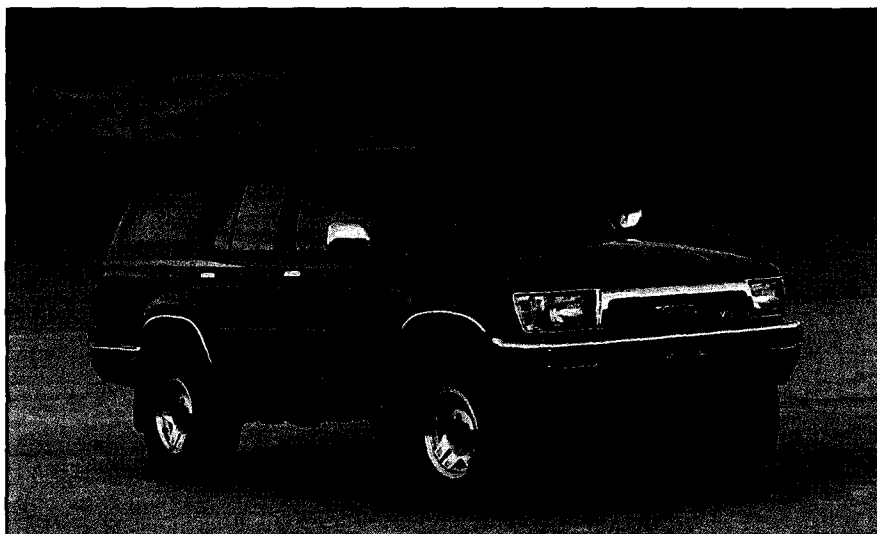
With all this technology advancement, however, Ricoh has not forgotten the human factors. "We believe the user interface for all types of office equipment must continue to become simpler and more intuitive," Endoh asserts. To address this, Ricoh is incorporating several technologies into its latest user interfaces, including a bar code scanner, a menu-style card reader and voice recognition capability.

The demand should help boost sales at Ricoh whose domestic operation reached over \$1 billion in sales in fiscal 1989.

"As the decade of the '90s progresses, we at Ricoh expect to see a series of innovative technologies introduced, particularly as office equipment becomes more sophisticated and system oriented," predicts the chairman. "Ricoh, with its proven track record of historic office product developments, will be on the cutting edge of new technologies to provide products that meet the needs of this and future generations."

RICOH

Where Imagination Becomes Reality



Shape of the '90s, Toyota's 1990 4Runner

■ Throwing Curves at Toyota Motor Sales U.S.A.

When Toyota Motor Sales U.S.A. rolled out its curvy new Celica, the spectacle raised more than a few eyebrows.

Not, perhaps, since Lana Turner would one aerodynamic package turn so many heads. Toyota calls it the "Shape of the '90s" and it's a look that arrives in time to help define the drive and direction of a new era in the automotive showroom.

"We think this is very much the image of what our cars, and other cars, will look like in the 1990s," says Toyota's George Borst, vice president of marketing and strategic planning. With nifty makeovers of the sporty MR-2 and a new aerodynamic van also in the works, both scheduled for mid-year introduction, Toyota promises to soon deliver more of the same.

"It's a very aggressive statement," says Borst, who acknowledges that the eyebrows raised by the Celica numbered among them several Toyota executives.

After all, cars and light trucks distin-

guished by reliable engineering, a smart finish and consistent profitability had long established the parent company's moniker as "Bank of Japan."

But in the decade ahead, the ability to repose comfortably will belong to the driver, not to the automaker—not even to Toyota, still the dominant Japanese-owned auto manufacturer. Realizing this, Toyota Motor Sales moved quickly to better discern and anticipate the changing tastes of the buying public.

Redesigning the Celica and upgrading Toyota's cross-spectrum offerings — from the entry-level Tercel to the nimble Camry, Cressida, Corolla and powerful Supra — was one important step.

Another is Toyota's introduction of the upscale Lexus nameplate, which, with the critics' blessings, has put the premium European automakers on notice. Toyota expects to sell about 70,000 of the high-powered sedans in 1990.

For Toyota buyers, Lexus designs offer more ceiling room for the lifestyle trade-up. But more broadly speaking, Lexus at last allows Toyota to cradle the marketplace, from entry-level Tercels to the coat-of-arms Lexus, proving once again that throwing curves — as with the Celica — can be a hard and fast strategy.

TOYOTA

announced that by 1990 every yen it extends as aid to Malaysia, Thailand, the Philippines, Korea and Papua New Guinea will be entirely untied.

The Pacific Century

As we stand on the edge of the Century of the Pacific, one cannot help but be struck by the incredible speed at which the U.S.-Japan relationship — and our interdependence — has grown. And while this growth has been astonishing, it will be even more so in the decades ahead.

We must begin now to look into the next century, and to consider the important years directly ahead of us. For in this coming decade there will be sweeping revisions both in the global trading system and in the structure of national and regional markets around the world.

The current multilateral trade round, the Uruguay Round, should conclude successfully. There will likely be new trade arrangements in the areas of investment, protection of intellectual property and trade in services, which will result in a system that facilitates exchange in these vital areas while safeguarding the rights of those marketing such goods and services.

Within our own country, I believe it is possible, *just possible*, that our deficits — the budget deficit, our mounting external debt and the trade deficit — will either be behind us or will be well under control. But to achieve this, it will be absolutely necessary for the administration and for Congress to face up to and correct the mistakes made in the areas of the budget



deficit and foreign debt, both of which have been of our own making and are, therefore, our own responsibility. And the American people need to realize that saving more today will allow us to consume more tomorrow.

As for Japan, I think we will see it amassing increasingly large returns from its accumulated foreign investments, and this in turn will imply continued large-scale capital outflows. These capital account gains will be combined, in time, with a reduced trade surplus.

Domestically, I believe that Japan will have completed the switch to an economy based on domestic demand with a rising volume of increasingly sophisticated imports, especially from other Asian nations. Some internal adjustments will continue for decades and inevitably will cause internal political stresses. But there is a general public acceptance by the Japanese of the need to resolve the country's remaining structural problems, and as we have seen so many times before, once the Japanese people set a goal, they can pursue it with unmatched vigor and dedication.

As we look at the recent history of U.S.-Japan trade relations, we can see that disproportionate amounts of political capital have been spent to solve single-product or sectoral trade issues. We need to cease this bits-and-pieces, nickle-and-dime approach that we have fallen into and find a more collaborative, broader and longer range method of resolving differences.

One idea worth looking at is the concept of a free trade agree-



ment. Another is the recent proposal of the Japan Economic Foundation — sponsored by the Ministry of International Trade and Industry — that Japan and the U.S. create a broadly based joint economic cooperation charter to consider the difficulties caused by the large U.S.-Japan trade imbalance. It calls for shared responsibilities for global economic stability, a rejection of managed trade and a much closer relationship between the U.S. Congress and the Japanese Diet. A good model for this is the formal interparliamentary meetings we have had for several decades with Canada and Mexico.

In any case, we should proceed carefully, without raising expectations for goals we cannot or will not meet. Should a trade agreement simply eliminate tariffs and quotas? Japan now has the lowest average tariff level in the world, about 2%. The U.S. level is about 3%. Both our countries maintain some quantitative restrictions, but—on each side—these apply to fewer than 30 items. We both also have voluntary restraint agreements or other marketing agreements on at least 40% of our bilateral trade. Removing these restrictions in a phased manner may not be too difficult. So simply eliminating tariffs and quotas may not bring the kind of comprehensive, broad approach we need.

However, I would not be satisfied — and I hope none of us would be — if the promise of our relationship were merely realized in a bilateral context. It demands a larger canvas — at least a Pacific canvas.

I foresee a structure of economic, technological and social cooperation that draws on the American and Japanese example; I imagine a Pacific community that derives much of its vitality from U.S. and Japanese readiness to bear special burdens, to pull their full weight

as economic giants in the region.

As long as it operates within the framework of the General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade, is bound by GATT rules, and avoids harm to outside parties, that structure could take any number of forms. One idea that is now being advocated is a Pacific-area trade agreement. I am gratified that in Australia, the United States and Japan—and to a lesser degree elsewhere—the pros and cons of such a proposal are being examined and discussed.

These are the kinds of responsibilities that I believe lie in store for the U.S. and Japan as we head into the next century. We have an obligation to review our bilateral trade relationship. We must revitalize that relationship, make it less confrontational, more comprehensive, less unilateral and more effective, less reactive and more imaginative.

I look to the private sector — in both countries — to fully exploit trade policy breakthroughs. I look to businessmen to keep the pressure on both governments to pursue pro-competitive economic policies. But I look also to American entrepreneurs to seize the opportunities that the high-yen market openings, a degree of deregulation and more sophisticated consumer tastes have created in Japan's vast marketplace.

Have no doubt about it: There are profits to be made in Japan by those who keep their firms committed and ready to compete over the long haul. The average annual return on investment for American enterprises in Japan from 1982 to 1988 was 21%! The U.S. is the largest direct foreign investor in Japan, with \$14.3 billion in 1987 and to \$17.0 billion in 1988.

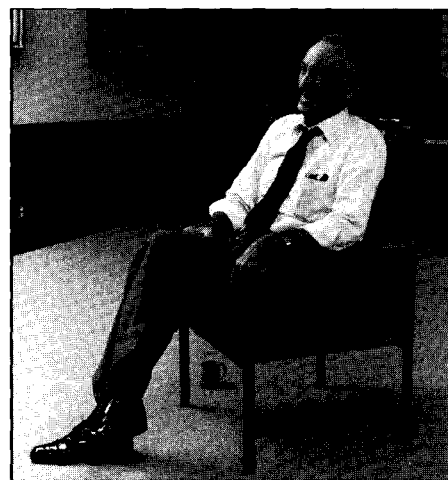
Though I cannot speak for the Japanese government, I also am



confident that the next few years will show determined follow-through on its reform agenda and a steady improvement in the quality of life for the Japanese people. The payoff for decades of extraordinary sacrifice should be larger homes, better roads, lower prices and more social amenities.

The future holds tremendous promise for all of us in the bountiful Pacific Basin. Together the U.S. and Japan currently produce one-third of the world's GNP and, one can safely predict, we will produce at least the same GNP levels going into the next century.

As good friends whose business affairs are closely intertwined, we will always have problems. But let us remember this: Though the waves may sometimes be high, we must not condemn the sea, for it nurtures all of us. We must be wise enough to settle differences in ways that will not damage the relationship — a relationship that holds the promise of well-being for nations and peoples around the globe.



Michael J. Mansfield is one of the nation's leading authorities on international relations and the Far East. He began his career as a professor of history and political science at the University of Montana. He served as U.S. senator from Montana from 1953 to 1977; a member of the Committee on Foreign Relations; Senate majority leader from 1961 to 1977; Presidential adviser on China during the 1970s; and as the U.S. ambassador to Japan from 1977 to 1989. Mr. Mansfield currently is an adviser on Pacific-East Asian affairs for Goldman, Sachs & Co. Mr. Mansfield, and not the editors of this magazine, is responsible for the editorial material in this supplement.

cut off, a pattern first identified by the family theorist Murray Bowen. Other correlations are sure to emerge.

Insecurely attached children are believed to be relatively amenable to change throughout their early years. Avoidant children, for example, will seek attachments with teachers and other adults, and if they are lucky, they will find a special person who will provide them with an alternative model of relatedness. Recent research has shown that if a child is securely attached to his father (or to another secondary caregiver), that will be the greatest help in overcoming an insecure attachment to his mother. Even if it's only an aunt the child sees occasionally, the knowledge that she cares will keep a different quality of relatedness alive in him. Studies of resiliency indicate that a child's having had such a person in his life can make an enormous difference in his ability to believe in himself and overcome adversity.

But the insecurely attached youngster often has difficulty finding such an alternate attachment figure, because the strategies he has adopted for getting along in the world tend to alienate him from the very people who might otherwise be able to help. The behavior of the insecurely attached child—whether aggressive or cloying, all puffed up or easily deflated—often tries the patience of peers and adults alike. It elicits reactions that repeatedly reconfirm the child's distorted view of the world. People will never love me, they treat me like an irritation, they don't trust me, and so on.

Even a mother who has sought therapy, who has found a stable mate, who has overcome distracting financial problems—who is now able to be more nurturant—may have a hard time reaching the child who has adopted such survival strategies. She may find it hard, for example, to persuade him to give up his angry estrangement and be open to receiving love from her again; or to let go of the clinginess, the guilt, and the power struggles, and trust that she has changed, that she will not neglect him this time, that he can let her be a separate person and she will still be there for his needs. Getting such a message across requires the patience and consistency to persist until the child builds up a new set of expectations, or, if you will, a revised internal working model.

Roger Kobak, a psychologist at the University of Delaware, believes that distorted attachment patterns grow out of the way the child learns to deal with negative feelings. A secure child is able to communicate negative feelings like anger, hurt, jealousy, and resentment in a meaningful way. He can cry or shout, fall silent, or say "I hate you," confident of a sensitive response. The insecure child does not have this confidence. His mother, unable to handle her own negative feelings, either becomes dismissive or overreacts. As a result, his negative feelings are either walled off from his consciousness or revved up to the point where they overwhelm him. His ability to communicate his pain is gradually shrunk and distorted until it virtually demands misinterpretation.

Indeed, parents of insecurely attached children consistently misinterpret their behavior. "Parents often think these anxiously attached kids don't love them," Sroufe says. "They think the kid's rejecting them. The mothers of ambivalent kids think, he doesn't like me, he's just ornery, and so forth. Are you kidding? He doesn't like you? You are the center of the universe!"

Ideally, insecurely attached children need to be reached by adolescence, because it is in childhood that change is most easily accomplished without therapeutic intervention, when a steadfast parent or an available teacher can turn a child around. Sroufe cites the example, from his work with preschoolers, of a child whose devious and hostile behavior, combined with a swaggering false confidence, alienated his teachers. But when the teachers were instructed to confound his feelings of low self-esteem by refusing to reject him, and to seek out opportunities to be close to him, he gradually changed his behavior and formed a close bond with one of them.

For abused children, the problem of repair is even thornier, because the messages they get and the working models of relatedness they develop are more confused. Pat Crittenden, a former student of Ainsworth's and a psychologist at the University of Miami who works with families under severe stress, says, "An abusing mother tends to be fairly coercive and demanding, even hostile, but to come across as almost sickly sweet. She is unlikely to scream and yell at her child. She is far more likely to paste a smile on her face and with gritted teeth demand that her child do something. The child then learns to associate a positive expression of feeling with a really negative experience. And so when he goes off to school, or meets other members of his family, or maybe later meets a peer or a potential lover, he will misinterpret positive expressions of feeling. He will assume that people who appear to be nice are being coercive."

Abused children have typically been found to fall within a fourth attachment category, called "disorganized." A child in this category seeks proximity with his mother in distorted ways. He may approach her backwards, or freeze suddenly in the middle of a movement, or sit for a time and stare off into space. His reactions, unlike the strategies of avoidant and ambivalent babies, seem to suggest the collapse of strategy.

When parents hear about all this, they may wonder, could I get a Strange Situation done on my kid? And yet that by itself would be pointless. The assessment was devised as a research tool, and its power is based on percentages. Some infants who receive sensitive care look anxiously attached, and some who have neglectful parents look secure. Sroufe has been asked by courts to help settle custody cases by putting the child through a Strange Situation with each of his parents, but he has steadfastly refused, because a certain percentage of children will either be mislabeled or reveal patterns that do not result from the predictable parenting styles.

Structures of the Mind

THE ATTENTION GIVEN TO THE INTERPERSONAL strategies and outlooks of young children inevitably raises the question of how these mental constructs show up in adults. In what form do early attachment patterns persist in our lives? If we can't watch adults' reunion behavior, if we can't put adults in a lab and see them crying, crawling to their mothers, or allowing themselves to be comforted, can we in some other way access their internal working models? That is the question that has occupied Mary Main, and she has come up with some ingenious answers.

Main began by examining the parents of securely and anxiously attached children to see what correlations she could find. She used a sample of mothers and fathers of six-year-olds whose attachments had been assessed at twelve or eighteen months. In the course of a cleverly devised and very demanding sixty- to ninety-minute interview, which seems to evoke in adults some of the same feelings that the Strange Situation evokes in infants, she asked the parents to describe their childhoods and their important relationships. She later analyzed the interview transcripts for variations in the ways they responded. Four patterns emerged.

One group, which Main labeled "autonomous," easily remembered early experiences with their parents and clearly saw them as telling. They seemed self-reliant, objective, and able to incorporate painful memories into their discussion. Main was confident that these adults either had had secure attachments as children or had somehow been able to rework insecure early models in order to achieve a more balanced and realistic view of what it means to relate to others. To the extent that their childhood experience was bad, they were able to acknowledge it and had insights about its effects. In some cases they could understand and forgive their parents. Their children were for the most part securely attached.

A second group, which Main described as "dismissive of early attachments," tended to be indifferent to their deepest feelings about relationships. They remembered little of their childhood bonds and offered idealized portraits of their parents. When probed, however, they recalled incidents that contradicted this perfection, with details that suggested parental neglect or rejection. These detached adults typically presented themselves as

strong and independent, but they were in many ways reminiscent of avoidant children, still unable to face the reality of their early disappointments and hurt. The majority of their children showed an avoidant attachment pattern.

The third group, which Main labeled "preoccupied with early attachments," came across as somewhat confused and incoherent about their relational past. During the interview they tended to become flooded with intense negative memories, which brought forth feelings of anger and dependency that they could not easily manage. The childhood struggle with their parents, and their ongoing efforts to please them, seemed palpably present.

Their children tended to display an ambivalent attachment pattern.

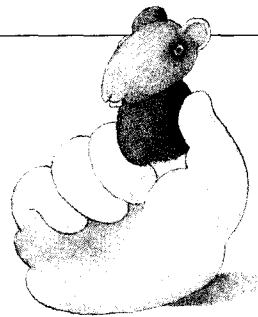
A fourth group of adults corresponds fairly consistently with the fourth—"disorganized"—group of children. Adults in the fourth category are typically found to be suffering from unresolved childhood traumas, such as physical abuse or the loss of a parent.

Main has found that her assessment of adults corresponds to the attachment classification of their children 76 percent of the time. Another study has found a match-up of 85 percent. The work of Main and her students on the transmission of attachment patterns may bring us closer to understanding the process by which our parents become a part of us. It helps explain why we seem to go through life maddeningly constrained to one of four roles—mother, father, self with mother, self with father—in our relationships with others.

Psychoanalysis has a rich body of concepts concerning just this process, and attachment theorists sometimes seem to be reinventing this psychoanalytic wheel. If so, it is a wheel with a difference. For it is one thing to talk

about internal structures of the mind—especially the mind of an infant, who has few or no words—and quite another to investigate them empirically. This difference represents a second aspect of the attachment revolution.

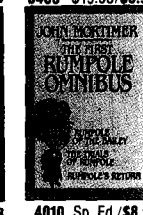
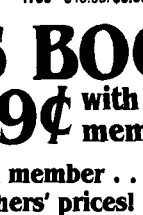
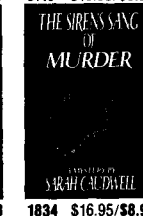
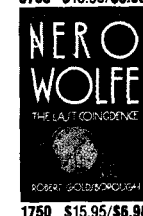
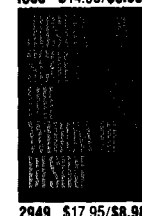
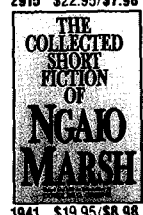
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The Temperament Debate

TO MANY YOUNG DEVELOPMENTALISTS AND TO others who have heard about attachment principles through popular authors, one of the attractions of the material has been how commonsensical it is. It seems only right that our earliest relationships become a part of us, and that something

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like an internal working model accounts for the types of relationships we develop later in life.

"It's intuitively pleasing, that's what's getting in the way," says Jerome Kagan, one of Ainsworth's most consistent antagonists. "Because it makes intuitive sense, people are assuming it's right. But most of the time intuition is wrong. I mean, intuitively the sun goes around the earth, right? Intuitively the earth is flat, right? Why is psychology the least advanced science? Because our intuitions aren't very good."

Kagan, an influential psychologist at Harvard University who eschews ideological labels ("I'm part of the *reasonable* school"), is the author of *The Nature of the Child*, which casts a critical eye on such popular assumptions as "a mother's love for her infant is necessary for the child's future mental health" or "the events of infancy seriously influence the future mood and behavior of the adolescent." His position on attachment is complicated, because he attacks it from several directions, and his objections are not always compatible, though he argues them all with great verve and authority.

Kagan first of all believes that too much attention is paid to early experience. Children, he argues, even after suffering extreme loss, are far more resilient than we tend to think. He cites studies of teenagers who experienced deprivation when very young and rebounded handsomely in adolescence.

According to Kagan, the commotion about attachment is mainly a sign of contemporary mores. "In the forties and fifties the children now called securely attached were called overprotected, and that was a bad thing. My view is, if you're attached, you are motivated to adopt the values of your parents. If your parent values autonomy, you'll be autonomous; if your parent values dependency, you'll be dependent. Because most American parents in this historical moment value autonomy, their attached children are autonomous."

Kagan argues that some of the children whom Ainsworth has labeled securely attached become upset when left alone in the Strange Situation not because they're securely attached but because they're unable to deal with uncertainty. They've been trained for dependency, and are showing the ill effects of this training.

Similarly, Kagan believes that many children who have been classified as avoidant in the Strange Situation have simply been trained to control their fearful responses. They learn such control not because they've been ill

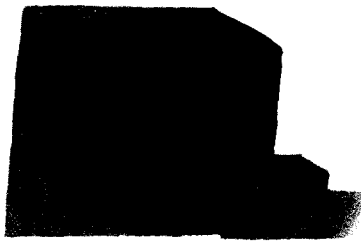
treated but because control is something their parents value. He further charges that attachment theorists have placed too much emphasis on security—that is something *they* value—and are not attentive enough to the advantages that our society confers on those able to handle adversity. Thus a parent rated as insensitive on Ainsworth's scales might actually be giving a child superior training for the modern world.

Needless to say, such interpretations challenge the very core of attachment theory—that consistent availability and warmth yields autonomous children. They also run counter to many of Sroufe's empirical findings.

A researcher who investigates inborn temperament, Kagan in any case plays down the long-term impact of parenting, for he strongly believes that genes contribute to much of what we become. He cites studies that indicate that children who are assessed as irritable shortly after birth are likely to be classified as anxious a year later. He insists that many children classified as avoidant appear indifferent to their mothers' comings and goings not because they've given up hope of getting anything from their mothers but because they are better able to handle stress. Compared with their counterparts who have been labeled secure or ambivalent (with equal injustice, according to Kagan), the so-called avoidant children are simply constitutionally less fearful. He remains unmoved by Minnesota studies showing that the heart rate of an avoidant child goes way up when the mother leaves the room and way up again when she returns, even as the child's behavior remains calm, data that seem to suggest that the avoidant child is indeed angrily estranged. Kagan argues that heart-rate acceleration in such situations may be a function of tempera-

ment and says he has unpublished data suggesting just that.

Other developmentalists similarly favor a genetic approach, and in recent years an eruption of new research—much of it on identical twins who have been raised separately—seems to have convincingly established that a great many of what we think of as personality traits are inherited. There seems to be a genetic predisposition toward shyness or sociability, toward thrill-seeking or placidity, toward easygoingness or irritability. But whether you trust others or not, whether you anticipate love or rejection, whether you feel good about yourself as a person—are these things inherited? No,



**WHETHER YOU
TRUST OTHERS OR NOT,
WHETHER YOU
ANTICIPATE LOVE OR
REJECTION, WHETHER
YOU FEEL GOOD
ABOUT YOURSELF AS
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ARE THESE THINGS
INHERITED? NO,
AINSWORTH SAYS.**



AVOIDANT

Ainsworth says. These are not inherited traits, they are learned; and although subject to change, they are initially determined by the sensitivity and reliability of the care you received in your first years. Although Sroufe goes so far as to contest that any baby is inherently difficult, some attachment theorists will now acknowledge that at the extreme fringes of temperament, which are what Kagan tends to study, anxious attachment may indeed have some genetic basis. But generally they believe it is far more likely that temperament alters the *style* of a secure or insecure pattern, not the pattern itself.

In a study by Jay Belsky, mothers' evaluations of their

infants' temperament at three months and nine months bore no correlation to the infants' attachment patterns at twelve months. Sroufe, in another study, identified new mothers who were depressed and unresponsive, and evaluated their babies. "We could show—really clearly—deterioration in those kids. They looked pretty good at three months, but at six months they didn't look so good. About half of them were anxiously attached at twelve months, and all of them were at eighteen months. We're talking a serious downhill slide. What are you going to say? The baby was *born* a downhill slider?"

One of the charged issues tucked into the tempera-

ment debate is the blaming and defending of mothers. Attachment theorists are careful to point out that attachment isn't everything—an insensitive caregiver is not the only road to psychopathology. Nevertheless, the emphasis placed on attachment classifications, and the assumption that those classifications reflect maternal sensitivity exclusively, can give the impression that all psychiatric sorrows emanate from bad mothering. At this point in its evolution attachment theory does not seem to account adequately for the poor mother-infant fit; the mother who has a hard time relating to the infant but does come alive to the toddler; or the baby who, because he is extremely irritable or aggressive, because he is not as smiley and responsive as some, or because he is constitutionally unable to take much pleasure in the attachment relationship, may require an unusual degree of sensitivity and patience. A mother who might be fine with the average baby may not have the emotional wherewithal to handle a baby closer to the temperamental fringe. Studies of mothers with children in more than one attachment category seem to support this idea in certain cases. The mother's difficulty with a particular child may also owe much to her life circumstances, such as receiving inadequate emotional support from either her husband or society as a whole. And it may be complicated by unnecessary self-blame. In all such cases, attributing anxious attachment simply to maternal insensitivity would be both unscientific and unfair.

Stephen Suomi, Harlow's successor at the University of Wisconsin, now at the National Institute of Child Health and Human Development, has been working on the interaction between temperament and attachment in rhesus monkeys (he's actually done modified Strange Situations on them). Suomi has found that heredity seems to determine whether a rhesus monkey will be socially forward or retiring, and that excessive timidity in and of itself can lead to problems in relationships. But these are only tendencies, he says. A nurturant mother—in some cases it may have to be an exceptionally nurturant mother—can erase temperamental deficits.

Some of the temperament findings are being slowly absorbed into attachment thinking. But genetic determinism continues to irk Ainsworth. "Those who claim that it's all in the genes say that the way the baby is handled in the first years of life doesn't really matter a damn. That's a trend I deplore. You just have to observe abusing mothers with their children over time, as my friend Pat Crittenden does, and you'll see—it sure has an effect. It doesn't necessarily mean the child is going to abuse his own children, although a lot of them do, but it certainly makes it very difficult for them to have normal, satisfactory interpersonal relationships."

Even at this level the temperament debate may never be completely settled. For it can always be said, no matter how abysmal the mother's parenting style or how dysfunctional the child, that a miserable mother has simply

passed on her miserable genes. And as Ainsworth says, "There's no way of winning that argument." At the current stage of research a lot depends on whose statistics and judgment you trust and what makes the most sense. A lot also depends on how much faith you have in Ainsworth's seminal study of a quarter century ago.

Ainsworth's study was not unimpeachable. As her former student Michael Lamb, now the chief of the Section on Social and Emotional Development at the National Institute of Child Health and Human Development, pointed out in a controversial 1984 critique, Ainsworth was not able to get perfect reliability checks on all observers in the home situations (were they definitely measuring the same thing?). No videotapes were available for review. Also, except for research in Germany by Klaus and Karin Grossmann, Ainsworth's study has rarely been replicated, which is quite surprising when one considers the skyscraper of research and theoretical conclusions that is balancing on this small base. In every study that begins by assessing infants in a Strange Situation at twelve or eighteen months and continues to evaluate those children for years afterward, assumptions are being made about the style of the parenting each child has received, and conclusions are being drawn about the effect that style has had on every aspect of the child's life. But the parenting itself is almost never assessed. It is only inferred from the infant's Strange Situation classification. That inference is possible mainly because of Ainsworth's twenty-three Baltimore families. If her study is flawed and the correlations it demonstrated are open to question, the whole attachment edifice begins to wobble.

Ainsworth is not insensitive to this and would like to see more replications. But longitudinal studies of that magnitude take time, money, and immense effort. Young workers prefer breaking new ground to tilling the old. Although Ainsworth believes that much has been established in partial replication, the question lingers.

Attachment and Modern Living

MEANWHILE, THE FIELD HAS BEEN TRANSFORMED. In the past twenty years infants and mothers have been observed as never before, with some researchers using film and doing frame-by-frame analyses. Such work has tended both to bolster and to spread attachment ideas, partly because it has demonstrated a level of attunement and communication between mother and infant that was not perceived before.

The groundbreaking work of the psychoanalyst Margaret Mahler on the process of separation and individuation in infancy has also stimulated new thinking about the early bond. Like Ainsworth, Mahler made pioneering observations of mothers and children, but, probably because she was more wise observer than true scientist—

neither employing a rigorous methodology nor generating testable hypotheses—her impact has been more limited. Very influential in psychoanalysis, which has always relied on informed speculation, her concepts have made few inroads in developmental psychology, which favors scientifically testable assumptions.

The Strange Situation, in contrast, has proved to be the great enabler of further studies—indeed, the most widely employed assessment tool of its kind. Today attachment research is, to use Ainsworth's word, "zooming," each month, it seems, bringing fresh evidence of the importance of quality of attachment in our lives. Both research psychologists (who work in academia) and clinicians (the social workers, psychologists, and psychiatrists who treat patients) are drawn to the theory because attachment does something that is rare in psychology: it combines the pleasures of testable hypotheses with the prospect of changing the world.

"I really do think that this work has great relevance to the well-being and happiness of mankind," Ainsworth says. "It sounds corny, and I don't go around shouting it from the rooftops, but that's what's behind the whole thing as far as I'm concerned."

There is something simple and life-affirming in the attachment message—that the only thing your child needs in order to thrive emotionally is your emotional availability and responsiveness. You don't need to be rich or smart or talented or funny; you just have to be there, in both senses of the phrase. To your child, none of the rest matters, except inasmuch as it enables you to give of yourself. What's more, you don't have to be an outstanding mother, just—in Winnicott's famous phrase—a "good enough" mother.

The pressures on people to think otherwise, however, are relentless, especially in an urban environment where whether you get your child into the right nursery school can seem more critical than how he experiences your love. The "superbaby" phenomenon, which encourages parents to believe that what kids really need is to have their IQs juiced up with a rigorous program of infant stimulation, is emblematic of those pressures.

"I don't think it's healthy," Ainsworth says, "to be *at* the child too much, to have him taste this, and smell that, and feel this, trying to enrich all aspects of his life. It's too much, it's intrusive. The normal kind of interaction that takes place in the course of routines, where



MARY AINSWORTH

PHOTOGRAPH BY DANIEL GOGAN

there is some conversation and smiling back and forth and perhaps a little play, or in periods that are consciously devoted to play—I think that is what the infant needs in the way of stimulation. That doesn't mean the child's interest in other things shouldn't be encouraged, but he'll have that interest if he just has a chance to explore. Stimulation is something you *do* to somebody else. It's experience the child needs."

Where Ainsworth's message has been heard, it has helped to refocus child-rearing debates away from argu-

ments over specific techniques and toward

the more comprehensive issue of sensitivity. Questions like whether to breast-feed or bottle-feed or at what age to introduce solid foods, though still important, no longer carry the same urgency. Attachment theory suggests that babies thrive emotionally because of the overall quality of the care they've experienced, not because of specific techniques. A bottle-fed baby whose mother is sensitively attuned will do better than a breast-fed baby whose mother is mechanical and distant.

Ainsworth has been accused by some feminists of being out of touch with what they see as current life-styles, because she is skeptical about the viability of working motherhood. But she contends that it's the children who are out of touch, by perhaps millions of years, for that is when our evolutionary adaptations were forming—including adaptations that may have made proximity to the primary caregiver a cornerstone of secure development. "It's very hard to become a sensitively responsive mother if you're away from your child ten hours a day," she says. "It really is."

But unlike Bowlby, who strongly believes in full-time caregiving, who contends that women are best equipped biologically to play this role, and who would like to see a campaign equivalent to the Attorney General's crusade against smoking to convince parents that day care is bad for their babies, Ainsworth admits the possibility that supplemental mothering could be arranged without harm to the child. "From the point of view of the child's general welfare, the mother should be pretty consistently available. That doesn't mean she has to be there every moment, can never go out, never have anybody else look after the child, or anything like that. But fairly consistently available. Women's-lib people have been finding it comfortable to assume that it doesn't matter what you do

and that a woman owes it to herself to work and do what fulfills her. People who focus primarily on the welfare of children tend to ignore what suits the mother. But it's really a matter of how do we adjust these two things. Had I myself had the children I longed for, I like to believe I could have arrived at some satisfactory combination of mothering and a career, but I do not believe that there is any universal, easy, ready-made solution."

As for currently available day care, the research itself is still in its infancy, and Ainsworth prefers not to comment. We don't know how the quality of day care affects attachment outcomes, how many kids are really at risk, how the risk differs at different ages, or whether (to state the case at its most extreme) a mother who stays home bored and resentful is better than one who comes home happy and fulfilled.

Important, too, are the larger societal trends of which day care is only a part. Ainsworth sees the pressures and penchants of modern life pushing us toward anxious attachment, with the unhappy consequences of psychological distress, discordant relationships, and weakening social ties. "People used to have more leisure, more time for fun, for sociability. Now everybody's too busy to be sociable. It's sad."

Economic and social conditions in many Western countries tend to force both parents to work, to penalize those who put their careers on hold for several years, and to give little support to parents, working or not. Traditional societies, as Bowlby stresses, often enjoyed an abundance of secondary attachment figures. Families were stationary, interdependent, and surrounded by relatives, from grandmothers to adolescent aunts, who all pitched in with baby care. While this way of life may be irrevocably lost, compensations could be developed. We could make it easier for mothers and fathers to take time off from work for infant care, train teachers to deal constructively with anxious attachment styles, put additional adults in classrooms to allow for the supplemental connections that seem to benefit kids who are anxiously attached to their mothers, and provide greater support to families. Needless to say, we are ages away from making such commitments.

The Partnership

"YOU HAVE TO THINK DECADES," SAYS BOWLBY, who sees the struggle for a more child-centered society as requiring a huge scientific and civic campaign akin to the one that abolished polio. "We now have ample evidence that certain types of experience in childhood are risk factors. Plainly there is every reason to abolish those risk factors if we can."

If Bowlby has not yet won a consensus on this point, he has at least had the satisfaction of seeing many of his once heretical views widely accepted. His is now an indisputably major name in the field, and in the past few years he has received the honors and accolades accorded to significant innovators. In private conversations even some former detractors have come around. "Fortunately," he says dryly, "I come from a long-lived family."

He was fortunate, too, to find a partner who was able to put some of the central features of his theory to the test and then mobilize much of developmental psychology to follow in her footsteps. He looks back now on his four decades of collaboration with Ainsworth with pleasure, gratitude, and perhaps a touch of guilt about her long comparative obscurity.

Despite her own prominence with many who barely know Bowlby's work, to Ainsworth he remains the senior partner. That they have not been riven by the jealousies and competitiveness that have destroyed so many other scientific enterprises may have something to do with her supportive femininity, a trait that men like Bowlby thrive on. "I think that women on the whole are much readier to take the lead from a male mentor than the other way around," she says.

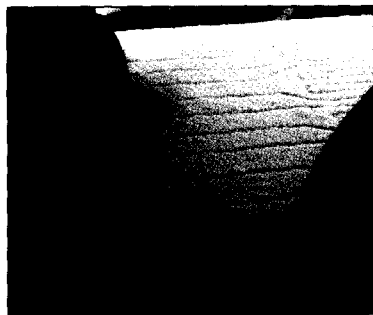
To her students, Ainsworth remains a formidable and dominating presence, capable of a no-nonsense approach to the work and hardly self-effacing in her views. But the relationship with Bowlby suggests a more self-doubting side. "I was pretty insecure as a child, and I suppose I never really let it go," Ainsworth says. "If a paper was turned back with a severe criticism or a grant proposal was turned down as having no value, I would immediately think, well, maybe I'm just no good; maybe there isn't anything at all to this thing I value so much." It seems fitting that Bowlby, who appears blissfully unfamiliar with the experience of self-doubt, did the grand synthesis, while Ainsworth was the one to clarify the origins of the more commonplace insecurities that haunt us.

That she is entering the spotlight now—with major awards and guest lectureships—both pleases and embarrasses her. Unlike Bowlby, who holds the light as if he were born to it, she doesn't seem at home. "It sounds corny and modest," she says with a touch of urgency, "but it's the *ideas* I've been so enthusiastic about and so eager to put forward, not myself. You ask whether it took a lot of patience to do those longitudinal studies. Well, yeah, it takes patience; I don't think there are any useful shortcuts. But it never felt that way to me, because I find the firsthand details so awfully interesting. The data collections for those longitudinal studies were among the most interesting things I've ever been into in my life." □

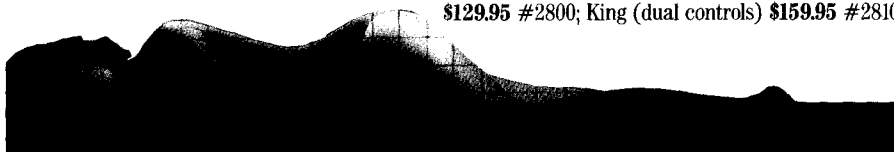
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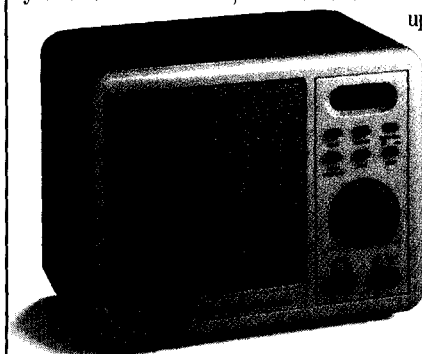
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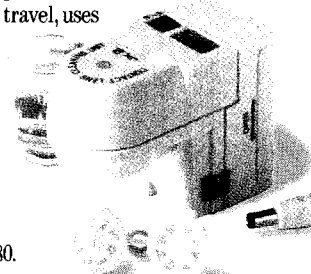


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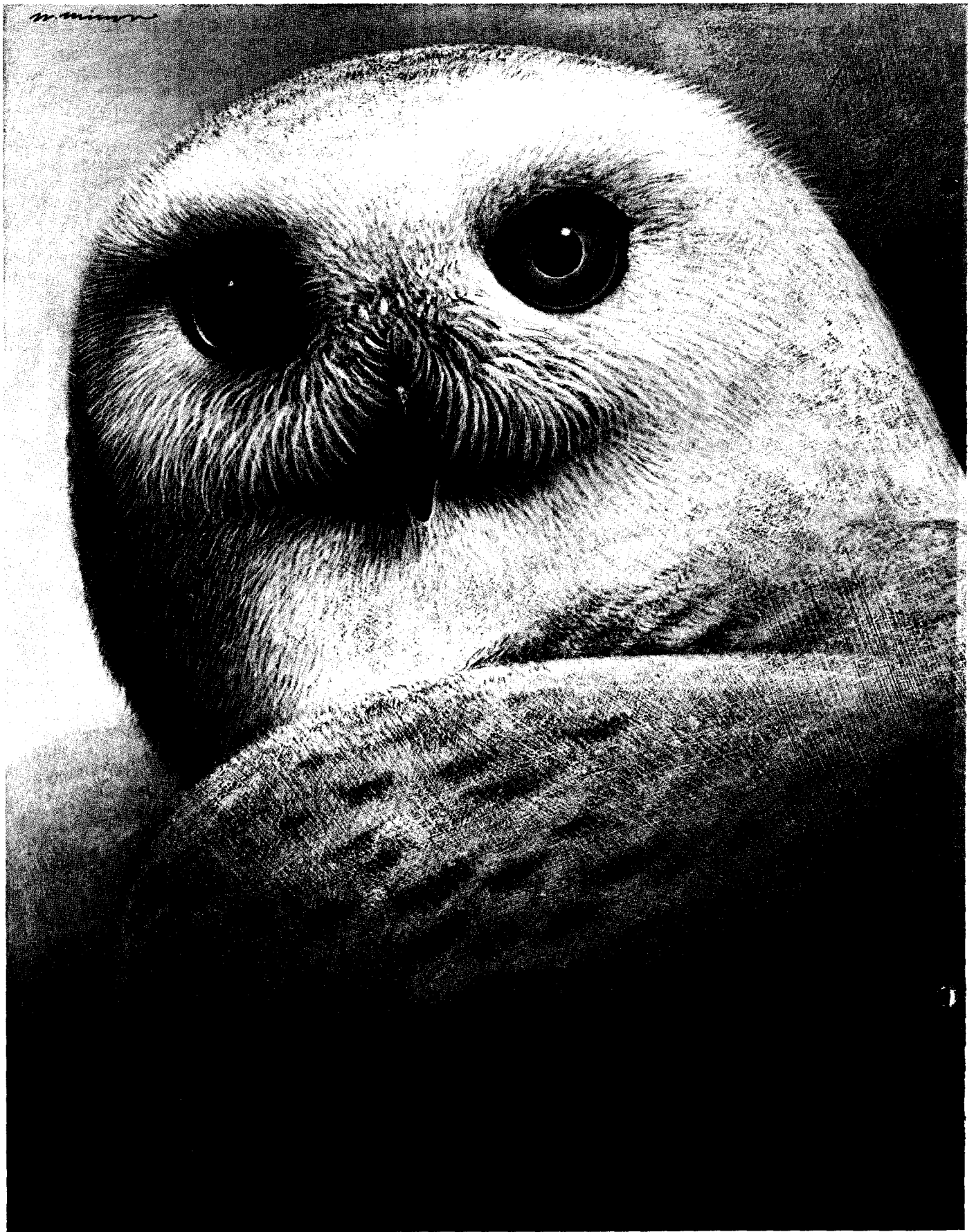
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Standing by the wires of your enclosure, I stared into your eyes. I had to stare until your eyes showed they'd seen me. You hunched on your cement crag, black talons just showing beneath your chest. Your beak, like a third gleaming claw, hid in the white fluff of your face. Your round head, helmet of fleece, had no neck, no ears. Under your blizzard of feathers your closed wings were invisible. Elemental form simplified as an egg, you held perfectly still on your artificial perch. You, too, might be a crafty fake, stuffed or carved. Except your eyes. Alive, enormous, yellow circles containing black circles, clear, slick, heartstopping double barrels of concentrated rage pointed at me. Without seeing me. Suddenly, your head flicked completely around, faced straight backwards and swiveled front again. So quick I doubted you had done it. Then your glass-clear pupils disappeared, your eyelids of white down slid up over them. Your face shut. It went blank. Your hooded snow-head looked blind.

I remained beside the wires, leaning toward you, absorbing your chilling closeness. Constantly shoving past you, the ever-shifting crowd. Western sunlight slanted into your diorama. Now I saw your white chest was flecked with dusky. Captivity had soiled you, had worn and aged you, under the strokes of countless avid eyes. Eyes such as mine. At feeding time the crowd squabbled to get closer. Through a slit in the painted wall (a simulation of arctic tundra) your keeper released a panic of voles and mice. You ignored them, you let them vanish into crannies of the sculptured rocks. You settled lower, sullen, on your perch. You gathered emptiness and silence about you, until you seemed no longer there, no longer alive.

The park had emptied. The gates were closing. I had to leave you. Perhaps you waited until dark to unhinge your wings, to drift noiseless down. Perhaps you put hooks into your prey, when they, grown used to the absence of threat in the air, emerged with wrinkled noses and scuttled here and there.

—May Swenson

*It's time to deal with our varied and enormous domestic problems,
none of which can be attacked with a B-2 bomber*

A POST-COLD WAR BUDGET

BY JACK BEATTY

THIS YEAR CONGRESS CAN MAKE HISTORY BY drawing up the first post-Cold War budget. It can miss its chance, of course, and continue with business as usual; and with polls showing that over 60 percent of Americans support the current level of defense spending (\$291 billion), our politicians would not seem to have much political incentive to be statesmen. But the polls also show that growing numbers of Americans want this country to respond to the world-historical developments of what deserves to be called the Gorbachev era with something that matches them in scope. It's hard to see what that could be in foreign policy—after all, we have no Berlin Wall to tear down. To be sure, a strategic-arms-reduction treaty and a treaty reducing conventional arms in Europe would be signal achievements, and maybe if both treaties had already been signed, they would satisfy our wish to make the most of this historic moment. But perhaps looking for ways to match Gorbachev in foreign policy is missing the point of Gorbachev. As Paul Kennedy has argued, Gorbachev is the only practitioner of “grand strategy” on the contemporary world stage, and the essence of his strategy is a manifest willingness to subordinate foreign and defense policy to the domestic necessity of making the Soviet economy work. Just when what Kennedy calls “the metric of power” in world politics has begun to shift from military force to economic potential, the Soviet Union has been graced with a leader who appears to understand that shift, and who is embarked on a desperate gamble to restore the greatness of his country. Gorbachev's grand strategy makes possible the kind of change in our own national strategy that would have been unthinkable at any other point since the Cold War began.

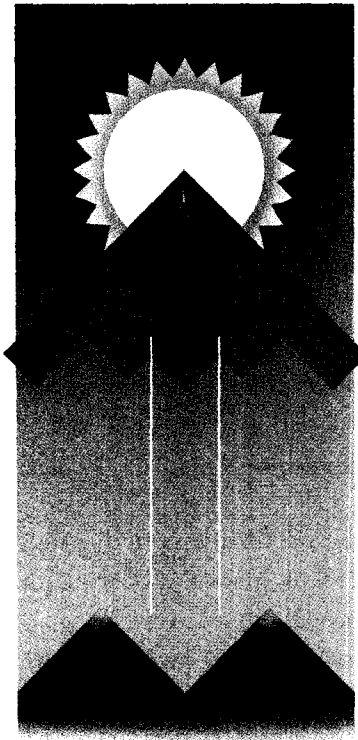
The United States today faces no external threat from a rising “challenger state.” The main threats to our international position are domestic in kind; they are to be found in the debt-ridden condi-

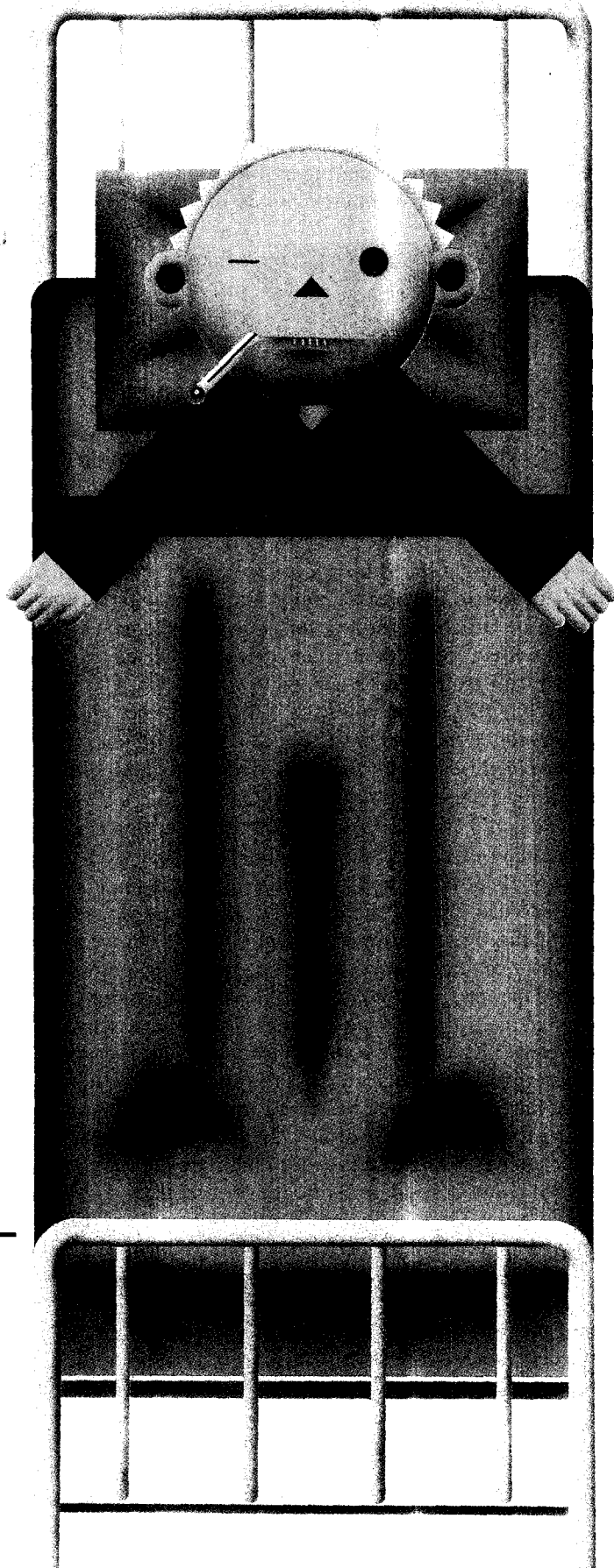
tion of the economy and the deteriorating state of so much of our physical and human capital. This is the realm in which we must establish our strength, for it is here that we will be tested in the post-Cold War era. The metric of power points home, and it is this new idea of strength that the White House and Congress have the chance to codify in the budget they are preparing now. They have a choice, really, between Cold War and post-Cold War ideas of strength, between yesterday and tomorrow. What follows is an outline of some of the choices open to them—and us.

WE COULD BUILD THE STEALTH BOMBER. AT nearly \$600 million per plane, the Stealth is notoriously exorbitant. It represents the Air Force's attempt to keep the manned bomber alive in the age of the cruise missile, or pilotless flying bomb. As such, it is an exercise in nostalgia, one that could easily cost \$79 billion—the “if all goes well” cost of the 132 planes requested by the Air Force. So far, Congress has spent \$22 billion on the Stealth. What has all this money been for? It's dismayingly hard to tell. “The mission [of the Stealth] changes just about every week,” says Representative John Kasich, an Ohio Republican who wants to kill the weapon in its gilded crib.

One mission is to hunt Soviet mobile missiles—but right there, having written

those words, “hunt Soviet mobile missiles,” I must stop and take a little detour. With freedom breaking out in Eastern Europe, the abstract logic of nuclear strategy, always absurd, looks downright ludicrous. The idea of nuclear war between the superpowers has never seemed so divorced from history as it does today. Thus arguments such as I am about to advance—arguments against weapons systems which are based on strategic need





and military efficiency—run the risk of looking beside the point. Since peace is at hand, why bother with these pre-peace categories? In a recent interview French President François Mitterand gave a good answer to that type of question when he said, “If Mr. Gorbachev were to fail, nothing can guarantee that a new Soviet power—which might not be Communist—wouldn’t still be military and totalitarian.” That new Soviet regime, it is necessary to remind ourselves, would still have more than 10,000 nuclear warheads targeted on the United States. Marshall Goldman, of Harvard’s Russian Research Center, thinks that Gorbachev has at most only three or four years left; a high European official at NATO headquarters predicts, “Unless he arrests the economic decline, he won’t be there in two years.” Cutting weapons systems on the grounds that Gorbachev has permanently halted the military competition between the superpowers might thus be letting the wish be father to the policy. We should cut them because we didn’t need them before Gorbachev came to power, we don’t need them with Gorbachev in power, and we won’t need them if Gorbachev should fall from power.

To resume: one mission for the Stealth is to hunt Soviet mobile missiles. Leaving aside whether that would be a mission impossible (it probably would), attacking the Soviet mobile missiles would be a mission undesirable. Each side needs an assured survivable force to secure deterrence. We have one in our ballistic-missile-carrying submarines; the Soviets have one in their land-based mobile missiles. To threaten the other side’s survivable force is to raise the specter of a successful first strike in which you will disarm his only means of retaliation, putting him under remorseless pressure to use his retaliatory weapons against you first or lose them.

Once you see the fallacy of this so-called counterforce strategy—that putting your adversary’s deterrent force at risk reduces your own security—the responsible course is not just to stop a particular weapons system but to abolish a whole function for future weapons systems. For, inevitably, Stealth will have its “follow-ons.” Inevitably, leaks from the CIA will hint that the Soviets are fielding “a new generation of anti-Stealth weapons.” Inevitably, there will be a “Stealth gap.” And, inevitably, the taxpayers of the future will be called on to redeem the \$80-odd billion already spent on Stealth with yet more billions for improvements, modifications, enhancements, or replacements for a system that should not exist to be improved, modified, enhanced, or replaced in the first place.

OR WE COULD INSURE THE MEDICALLY UNINSURED. Some 30 million to 37 million Americans fall into that category, and approximately 15 million every year are denied medical care because they cannot pay for it. Most of them hold down the kind of low-wage, no-benefits jobs that burgeoned in the 1980s. They are the people who deliver our papers, pump our gas, grill our

hamburgers, carry our luggage, and care for our children. It is not their fault that they are trapped in sectors of the labor market that can't afford either to provide them with medical insurance as a fringe benefit or to pay them enough to insure themselves. And the work they do is socially necessary. Extending medical insurance to them as a form of social insurance would be a way of recognizing that. It would, to use a hoary word, be "just." It would also be expensive—estimates range from \$25 billion to \$50 billion a year. That sum would have to come out of taxes, but it would be only a small fraction of the \$600 billion this society will spend on health care this year. And though it would be a dreaded "new social program," in the long run it would cost less than the system we have today. Society now does nothing for the pregnant teenage girl who avoids going to the doctor because she has no medical insurance. It patiently waits for her to present herself in the delivery room, and then spends \$300,000 saving the life of her premature baby—a tragically shortsighted and profoundly wasteful result. Insuring the uninsured thus would strike a blow not only for social justice but also for economic efficiency.



WE COULD CONTINUE TO BUILD AND DEPLOY THE Trident II submarine-based ballistic missile. Tom Downey, a Democratic congressman from New York, says, "the Trident II will be the single most destabilizing first-strike weapon ever built." He may be right. Depending on how it is armed, each Trident II can be almost five times as destructive as the Trident I missiles now carried by our submarines. The Trident II will not only be superpowerful; it will be superaccurate, and thus able to hit and destroy Soviet missile installations. Its combination of destructive power and accuracy, when added to the quality of near-invulnerability conferred on submarine-based weapons, makes the Trident II a potential first-strike threat, one that would put Soviet nuclear forces under even greater "use it or lose it" pressure than Stealth. Trident II would force the Soviets to put their retaliatory forces on hair-trigger alert, and that would increase the danger of the only kind of nuclear war imaginable between the superpowers: an accidental one. From 1977 to 1984 there were more than 20,000 false indications of Soviet attacks on the United States; they must have had as many such indications from our side. Canceling Trident II would not only save \$18 billion over ten years; it would absolve future taxpayers from the painfully unnecessary task of paying for Trident III.

OR WE COULD RETURN FEDERAL AID TO EDUCATION to its 1980 level in percentage terms. Back before the advent of the Reagan Administration the federal government devoted 2.5 percent of its total spending to education; in 1989 the amount was 2 percent, or \$22.8 billion. President George Bush originally proposed increasing education spending by \$441 million, which may sound like a lot of money but is in fact \$110 million short of what Michael Milken made in salary in 1987. To return federal spending to the 1980 percentage, the

President would have had to top Milken by \$5.5 billion.

What could we accomplish in education by according it the same priority it enjoyed ten years ago? We could, to begin with, fully fund Head Start, a program of enriched learning for poor pre-schoolers whose tonic effect on student achievement has been demonstrated in study after study for twenty years. Currently only 451,000 of the country's 1.7 million poor children are enrolled in Head Start. For about \$1.2 billion more a year Head Start could be expanded to cover all eligible children for at least one year.

We could also serve every child eligible for aid under Chapter I of the Elementary and Secondary Education Act of 1965. Eight million children living in low-income census districts are theoretically eligible to receive the compensatory education called for under Chapter I, but in practice fewer than five million are getting it now. Under Chapter I, for \$700 per child per year children who are at risk of repeating their grades receive remedial teaching. Every time a child repeats a grade, it costs the taxpayer \$3,500, on average. Thus Chapter I doesn't just pay for itself; it saves the taxpayers money. Expanding Chapter I would cost nearly \$3 billion. Former President Reagan has disparaged the idea that there is a convincing correlation between investment in education and a wider social gain. Yet a study done for the Committee for Economic Development found that money invested in education in fact paid off in the range of 7 to 11 percent after inflation.

Finally, if the level of federal aid to education were returned to what it was in 1980, more poor and middle-income young people could go to college. In 1979 Pell grants paid for 50 percent of a poor recipient's college costs, on average; now they cover only 29 percent. In a reversal of an encouraging trend of the 1970s, fewer and fewer young black men are going to college; the decline in federal support coupled with the rise in college costs is a big part of the reason why.



WE COULD BUILD THE MOBILE LAND-BASED MISSILE known as Midgetman. In *The Atlantic* last year R. James Woolsey, who is now President Bush's chief conventional-arms negotiator, likened the Midgetman to a pair of suspenders backing up the belt of our submarines. In fact, we already have one pair of suspenders: our fleet of manned B-52 and B-1 bombers. How much should a man with a perfectly good belt (in congressional testimony a spokesman for the CIA said that that agency didn't believe the Soviets could deploy any effective threat to our submarines in the 1990s) and a perfectly good pair of suspenders be willing to pay for another pair of suspenders?

The projected cost of Midgetman is a sobering \$30 billion plus. This small mobile missile is supposed to remove from the minds of Soviet planners any idea of mounting a first strike. The question is, Without the land-based mobile missile, are we vulnerable to such a first strike? Joshua Epstein, a defense analyst at the Brookings Institution, has calculated that even if the Soviets mounted a "perfect first strike"—one that destroyed *all* the 1,000 land-based missiles we have deployed, *all* the bombers on *all* our bases around the world, and *all* the missile-shooting submarines in port—the 50 percent of our submarines that are always at sea and the 30 percent of our bombers that are always on alert could still unleash more than 4,000 warheads on the Soviet Union. Having assumed the incredible in his

worst-case thought experiment, Epstein goes on to posit the unimaginable. Suppose, he says, that the same Soviet air defense that could not stop a West German teenager from landing his Cessna in Red Square managed to mount a "perfect" air defense, knocking out all our bombers and all the cruise missiles they fired. In that worst of worst-case scenarios, 2,800 warheads from our missile-carrying submarines at sea would still fall on the Soviet Union. Epstein has asked senators and congressmen who favor Midgetman to tell him why the certainty of 2,800 warheads falling on the motherland is not enough to deter the Soviets. "They can't even name enough targets for the twenty-nine hundred warheads," he says, "yet they want to add more. We don't need Midgetman to deter a Soviet attack. We don't need it, period."

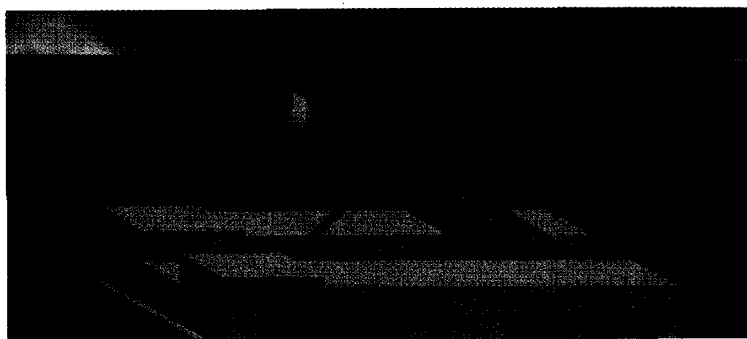
OR WE COULD HELP TO REINVIGORATE THE POLISH economy and give a fillip to Polish democracy. The Poles asked President Bush for \$10 billion; he offered them \$100 million. That pathetic response is a portent of America's decline as a great power. Poland, after all, is seeking to move from dictatorship to democracy, and from a command to a market economy. Two billion dollars from the United States now, coupled with the \$8 billion in loans from the West as a whole that such a grant would make possible, would allow the Solidarity

government to put the Polish economy on the path to self-sustaining economic growth. By giving the government the wherewithal to pay unemployment and resettlement allowances to workers displaced by the wrenching economic transition that Poland must undergo, an infusion of something more than what Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan has derided as "walking-around money" would even help to legitimize democracy to the Poles. Yet a few million is all that an administration that wants to build the Midgetman and the Trident II and the Stealth bomber can do.

And we could cut cocaine production in Bolivia by 35 to 40 percent; that could be done with about \$2 billion over three years, according to Jeffrey Sachs, a Harvard economist who has studied the problem. In 1986, before stopping drugs became the public's No. 1 demand of the federal government, Bolivia asked the Reagan Administration for money to finance a program of crop substitution and allied economic development. Pleading Gramm-Rudman limits on spending, Secretary of State George Schultz turned the country down. Suppose he had said yes. How much of the crack now tormenting mean streets from New York to Los Angeles would never have gotten into the country? Three hundred thousand Bolivian peasants work in the coca fields for their daily bread. The Bolivian government says that \$2 billion from the United States, plus the loans thereby encouraged from others, would help it give those peasants a licit alternative to starvation. But the Bush Administration has asked Congress for only \$261 million in military aid for the Andean countries (Peru, Colombia, and Bolivia) for fiscal 1990, and no economic aid at all until 1991.

And we could end the Third World debt crisis. That would take \$5 billion, Jeffrey Sachs estimates. Under Sachs's plan the United States would withdraw \$5 billion from the Treasury and place it in an account to guarantee interest payments to banks willing to make new loans to countries like Mexico and Brazil. But no money would actually be lost to the Treasury unless those countries defaulted on their loans, an eventuality that Sachs contends is unlikely. Thirty-nine countries with a total population of 850 million could thus be put on the road to recovery.

WE COULD BUILD THE STRATEGIC DEFENSE INITIATIVE—at a great price not only in dollars (the research and development costs alone of SDI could run to \$50 billion in the 1990s) but also in peace.



The Soviets have agreed to go ahead with START, an arms-reduction treaty that would cut the long-range nuclear-weapons arsenals of the superpowers by half. They are reserving the right to break out of that treaty, however, if the United States goes ahead with SDI testing or deployment that violates the antiballistic-missile treaty of 1972. This stipulation probably dooms the more robust versions of SDI that were floated a few years ago, because it is unlikely that a majority of congressmen would vote to fund a program that would cause the Soviets to break out of a signed and ratified treaty. Even so, the House voted to spend \$3.1 billion on SDI research last year, while the Senate voted \$4.3 billion. In the promiscuous way of our politicians, they are apt to keep voting comparable sums for years, until SDI becomes a mortal threat to START, at which time they will pull the plug on SDI, having spent who knows how many billions to provide themselves with political cover and to ensure a steady flow of money from the political-action committees of defense contractors. Already SDI has absorbed \$21 billion since Ronald Reagan launched the program, in 1983. That is enough. SDI was originally supposed to protect the U.S. population from Soviet attack. No one believes that is possible anymore. Now SDI is thought of as a system of partial defense for U.S. missile sites. It would strengthen deterrence, its proponents claim, by "complicating" Soviet attack plans. But do these plans need any more complicating? We have seen that even after a "perfect" Soviet first strike and a "perfect" Soviet defense against our retaliation, 2,800 warheads would be available to make the rubble bounce. Surely those 2,800 warheads constitute an inexorable complication. Congress should continue to fund research into the feasibility of defensive systems, but at about the rate devoted to this sort of deus ex machina before fear of Reagan and lust for PAC money made Congress back the escapist folly

of SDI. A billion dollars a year should do it.

Would the elimination by this Congress of all funding for

Stealth, Trident II, and Midgetman (along with its big brother, the rail-mobile MX: savings, \$10.3 billion),

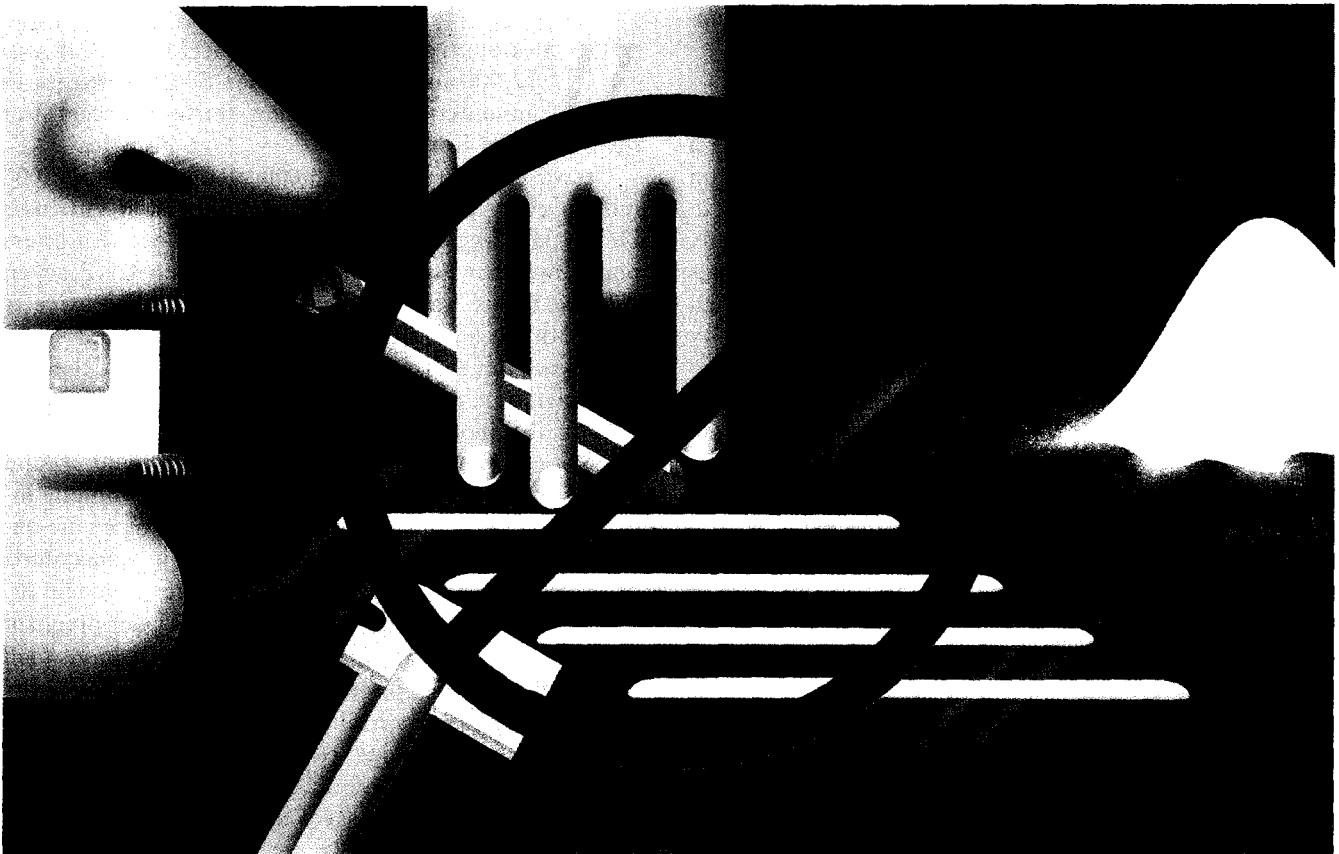
and the reduction of SDI to the status of a modest research program, hamper the administration in the strategic-arms-reduction negotiations with the Soviets? Not to put too fine a point on it, no. The Soviets don't need the prod of U.S. bargaining chips to complete negotiations on START. Their collapsing economy gives them sufficient incentive to negotiate. In any case, it is most likely not the Soviets who have been holding up START but

rather the U.S. Navy, which has had trouble making up its mind whether and how to ban nuclear-armed sea-launched cruise missiles. These so-called SLCMs, which, as noted in these pages a year ago ("Reagan's Gift," February, 1989, *Atlantic*), constitute one of the chief obstacles to START, are the bargaining chips of arms negotiations past—only they were not bargained away but retained, to bedevil future efforts to work out verifiable arms-reduction agreements. The Pentagon uses bargaining-chip arguments to co-opt the arms-control lobby into supporting new weapons systems. The congressman who votes for systems like Stealth and Midgetman on bargaining-chip grounds is using the cant of nuclear diplomacy to mask his real, pork-barrel motivations.

WITH A BILLION OF THE \$2 BILLION FREED UP BY restraining SDI research, we could establish a national Police Corps. A Police Corps could add as many as 100,000 officers to overstretched police forces around the country. Enrollees would receive four years of guaranteed federal loans to cover college costs of up to \$10,000 a year. In return, the 25,000 men and women selected each year, many of them members of minorities, would be expected to fulfill a four-year commitment to their local police force. When their term of service was over, the government would pay off their college loans. Since there are now 488,000 local policemen, the Police

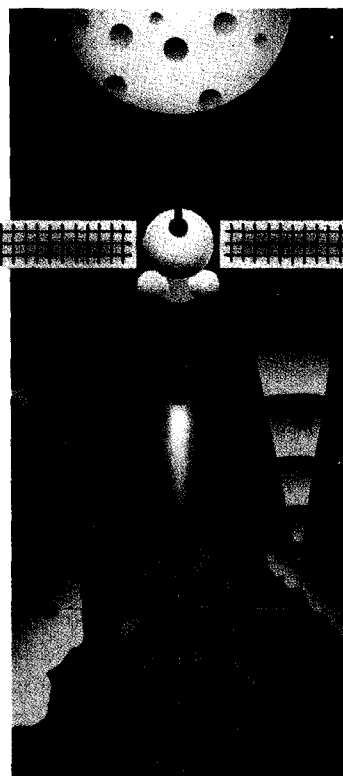
Corps would increase their ranks by an impressive 20 percent. "More significantly," Albert Hunt writes in *The Wall Street Journal*, "as the graduates would be placed almost exclusively on foot patrol, and not add to the police bureaucracies, the proposal should increase cops on the front lines by about 40%." The ratio of police officers to violent crimes has been tilting ominously toward violent crimes. In 1951, for example, there were 1,229 police officers and 361 violent crimes in the city of Buffalo, whereas in 1988 Buffalo had 970 police officers and 3,555 violent crimes. The strategic defense initiative will not defend the citizens of Buffalo. The Police Corps will.

WE COULD CONTINUE TO SPEND UPWARDS OF \$150 billion every year defending Europe, the world's largest economic entity. Under the terms of the conventional-force-reductions talks now under way, the Warsaw Pact would cut its forces in the Atlantic-to-Urals theater (Eastern Europe and the western military districts of the USSR) by 40 percent, but NATO would cut its forces by only 10 percent. That won't save the American taxpayer much money. Joshua Epstein, of Brookings, addresses that problem in a plan he has presented at the Pentagon and on Capitol Hill. He has discovered something that other commentators have missed about the current talks: when forces designated for Europe but based in the United States are included, the



proposed agreement will give NATO what NATO has never sought and does not need—*quantitative* superiority over the Soviets in two vital weapons categories, tanks and armored personnel carriers. NATO already spends \$130 billion more than the Warsaw Pact countries every year to ensure that it retains its qualitative superiority in weapons. But NATO would need quantitative superiority only if it intended to invade Eastern Europe, and it has no idea of doing such a fantastic thing as that. Epstein recommends that NATO divest itself of this embarrassment of riches. He would follow up the conventional-force-reductions talks with negotiations about a further 50 percent cut on both sides. He would then make a unilateral cut by demobilizing the National Guard reinforcement brigades for the forces we would be withdrawing from Europe. The 50 percent cut on top of the 10 percent cut plus the unilateral cut in the National Guard would save at least \$20 billion, every year. And it would leave NATO “much better off” defensively than it is today, Epstein claims. That is because with each cut in the size of the Soviet forces, the chances of a successful blitzkrieg attack on Western Europe, a project fully as fantastical as a Western invasion of the East, rapidly approach the infinitesimal.

WITH THE \$20 BILLION ANNUALLY TO BE SAVED from NATO, we could make a down payment on the rebuilding of our infrastructure. It is in bad shape, our infrastructure. To see why, you have only to compare yesterday with today and the United States with Japan. In the 1960s we devoted 2.2 percent of all government spending to infrastructure, whereas by the late 1980s the level of investment had slipped to one percent. From 1973 to 1985 Japan spent five percent of its annual output on infrastructure, and it enjoyed an average productivity growth of 3.3 percent. Over the same years, the United States spent 0.3 percent on infrastructure, and it enjoyed—if that is the word—a 0.6 percent increase in productivity. Looking at these figures, David Alan Aschauer, of the Federal Reserve Bank of Chicago, concludes that government spending on infrastructure construction and maintenance spurs economic growth. And conversely: of the total U.S. productivity decline of 1.2 percent since 1970, fully one percent can be attributed to the neglect and deterioration of infrastructure, according to Aschauer. We need to invest \$40 billion to \$50 billion annually for a decade or more just to restore our extant physical capital. The Department of



Transportation, to cite a resonant example, reports that the proportion of bridges that are defective rose from 10.6 percent in 1982 to 15.9 percent last year. Other estimates run as high as 40 percent. Maintenance work on bridges and on the interstate highway system will cost \$300 billion over the decade.

Other vital infrastructure spending includes \$25 billion for the modernization of the air-traffic-control system, \$20 billion for the renovation of the existing stock of public housing, \$200 billion for

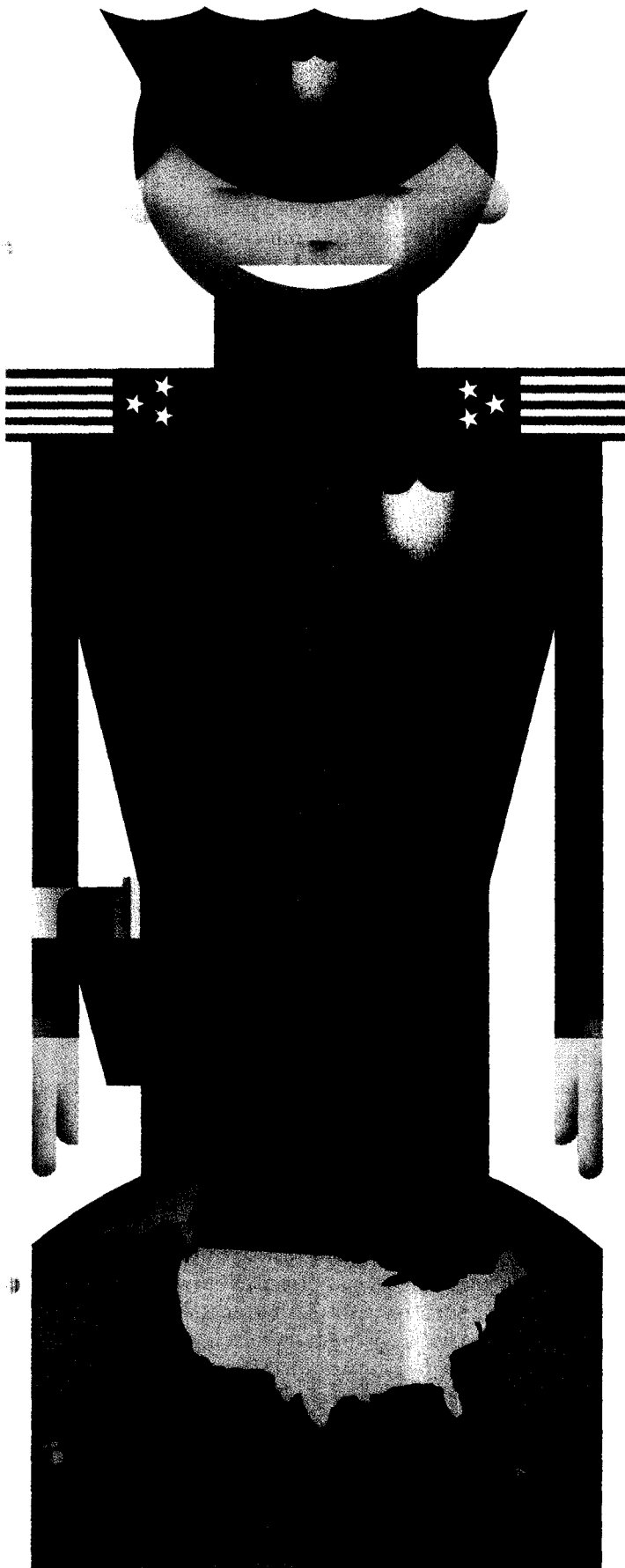
the cleanup and modernization of fouled nuclear-weapons-production facilities, and \$15 billion for state-of-the-art computers and a new long-distance phone system for the government.

The bridge that does not collapse, the air-traffic-control system that manages to land planes safely, the highway whose potholes do not break your rear axle—these prosaic achievements of government will not make any headlines. But in this essential though unheralded realm prudent investment could make an enormous difference to our children.

WE COULD CONTINUE TO STATION 31,000 ARMY AND 12,000 air force members in South Korea, at an annual cost of \$2.6 billion, thirty-five years after the end of the Korean War.

Or we could withdraw 10,000 of them, saving \$600 million every year. Senator Dale Bumpers, an Arkansas Democrat, has called for such a troop cut. Bumpers points out that South Korea now boasts a GNP seven times as big as North Korea's, and a population twice as big. With the trade surplus it runs with the United States every year, South Korea can afford to pay more of the cost of its own defense.

With the money we would save by bringing home some of our soldiers from South Korea, we could expand WIC, the supplemental-food program for women, infants, and children. Currently 7.3 million women are eligible for food and medical care under the income criteria of this program, but only 4.4 million are served by it. They are served well. For \$40 a month a poor pregnant woman enrolled in WIC is given access to nutritious food as a medical prescription—in other words, to get the food, she has to see a health-care professional, who provides her with nutritional counseling and helps her find prenatal care. The program works: it increases the birth weight of babies. It also saves taxpayers money. Studies have shown that every dollar spent on the prenatal com-



ponent of WIC actually saves three dollars in *that same year*, since caring for a low-birth-weight baby in a neonatal clinic can run anywhere from \$2,000 to \$10,000 a day. WIC now costs \$2.1 billion; for a billion more, it could be expanded to serve all the women eligible for it.

WE COULD MAKE NO CHANGES IN SOCIAL SECURITY or military pensions.

Or we could make substantial savings that would be relatively painless to pensioners and simple in every respect save the political. Under current tax law individuals with incomes of more than \$25,000 and couples with more than \$32,000 pay taxes on 50 percent of the Social Security benefits they receive. If they paid taxes on 85 percent of their benefits, that would generate \$18 billion over five years. If those income thresholds were eliminated (a course not recommended here), \$97 billion could be raised over the same period.

A change in the pensions of federal retirees could be almost as lucrative. Military retirees now get full pensions as soon as they leave the service—for many, in their early forties. Nearly all of them take new jobs, and their pension income on top of their salaries places 80 percent of them in the top two fifths of the population in earnings. Every year these well-off retirees receive full automatic cost-of-living adjustments in their pensions. If these COLAs were cut in half until the military retiree reached his sixty-second birthday—if, that is, instead of receiving a four percent increase in a year when inflation was four percent, he got a two percent increase—the Treasury would gain \$5 billion annually within five years.

With the money saved through these reforms, we could end hunger in America. Some 20 million Americans go hungry sometime each month, according to J. Larry Brown, the chairman of the Physician Task Force on Hunger in America. There are half a million to a million malnourished children in America. Some 32 million Americans live below the poverty line (a measure directly tied to what it costs to feed a family), yet only 19 million Americans receive food stamps, the largest federal food program. No other Western society is so haunted by the medieval curse of hunger.

To feed the hungry would cost \$4 billion to \$5 billion over the \$21 billion we already spend on food stamps, WIC, school breakfast and lunch programs, federal food programs for the elderly, and a few other small food-aid programs. To put these costs in perspective: for two days' subsidy of NATO, or one Stealth bomber, we could ensure that more than one million babies will not be born malnourished.

Because Social Security and military pensions bulk so large in the budget, we could also begin to house the nation's homeless (estimates of their number run up to three million) on the money freed up by these two modest reforms. A recent study found that 45 percent of all poor renter households pay 70 percent of their income in

rent. And those incomes are poignantly small. "With median incomes of less than \$100 per month or about \$3.25 per day," writes one researcher on homelessness in Chicago, "even trivial expenditures loom as major expenses; for example, a round trip on Chicago's bus system in 1986 cost \$1.80, more than half a day's income." Meanwhile, the wait for subsidized apartments in public housing averages five years. Experts on homelessness say that high rents, coupled with the small supply of subsidized housing, are the leading cause of homelessness. For an additional \$17 billion to \$19 billion a year the cost of rental housing for the poorest Americans could be reduced to 30 percent of their income. The program could be means-tested (like Medicaid) and be administered using vouchers, which the recipients would present to their landlords. It would not only reduce homelessness today but also restrain its future growth. Experts say that unless something is done, the federal government's failure to fund new public housing in the 1980s, combined with the gentrification of urban neighborhoods that were once America's Skid Row, will create an epidemic of homelessness by the turn of the century.

WE COULD CUT THE CAPITAL-GAINS TAX FROM ITS current rate of 33 percent to 19 percent, as the Bush Administration and many congressional Democrats want to do. That would increase the deficit by some \$70 billion over the next decade.

Or we could raise the capital-gains tax at death and close loopholes for business and the wealthy. Thanks to Reagan-era changes in the law, heirs can escape paying taxes on the capital gains on their late parents' estates. As much as three quarters of capital gains thus go untaxed. Making heirs pay the same rate of taxation on their parents' *unearned* income as other taxpayers pay on their *earned* income would bring the Treasury upwards of \$5 billion every year.

Then there is the 80 percent free lunch; it could be made only 50 percent free. Businesses can now write off 80 percent of the cost of "business-related" meals and entertainment. If a deduction of only 50 percent were allowed, the restaurant industry would not perish from the earth, and \$6 billion would flow into the Treasury every year.

Nor should we fail to correct the anomaly by which those Americans with incomes between \$50,000 and \$200,000 pay income taxes at the marginal rate of 33 percent, whereas the fewer than one percent of Americans with incomes of \$200,000 or above pay 28 percent. Taxing the most affluent at the same rate as the less-well-off would raise roughly \$10 billion annually.

Finally, legal loopholes in the corporate income tax should be closed. One study of 250 companies found that if they had not taken advantage of these loopholes and had paid at the post-tax-reform rate of 34 percent of their income, the Treasury would have picked up \$14 billion

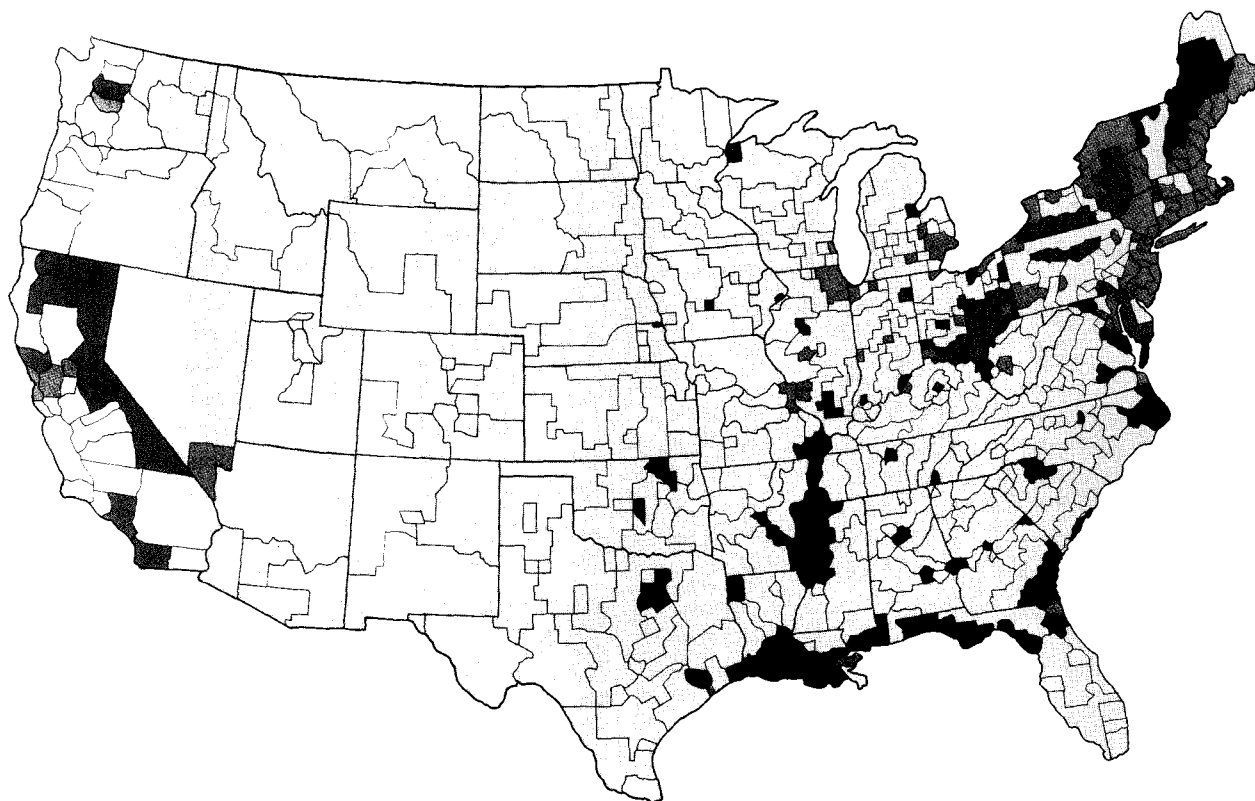
in new revenue in 1988 alone. Robert McIntyre, of Citizens for Tax Justice, calculates that closing tax loopholes, projected over all corporations, would raise \$42 billion annually.

With the money thus gained we could raise the hardest-working people in our society out of poverty. They are the working poor, and there are more than eight million of them. The earned-income tax credit allows them to receive up to \$950 in government aid, depending on the amount of their wages and the size of their families. An increase in that grant pegged to family size, along with the recent increase in the minimum wage, would raise most of the working poor out of poverty without placing an undue burden on small employers. Estimates are that this program of supplementing wages would cost \$5 billion to \$8 billion a year. Raising the earned-income tax credit would strengthen the work ethic and reinforce a message that must be got across to drug-ridden inner-city neighborhoods: Work pays.

WE COULD INVEST IN THE PROGRAMS OUTLINED here, or we could put the billions saved from Stealth and Trident II and Midgetman and Star Wars and NATO and South Korea and COLAs and tax loopholes directly into deficit and debt reduction. Each \$50 billion reduction in the deficit would produce a one-point drop in real interest rates. It would also lower the trade deficit by \$25 to \$30 billion, because we would not need to borrow so much foreign capital to finance the budget deficit. Moreover, a \$50 billion cut in the budget deficit would, by lowering interest rates, increase investment by \$15 billion to \$20 billion. That new investment would fuel economic growth, which in turn would lower the payout for unemployment compensation, welfare, and other expenses incurred by a sluggish economy. Higher growth, in its turn, would help us meet the interest payments on the national debt, which last year drained away \$240.86 billion, more than what the government spent for any program, including Social Security. There are only two ways of dealing with this senseless waste of money: put the budget into surplus and retire the debt, or make the economy more productive so as to increase the size of the revenue pie from which we now take 14 percent for debt service (it was 8.5 percent before the era of "fiscal conservatism" dawned in 1980). The second path is the only feasible one. And that is why decreasing the deficit to lower interest rates (and increasing investment in education, infrastructure, and research) is the key to a solvent posterity. All that stands between us and the more evenly prosperous future made possible by the ending of the Cold War is the depressing machinery of electioneering and simplification that has got our political system in its mindless, suffocating grip. The Republic can survive its problems. The question is, Can it survive its politics? □

AT LAST COUNT

MEN, WOMEN, AND CANCER



WHY ARE THE cancer death rates so high in the Northeast? Why do men have higher rates than women on the South Atlantic coast and in Louisiana? No one has a simple explanation, but a tentative picture is beginning to emerge from information gathered by epidemiologists. The map here is based on data for white adults in the 1970–1980 period, which are drawn from the latest official U.S. cancer atlas. Data for blacks in this period have not yet been released, but are expected to follow roughly the same pattern as that for whites; comparable data for Alaska and Hawaii were not available. The geographic divisions shown are state economic areas defined by the Bureau of the Census.

The North. Cigarette smoking is the single biggest contributor to cancer mortality in all areas of the country, and cigarette consumption was for many years especially high in the Northeast. Another important factor is on-the-job exposure to radiation and toxic chemicals in a variety of industries. The eastern half of the United States, and particularly the northeast quadrant, is far more industrialized than the rest of the country, and includes most of the chemical industry, which is particularly important in New Jersey. Women in the Northeast, as compared with those in other regions, tend to give birth at a later age, a practice that increases the risk of breast cancer.

South Atlantic Coast. High rates among men in the Atlantic-coast areas of Virginia, Georgia, and Florida may be due in part to lung cancer following exposure to chemicals in shipbuilding yards, mostly during the Second World War. High rates of oral cancer among men in the coastal areas of Virginia and Georgia apparently can be attributed to consumption of cigarettes and alcohol.

Louisiana. Southern Louisiana is an area of high cancer mortality for men, owing in part to the smoking habits of the Cajuns, who are heavy consumers of hand-rolled cigarettes and other high-tar products. Southern Louisiana also has an important chemical industry.

California. For many years this region had a fairly low cancer rate, but this is changing, at least for white women, who have been suffering from lung cancer in growing numbers, presumably owing in large measure to a history of smoking. The states where the rate of smoking among women is today the highest are Kentucky, Michigan, Rhode Island, and Nevada.

LEGEND

- Male cancer rates above average
- Female cancer rates above average
- Male and female rates both above average

Source: National Cancer Institute

—Rodger P. Doyle

A Short Story

Black and Tan

by Madison Smartt Bell

UNTIL HIS FAMILY DIED OUT FROM UNDER HIM, Peter Jackson used to grow tobacco. His place was a good many miles out from town, on the hillside above Keyhole Lake—you had a nice view of the lake from up there. He owned forty or fifty acres and an easement down to the lakeshore. Maybe a third of that land was too full of rocks to farm, and another third was grown up in cedars, fine old trees he never cared to cut down. There was the place his house was set, and what was left you could grow tobacco on. He did just about all the work himself, hiring a couple of hands only once in a while—at cutting and drying time, for instance.

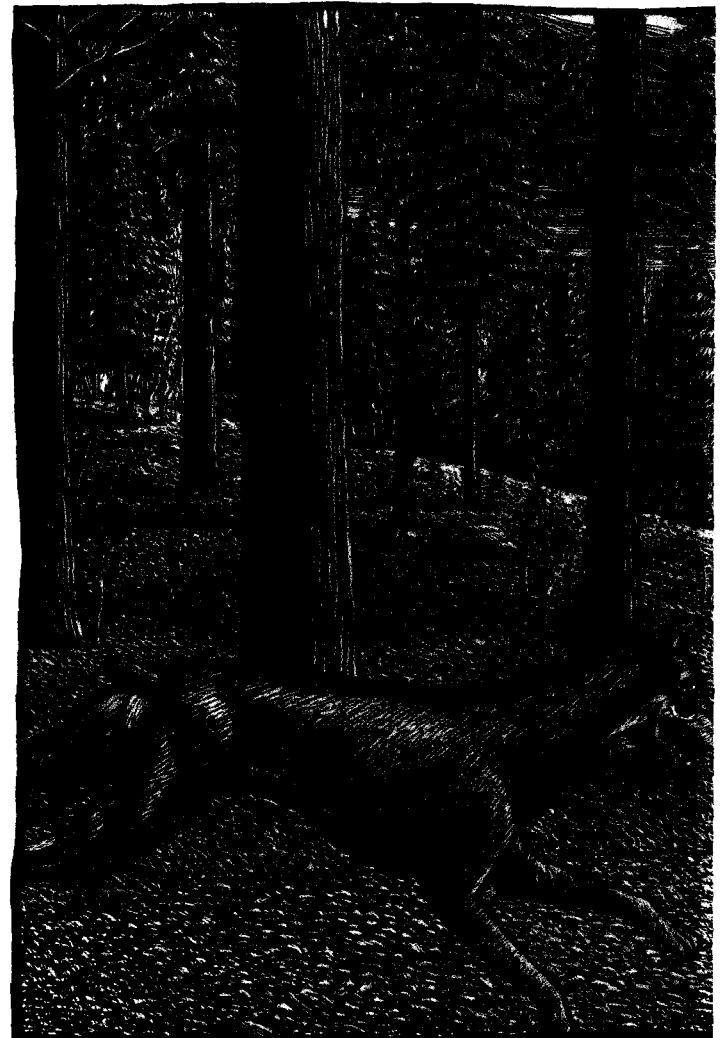
"Tobacco," he was known to say, and then he'd pause and spit a splash of it to one side of the courthouse steps. "Tobacco, now, that's eight days a week . . ." Like most farmers, he would come to town on Saturday, visit the cop or the Standard Farm Store, maybe get a few things at the supermarket. When his errands were done, he might wander through the courthouse square and talk a while with this one and that one. One Sunday a month, more or less, he'd drive in with his wife and they'd both go to church, and two, three times a year he'd come in by himself and get falling-down drunk. At the end of his evening he'd just go to sleep in the cab of his truck, and in the morning he'd hitch himself straight and drive on out home. Never caused anybody any more trouble than that. Later on, after he got the dogs, he cut out the drinking and the church along with it, right about at the same time.

A steady fellow, then, and mostly known as a hard worker. Quiet, never had a whole lot to say, but what he

said was reasonable. Whatever he told you he would do would get done if nothing serious kept him from it. That was the kind of thing any of us might have said of him, supposing we'd been asked.

His wife's name was Amy. She'd been a Puckett before she married. Never raised any objection to living so far out from town. She was fond of the woods and fond of the lake, so maybe that made up for whatever loneliness she found there. They didn't have any neighbors near, though a couple of Nashville people had built summer houses on the far side of the lake. Like Peter Jackson, Amy was a worker; she grew a garden, put up food for the winter. They were both in the garden, picking tomatoes on a late September evening, when she all of a sudden fell over dead. Heart attack was what did her in, faster than a bullet. Jackson said he spent a minute twirling around to see where the shot might have come from, before he went to her. They had been working opposite ends of the row, and she was already getting cold by the time he got to her, he said. And she not more than fifty, fifty-five.

Jackson wasn't as broke up about it as you would have thought a man might be, losing his wife in her prime that



*Peter Jackson trained
dogs, and now the county wanted him to
look after angry delinquent boys*

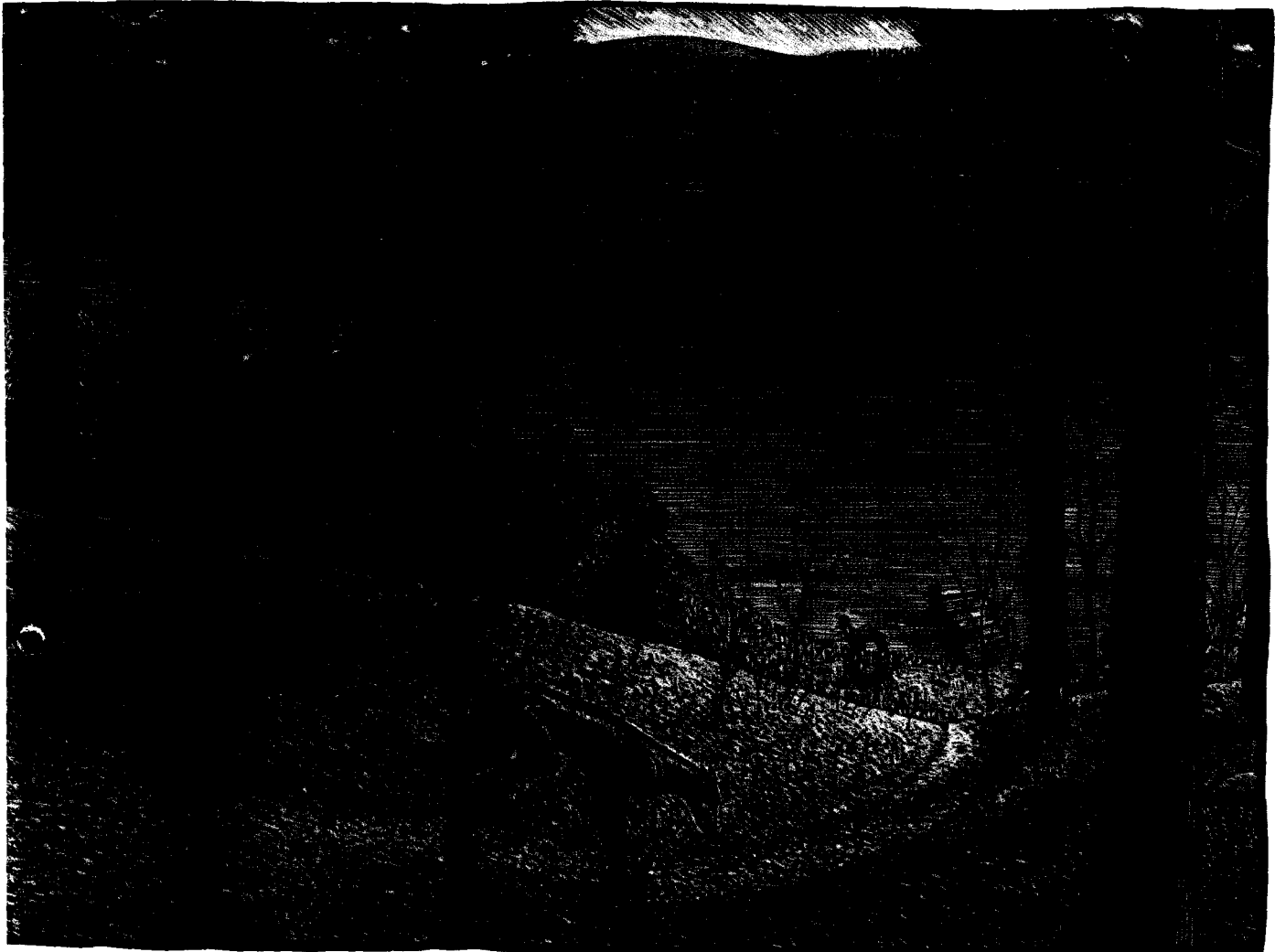
way. Or if he was, he didn't show it much. The funeral brought a good turnout, for Amy was well liked around the town. The old hens were forever coming up to him and saying how *terrible* they thought it was, and every time, he told them, *No. No, it ain't so terrible, not really. If her time had come to go, then better she went quickly, with no pain.* So everybody said how well he was bearing it. And then the first of his children died.

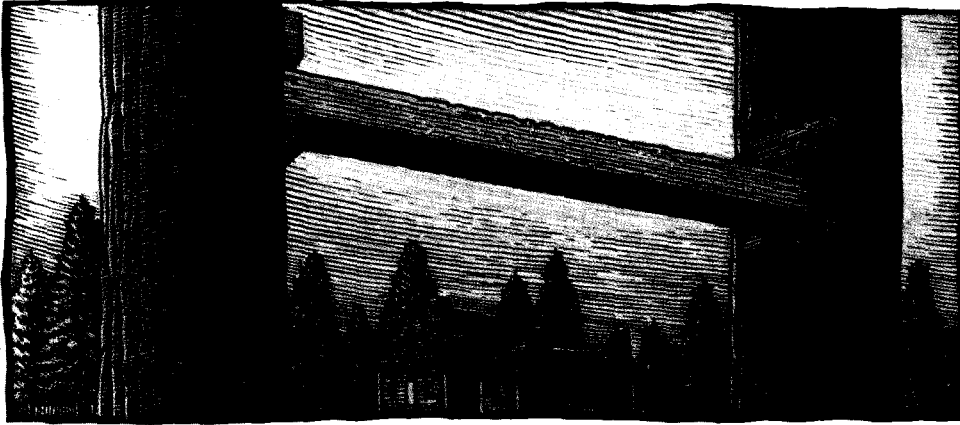
He had a son and a daughter: Richard and June were their names. Both of them seemed likely to rise above their place: both went past high school, which neither of their parents had. The boy was putting himself through UT Knoxville on an ROTC scholarship, and then one summer he got himself killed in a training accident, some kind of foolish, avoidable thing. It put Peter Jackson back at the graveside just under a year after Amy was buried. Jackson was dry-eyed again, but tight around the mouth, and when people spoke to him, he didn't have much to say back. June stood with him the whole time, hanging on to his elbow and kind of fending people off. She may already have been sick by that time, though nobody knew anything of it yet.

June was the older of the two; she'd gone to nursing

school in Nashville and kept living there once she was done, working at the Baptist Hospital. After she got cancer, she stayed on as a patient awhile, but they couldn't do anything for her, and in the end she came home to Keyhole Lake to die. Peter Jackson nursed her right on through it, never had any other help at all. That kept on for five or six months, and you didn't have to hear a whole lot about it to know there must have been pain and to spare.

In mid-March or so they buried her; the winter had been a hard one, and some thin snow was still on the ground. Peter Jackson stood alone this time, grim and silent for the most part. Nobody had a lot to say to him. He had gone lean under his hardship, but he was still a fine-looking man, and people said he looked well in his funeral suit. Of course, he'd had his share of opportunity to get the hang of wearing it. As a young man he'd had deep-red hair, and now it was rust-colored patched with gray. His eyebrows were thick and bushy, turning out in devilish points at the sides, and underneath, his deep-set eyes surprised you with the brightness of their green. This time he wouldn't turn back from the grave once they had filled it, and after a minute the priest walked over to





stand with him. Shoulder to shoulder, they looked like a matched pair, Mr. Chalk in his black cassock and Jackson in the suit.

Mr. Chalk was fairly new to the town; he'd done a lot of work in the prisons, and he wasn't known for wasting his words. A few people crept up near to listen for what he'd find to say to a man like Jackson, which was this: "Well, you're still here."

Jackson spat on the snow and said, "What of it?"

"You're surviving," Mr. Chalk said. "Today's today and then there'll be tomorrow."

"That's right, and it's a curse," Peter Jackson said, and turned on the priest with the tunnels of his eyes. "I been cursed with survival," he said, speaking in a different tone from before, as if, after all, it was a new discovery.

THAT SPRING HE DIDN'T PLANT TOBACCO. Round about the time he should have been planting, he was driving all around the county looking at dogs, and going as far as Nashville sometimes. He looked at all the good-sized breeds: collies, Great Danes, German shepherds. A story went along with it, which got out and made the rounds. Funny how many people got to hear of it, because it was a personal kind of a thing for a man like Peter Jackson to go telling.

It appeared that when Peter Jackson was born, his parents had a big old dog that they let live in the house. Jackson didn't recall what kind of dog it might have been, and he had no one to ask, because his parents were long dead and he had no brothers or sisters. They had worried that the dog might eat the baby when they brought young Peter home, but it turned out the dog loved the child. So much so that in the long run they trusted the dog to watch the baby. They might go out and work their land, or even leave the place altogether for a short spell, knowing that the dog would see that everything was all right. This all happened at that same place at Keyhole Lake, and one time, so the story went, little Peter Jackson, only two or three years old, let himself out of the house somehow and went wandering all the way down to

the shore. This old dog went right along with him, saw he didn't drown or get any other kind of hurt, and in the end, when the child was tired, brought him on back home.

So Peter Jackson spent that spring driving practically all over creation looking at different kinds of dogs, and when people wondered how he could be so choosy when he didn't even appear to

know what it was he wanted, that was the tale he would tell them. Finally Jackson ended up at the place of this woman way out the Lebanon Road who bred Dobermans. He looked at her dogs awhile and went home and came back another day and said, "Let me have two of them."

"What do you mean, two?" she said. "Do you even know if you want one? Which two did you have in mind, anyway?"

"Pick me out two likely ones," Peter Jackson said. "A male and a female. Ones that ain't too close related." And the next thing anybody knew, he was breeding Dobermans himself. Rebuilt his old drying barn into kennels and fenced in some pens out in front of it. Told anybody who cared to know that Dobermans weren't naturally mean, they were smart and naturally loyal and would be inclined to protect you and your house and land without any special training. Although he could supply the training, too, if that was what you wanted. He started selling a good many as pets and maybe an equal number as guard dogs. That was about the time K-9 patrols came into style, so he drew business from the police, and in a year or so people were coming good long distances, even from out of state, to buy their dogs from Peter Jackson. He was thought to be so good at training that eventually people began to bring him dogs that other trainers couldn't handle. Which may have been what first gave him the notion of taking in those boys.

Marvin Ferguson, the county judge, was the man Jackson had to go see about his idea. In Franklin the county judge doubles up as juvenile judge, so Ferguson had the management of whatsoever people under seventeen or eighteen couldn't seem to keep themselves out of trouble. Of which there were always a few that he couldn't quite figure out what to do with. It was kind of left-handed work for him to be doing anyway. Still, he was leery of Jackson's idea at first. Because Jackson wasn't getting any younger, was he? And his place was clear the hell and gone from anywhere else to speak of, and who knew just how bone-mean some of those boys might turn out to be? But after they had talked awhile, they arrived at an understanding. When Peter Jackson had gone on home,

Judge Ferguson pulled his file on a boy named Willard Clement, and pretty soon he was on the phone arranging for a deputy to drive the boy out to Jackson's place.

The highway runs on the near side of the ridge from the lake, and you got to Peter Jackson's by turning off on a little old dirt driveway that came up over the crest of the hill and dipped down on the other side, to stop in front of Jackson's house, an old log house that had been clapboarded over and added on to a couple or three times. A ways below the house were the dog pens, and anytime a car turned in, all those dogs would start barking. Past the kennels a trail went winding down the hill and twisted in among the cedars; you couldn't see quite how it got there from above, but way on down it came out near the little dock where Jackson kept a pirogue tied, for when he wanted to paddle out on the lake and fish.

But the first thing a stranger would be apt to notice, coming over that rise, was the lake itself. It always looks sort of surprising from the ridgetop. It isn't really keyhole-shaped, just narrow at one end and wide at the other; they gave it that name because the middle of the wide part is so deep that nobody ever found the bottom, and somebody had the idea it was like that part of a keyhole that just goes clear through the door. From up by Peter Jackson's house you could always see how the color of the water changed as it neared the middle, homing in on that deep dark circle of blue.

Jackson's dogs stayed in the pens—all but two that were his pets; them he let live in the house and have the run of the whole place. Bronwen he called one of them, and the other was Caesar. All his dogs had peculiar names like that, which he looked up in books. When the deputy pulled in to deliver Willard Clement, he found Jackson waiting out in the yard, the two dogs on either side of him. The deputy unlocked Willard out of that caged-up back seat and brought him on down to get introduced. Jackson said hello and then made both of the dogs put up their paws to shake—they were that well trained, almost like folks. Then he turned around all of a sudden and pointed back up the hill and called out, "Hit it, Bronwen," and snapped his fingers twice. The dog went bounding up the hill and jumped up in the air and locked her jaws on a piece of two-by-four Jackson had nailed between two cedar trunks about five feet off the ground, and she just kept right on hanging there, her whole weight on her teeth, so to speak, until Jackson said, "All right, leggo, Bronwen," and then she dropped down. Willard Clement was staring googly-eyed, and you could just practically see it, the deputy said, how any thought he might have had of causing Peter Jackson some type of trouble was evaporating clean out of his mind.

Jackson put Willard Clement up in what had been Richard's room, and that's where he put all the others that came along after him. He kept them busy working with the dogs, first just putting the food out and cleaning the

pens, and later on taking them for exercise, and helping some with the training. The boys mostly stayed out there six weeks to two months, which was long enough to learn a little something about how to train a dog. And the work told on them, gentled them down. A number kept on working with animals, one way or another, after they had finished their stay at Jackson's. Willard Clement, I believe, finally became a vet.

You couldn't miss the difference in those boys, between the time they got dropped off out there and the time they got picked up again. You'd drive one of them out there locked into the back like something that had rabies maybe, but when you went to go get him again, likely he'd look like somebody you could trust to ride in the front seat alongside of you. He would be saying *yes, sir* and *no, sir* and standing up straight and looking you in the eye. Nobody quite knew what Jackson practiced on those boys, but whatever it was, it seemed to work. And a few of them seemed to be really grateful for it. Some tried going back out to visit him later on, once they were grown, but Jackson never seemed to care about seeing any of them again.

THERE MUST HAVE BEEN EIGHT OR TEN OF THOSE boys between Clement and Don Bantry. Anyway, Jackson had been having them out there for almost two years. And he'd turned them all around, else they probably never would have thought of sending Bantry out there, because that boy was a tough nut to crack. He was about sixteen at that time, but already big as a man. What he was most recently in trouble for was beating up a teacher at the high school and breaking his arm, but a long string of things led up to that: liquor and pot, some car-stealing, a burglary, suspicion of a rape he never got tried for. They wouldn't have him at the reform school again, just flat out wouldn't. Ferguson was unsure whether to try him as an adult or send him out to Jackson's for a while, and what he decided shows you how he had come to think that Peter Jackson was magic.

Bantry had short bowlegs but big shoulders and longish arms. He had a pelt of heavy black hair all over him, and his eyebrows met in the middle. He looked a good deal like an ape, and he wasn't above acting like one. Well, the deputy turned him out of the car, and Jackson had Bronwen and Caesar put up their paws, but Bantry wasn't having any of that. "Ain't shaking hands with no goddamn dog," he said. But it wasn't the first time one of them had said it. Jackson had Caesar run hit that two-by-four and hang by his jaws a half minute or so. You couldn't have told what Bantry thought, his face never showed a thing, but that trick had always worked before, so the deputy left. And right from the start it was war.

Jackson went and got a shovel and held it out to Bantry. Explained to him how to go about cleaning out those

dog pens, where he'd find the wheelbarrow at, where to go dump all he shoveled up. Bantry didn't reach to take hold of the shovel, so Jackson finally just let it lean against his shoulder.

"Better get a move on," Jackson said, or something about like it, and then he started walking back down toward the house. He was halfway there when he heard some kind of a noise or shout and turned around in time to see Bantry flinging the shovel like a spear, not quite at him but close enough in his general direction that Bronwen and Caesar started growling. Jackson told the dogs to stay. Bantry had turned and started walking up the drive, where the dust of the deputy's car had not yet even settled, like he didn't know it was at least twenty miles to anywhere, or else he didn't care.

"Come on back here before I have the dogs bring you," Peter Jackson called after him. Bantry kept walking, didn't even glance back. He was near the top of the hill when the dogs got to him, and he swung around and tried to get off a kick, but before he could land one, Bronwen had him by one arm and Caesar by the other. They clamped on to him just short of breaking his skin, and starting dragging him on back down the drive to where the shovel had landed, just like Jackson had said they would. He came along with them, had no choice so long as he didn't want his arms torn off. His face was fish-white, but Peter Jackson thought it was anger more than fear. Bantry was not the kind that scared easily, though he was sharp enough to know a fight he couldn't win. This time when Jackson offered him the shovel he took it, and he went on and cleaned out the dog runs. For the next week, ten days or so, whatever Jackson told him to do, he did it, but did it like a slave, not looking at him or speaking either. He never said anything at all unless he was asked a question, not even at the supper table.

Jackson had a dog named Olwen, with seven pups near ready to wean. He had Bantry feeding the puppies their oatmeal and all. One day when Bantry was coming out of Olwen's run, Jackson snapped his fingers to Caesar. The dog hit Bantry square in the chest, knocked him over on his back, and stood over him with that whole mouthful of teeth showing white and needle-sharp. With all that, Bantry kept most of his cool. He turned his head to one side, slowly, and called out to Peter Jackson.

"What did I do now?"

"You been doing something to Olwen's puppies," Jackson told him, walking up closer.

"You never seen me," Bantry said.

"But I still know it," Jackson said. "And if you don't stop, I'll know that too." And he let Bantry lie and think on that a minute before he called Caesar to let him get back up.

Another week or so went by, Bantry doing his work with his head bowed down, not speaking until he was spoken to, and then answering short as he could. One evening Jackson was starting to cook supper and felt like

he had a headache coming on. Bantry had just fed Bronwen and Caesar on the kitchen floor, so they were busy over their pans. Jackson stepped into his bedroom to get himself an aspirin, and then Bantry was in there right behind him, already shutting and bolting the door.

"You've been waiting your chance quite a while, haven't you, boy?" Jackson said. And straight away he hit Bantry over the eye, twisting his fist so it would cut. He thought if he surprised him he might win, or anyway get a chance to open the door. But Bantry didn't have his reputation for nothing. Jackson got in a couple more shots and thought maybe he was doing all right, when next thing he knew he was lying on the floor not able to get up again. Then it was quiet for a minute or two, except for the two dogs scrabbling at the outside of the door. Every so often one or the other would back off and get a running start and smash up against it.

"You fight okay for an old man," Bantry said, panting. It was about his first voluntary word since he'd gotten there. "But you still lost." Jackson didn't answer him. He was hurting too much to breathe right then. Bantry reached a handkerchief off the dresser and dabbed at the cut above his eye. Then he picked up the keys to Jackson's truck and twirled the ring around his finger.

"You won't never make it," Jackson said. They were both still again for a minute, listening to the dogs trying to come through the door.

"I could always kill you," Bantry said.

"You'll still come out behind," Jackson said. "I've already lived a lot longer than you."

Bantry sat down on the edge of Jackson's bed, looking at the floor. He still had to hold the handkerchief over his cut to keep the blood from running into his eye.

"What say we call it a draw?" Jackson said. "We could just go on in the kitchen and eat supper and forget the whole thing."

Bantry looked over at him.

"How do I know you're telling the truth?" he said.

"Hell, you don't," Peter Jackson said. "But there's always a chance of it. And some chance is better than no chance at all."

Bantry sat and thought awhile longer. Then he reached over and unlatched the door. The dogs came in fast, spinning around, slipping a little on the slick board floor. They were in such a hurry to find Bantry and eat him alive that they were just about falling over themselves.

"Let him alone," Jackson called out, and both dogs simmered down right away. Then, to Bantry, "You come on here and help me up. And let me have that aspirin bottle. That's what I was after in here in the first place."

Another week or so went by. Bantry's cut was healing up; it was not as bad as it looked at first. Jackson had thought his ribs were cracked, but they were only bruised and soon enough they started feeling better. Bantry went on about the same as before, doing what he was told and not saying much, yet Jackson didn't think he was quite as

sullen and angry as he had been. Then one afternoon Bantry came up to him and said, "I'm done with the dog runs. All right if I go down by the lake awhile?"

"Go ahead," Jackson said. He was kind of pleased, because it was the first time Bantry had asked for anything, and for that matter it was the first time he'd acted like he knew the lake was there.

So Bantry went down the trail and Jackson turned out a dog named Theodore he was training for K-9. He had on all the pads he wore whenever he was going to let a dog have at him. After twenty minutes or so he took a break and walked around the low side of the kennels to where he could see out over the lake, and that was when he saw Bantry paddling in the pirogue.

Later on Jackson couldn't tell just why the sight of it hit him so hard. He hadn't told Bantry he could use the boat, but then he hadn't told him he couldn't either. Bantry might have been trying to run off again; people were in the houses on the far side of the lake, and Bantry might have thought he could get over there and steal one of their cars. But even from that distance Jackson could see that Bantry didn't know much at all about how to handle a boat; he couldn't keep it headed straight, and he kept heeling it way over to one side or the other.

Whatever his reason was, Jackson decided he wanted to get down there quick. He ran down the trail, shedding his pads as he went. Bronwen and Caesar came along with him, and Theodore, who was still out loose, was frisking along after all of them, not taking it too seriously, just having a good time. The trail takes a zig and a zag through the cedar grove, and for the last leg or two Jackson couldn't see the lake at all. When he finally came out at the foot of the path, he saw that Bantry had turned the boat over somehow and was thrashing around a good ways from it. You could tell by one quick look that he didn't know how to swim a stroke.

Jackson took off his kneepads, which he hadn't been able to get rid of while he was running. He took off his shoes and some of his clothes and waded out into the lake. The dogs ran up and down the shoreline barking like crazy, and now and then one of them would put a paw in the water, but they were not dogs that liked to swim. Without thinking, Jackson swam straight out to where Bantry was floundering and laid a hold on him, only Bantry got a better hold on Jackson first, and dragged him right under. It was not anything he meant to be doing exactly, just how any drowning man behaves. He was trying to climb out of the lake over Jackson's back, but Jackson was going down underneath him, get-



ting light-headed, for no matter how hard he tried to break loose, he couldn't raise his head clear for a breath. Then it came to him he had better swim for the bottom. When he dove down, he felt Bantry come loose from him, and he kept going down till he was free, then out a ways, swimming as far as he could under water before he came back up.

He was tired then, and his banged ribs had started to hurt from that long time he'd been down and holding his breath. For a minute or two he had to lie in a dead man's float to rest, and then he raised his head and started treading water, slow. It was a cloudy day, no sun at all, and he could feel the cold cutting through to his bones. The surface of the lake was black as oil. Bantry was still struggling, about twenty feet from him, but he was near done in by that time. He stared at Jackson, his eyes rolling white. Jackson kept treading water and looked right back at him, until Bantry gave it up and slid down under the lake.

Ripples were widening out from the place where Bantry's head went down, and Peter Jackson kept on treading water. He counted up to twenty-five before he dove. It was ten feet deep, maybe twelve, at the point where they were at, cold along the bottom, and dark with silt. He didn't find Bantry the first dive he made, though he stayed down until his head was pounding. It took him a count of thirty to get the breath back for another try, and he was starting to think he might have miscalculated. But on the second dive he found Bantry and hauled him back up. Bantry was not putting up any fight now; he was mainly a deadweight. Jackson got him in a cross-chest carry and swam him in to shore.

The dogs were going wild there on the bank, yapping and jumping up and down. Jackson dumped Bantry face-down on the gravel and swatted the dogs away. He knelt and started mashing Bantry's shoulders. Plenty of water was coming out of him, but he was cold and not moving a twitch, and Jackson was thinking he really had miscalculated, when Bantry shuddered and coughed and puked a little and then raised up on his elbows. Jackson got off him and watched him start to breathe. After a little bit Bantry's eyes came clear.

"You'da let me drown," Bantry said. "You'da just let me . . ."

"You never left me much of a choice," Jackson said.

"You was just setting there watching me drown," Bantry said. He sat up one joint at a time and then let his head drop down and hang over his folded knees. The cut above his eye had opened back up and was bleeding some. In a minute he started to cry.

Peter Jackson never had seen anybody carrying on the way Bantry was, not a pretty near grown man, at least. He didn't feel any too sorry for Bantry, but it was unpleasant watching him cry like that. It was like watching a baby cry, when it can't tell you what's the matter, and there ain't no way for you to tell it to quit. He thought of one thing or another he might say. That he'd had to take a gambler's chance. That a poor risk was better than no hope at all. But he was worn out from swimming and struggling, too tired to feel like talking much. Bantry kept on crying, not letting up, and Peter Jackson got himself on his feet and went limping up to the house with the dogs.

That was what did it for Bantry, though, or so it seemed. Anyway, he was a lot different after that. He acted nicer with the dogs, feeding them treats, stroking them and loving them up, when he had never so much as touched one before, if he had a way around it. He began to volunteer to do extra things, helping more around the house and garden when his chores in the kennel were done. He put on pads and learned to help Jackson train dogs for K-9. He followed Jackson around trying to strike up conversation, as if, for a change, he was hungry for company. He was especially nice with Bronwen and Caesar, and Caesar seemed to take a shine to him right back. Bantry had turned the corner, or so it seemed. In about two more weeks Peter Jackson called the courthouse and said they could send somebody out to pick him up.

AS IT TURNED OUT, IT WAS ME THEY SENT. I WAS still a part-time deputy then, and the call came on a Saturday when I was on duty. Bantry was packed and all ready to go when I got there. Soon as I had parked the car, he came walking over, carrying his grip. Caesar was walking alongside him, and every couple of steps they took, Bantry would reach down and give him a pat on the head.

"Hello, Mr. Trimble," he said. He put out his hand and we shook.

"You look bright-eyed and bushy-tailed," I said. "I'd scarce have known you, Bantry."

"You can call me Don," he said, and smiled.

I told him to go on and get in the front while I went down to take a message to Jackson. It surprised me just a touch he hadn't already come out himself. He was sitting on his back stoop when I found him, staring out across the lake. Bronwen was sitting there next to him. Every so often she'd slap her paw up on his knee, like she was begging him for something. Jackson didn't appear to be paying her much mind.

"Well, sir, you're a miracle-worker," I said. "I wouldn't have believed it if I'd just been told, but it looks like you done it again."

"Hello, Trimble," Jackson said, flicking his eyes over me and then back away. He'd known I was there right along, just hadn't shown it. Bronwen slapped her paw back up on his knee.

"Marvin said to tell you he'll have another one ready to send out here shortly," I said. Jackson looked off across the lake.

"I ain't going to have no more of 'em," he said.

"Why not?" I said. Bronwen pawed at him another time, and Jackson reached over and started rubbing her ears.

"Well, I figured something out," Jackson said, still staring down there at the water. "It ain't any different than breaking an animal, what I been doing to them boys."

I stepped up beside him and looked where he was looking, curious to see what might be so interesting down there on the lake. There wasn't so much as a fish jumping. Nothing there but that blue, blue water, cold-looking and as still as if it were ice.

"What if you're right?" I said. "More'n likely it's the very thing they need."

"Yes, but a man is not an animal," he said. He waited a minute, and clicked his tongue. "Anyhow, I'm getting too old," he said.

"You?" I said. "Ain't nobody would call *you* old." It was a true fact that I had never thought of him that way myself, though he might have been near seventy by that time. He'd been right smart older than his wife.

Jackson raised up his left hand and shook it under my nose. I could see how his fingers were getting skinny, the way an old man's will, and how loose his wedding band was rattling. Then he laid his hand back down on Bronwen's head.

"I'm old," he said. "I can feel it now sure enough. The days run right by me and I can't get a hold on them. And you want to know what?"

"What?" I said. Walked right into it like the sharp edge of a door.

"It's a relief," Peter Jackson told me. "That's what." □

LAYOVER

BY GUY BILLOUT



Music



Serious Opera

Handel's Tamerlano shows the virtues of a neglected Baroque genre

by William H. Youngren

ONE OF THE MOST important recent opera recordings is the version of George Frideric Handel's *Tamerlano* by John Eliot Gardiner and the English Baroque Soloists, issued by Erato on compact discs (ECD 88220), LPs (NUM 75278), and cassettes (MCE 75278). *Tamerlano*, which was composed and first performed in London in 1724, is one of Handel's masterpieces and one of the masterpieces of Baroque opera. But although it has been recorded twice before, it is relatively unknown. Gardiner's perfor-

mance, which is superior in all ways to its two predecessors, should go far toward acquainting a larger audience with this extraordinary work and also, perhaps, toward opening up, for non-specialized listeners, the still neglected genre of Baroque *opera seria*.

The Baroque revival got under way in earnest in this country during the mid-1960s, when FM classical-music stations began deluging us with Bach, Handel, and Vivaldi. Soon the *Brandenburg* Concertos, the *Water Music*, and the *Four Seasons*, with their brisk

tempi and orderly sequences, became music to wake up to for millions of intellectuals. Pachelbel and his *Canon* followed in due course, and today it is hard to find a bookish undergraduate for whom Baroque instrumental music does not have the same comfortably classy associations that Mozart quartets and late Beethoven piano sonatas had for my college generation.

But Baroque vocal music, and especially opera, is another story. Of course, some of the large choral works, such as *Messiah* and the *St. Matthew Passion*, have never gone out of style, and a few vocal superstars like Joan Sutherland and Beverly Sills have recorded Handel operas. But many listeners who are well acquainted with Handel's oratorios and instrumental music have no idea that he spent almost his whole creative life in the theater, that opera formed the center of his output, and that a whopping thirty-nine of his operas—more than by any other great composer—have survived.

Over the past fifty years the operas of Mozart have regained the popularity they lost during the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries, and during the past twenty years Monteverdi's three surviving operas have also won a large audience. But there exists in most listeners' appreciation of opera a gap of well over a century, between Monteverdi and Mozart (or perhaps Gluck). Even Joseph Kerman's widely influential book *Opera as Drama* (1956), which established the modern canon of great operas, from Monteverdi to Berg and Stravinsky, takes scant notice of Handel and Baroque *opera seria*.

What are the causes of this neglect? "*Opera seria*" (serious opera) has a forbidding ring, and the form is sometimes said to possess just the attributes that many people dislike in neoclassical literature and visual art. The *Harvard Dictionary of Music*, for example, tells us that

Opera seria was based on a rationalist ideal of drama, realized through the reforms of A. Zeno and his more famous successor, P. Metastasio, who purged the chaotic 17th-century opera libretto of irrelevant elements (e.g., comic and fantastic episodes) and created a unified, close-knit three-act dramatic structure, with characters and subjects drawn principally from ancient history or legend.

The implied combination of rigid, mechanical plotting and subject matter remote from ordinary life has been enough to discourage many listeners.

But, as Winton Dean has shown in his excellent book *Handel and the Opera Seria* (1969), those "irrelevant elements" play an important role in many of the greatest operas of Handel, who preceded (and to some extent inspired) the reforms of Zeno and Metastasio. Handel was an extraordinarily free and various composer, and in his hands those seemingly remote characters of history and legend assume a larger-than-life stature and a moral relevance that remind us of Shakespeare.

THE CONVENTIONS of *opera seria*, as practiced by Handel, are few and easily stated. The first thing that strikes a modern listener as strange is that almost all the main roles, male as well as female, are given to high voices—castrati then being a regular feature of the operatic scene. Tenor and bass roles were mainly reserved for old men and servants—though this is not true in *Tamerlano*. Moreover, the music concentrates on the solo voice. There are a few duets and an occasional trio but almost none of the larger ensembles and choruses so familiar to us from later opera. (An exception is the concluding "coro" of an *opera seria*, which is, however, sung not by a chorus but by a group of solo voices.)

There is also a stricter separation between recitative and aria than we are accustomed to in, say, Mozart. In Handel almost all of the plot action takes place in the recitatives; the arias are reserved for the elaboration of a particular character's emotional state at the moment, as it has evolved out of the preceding recitative. It is customary for a character to exit after his or her aria, clearing the way for a new combination of characters who then produce a new twist in the plot during their recitative. The arias themselves are mostly cast in *da capo* ("from the beginning") form. There is a first section, perhaps preceded by a brief instrumental introduction, then a contrasting second section, and then a restatement of the first section which the singer is free to ornament—though never so elaborately as to make the original melody unrecognizable. The ending of an *opera seria*, as embodied in the con-

cluding *coro*, is supposed to be happy.

Tamerlano is of course Tamerlane (also known as Timur the Lame), the Scythian shepherd who by the time of his death, in 1405, had made himself ruler of much of Asia and Eastern Europe. He is most familiar to English readers as the Tamburlaine of Christopher Marlowe's two plays. But Handel's Tamerlano is very different from Marlowe's self-proclaimed "Scourge of God and terror of the world," who caged his conquered enemy Bajazeth like an animal. The main source of Handel's libretto is Jacques Pradon's verse drama *Tamerlan ou la Mort de Bajazet*, which was produced in Paris in 1675. Unlike Marlowe's rich and extravagant plays, which are dominated by their titanic hero, Pradon's, like other French and English heroic dramas of its time, concentrates on the ever-shifting conflicts between love and honor that bind together a tight little nexus of characters: Tamerlan and Bajazet; Bajazet's daughter Astérie and Tamerlan's ally, the Greek prince Andronic (neither appears in Marlowe); and Araxide, a princess, who never appears onstage. Though Tamerlan has promised, for political reasons, to marry the princess, he has fallen in love with his enemy's daughter. But Astérie and Andronic are in love with each other. Tamerlan tries to give Araxide to Andronic in exchange (as it were) for Astérie. After much debate and intrigue, Tamerlan declares that if Astérie will not marry him, he will kill both Andronic and Bajazet. Bajazet, who quite understandably opposes his daughter's marriage to his enemy (and social inferior), solves the problem by taking poison. Moved by this heroic gesture, Tamerlan hands over Astérie to Andronic and resolves to marry Araxide after all.

Handel's librettist, Nicola Haym, initially worked not from Pradon's play but from an Italian libretto that had been made of it in 1711 by Count Agostino Piovene. This libretto had been set by the Venetian composer Francesco Gasparini and performed successfully that season at Venice. But Piovene's libretto had been anonymously revised in 1719 and also set by Gasparini. The essentials of Pradon's plot were retained in both versions, with Araxide becoming Irene and appearing onstage. The main difference between them was that while the earlier one

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ended feebly, with Bajazet dying off-stage, in the later one he was accorded a full onstage death scene. Handel had already completed his score when the tenor Francesco Borosini arrived in London, bringing with him the 1719 libretto and Gasparini's 1719 score. A flurry of revisions followed. The most important of these occurred in the scenes involving Bajazet, for which Handel borrowed some musical ideas from Gasparini's score. *Tamerlano* received its premiere at the King's Theatre, in the Haymarket, on October 31, 1724, played eleven more times that season, and was revived in 1731.

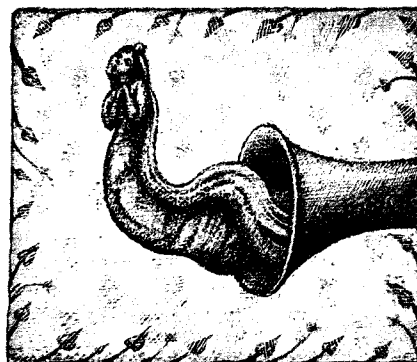
Gardiner's performance is more or less complete—though that word should really not be used about an opera that went through as many changes as did *Tamerlano*. Gardiner has, for example, omitted some arias that Handel used in the 1731 revival and included some that Handel cut. The orchestral playing is razor-sharp and very expressively phrased, and for the most part the singers are remarkable. The two countertenors, Derek Ragin (*Tamerlano*) and Michael Chance (Andronico), are dramatically convincing and vocally dazzling, and Nigel Robson (Bajazet) is a fine, strong tenor. Nancy Argenta (Asteria) is also excellent, though occasionally a bit piercing, while Jane Findlay (Irene, the renamed Araxide) is rather heavy and labored. René Schirrer sings the small bass role of Leone, confidant of *Tamerlano* and Andronico, with sonorous eloquence.

GRADUALLY, AS ONE listens to this marvelous music and comes to feel at home with the conventions of *opera seria* within (and sometimes against) which Handel was working, one realizes that he has created a work of impressive dramatic wholeness. Of course, it is easy to expose the improbabilities of a plot like that of *Tamerlano* or, perhaps, any opera. But how probable are the Byzantine complexities of *Figaro*? Or the various minglings of gods, dwarfs, giants, and men that take us from one end to the other of Wagner's *Ring*? Opera is as stylized an art as ballet. No one complains about the improbability of Odette's being transformed into a swan. And no one objects when the great nineteenth-century story ballets are produced in settings that approximate the naturalis-



tic ones in which they were originally intended to be seen. But for some unfathomable reason we are more nervous about opera, which we say must be made directly and immediately "relevant." Thus in recent years we have been treated to a *Don Giovanni* set in a ghetto, a Mafia-dominated *Rigoletto*, a *Ring* in which the Rhinemaidens sport about a hydroelectric dam and Wotan appears in a smoking jacket as a nineteenth-century robber baron. As for Handel, the ubiquitous Peter Sellars has given us a *Giulio Cesare in Egitto* that takes place by the pool at the Beirut Hilton. Such productions, it seems to me, make it virtually impossible to understand the great musical and theatrical works that they pretend to represent.

The only way fully to understand Handel's operas is to hear them in performances as authentically conceived and executed as Gardiner's *Tamerlano* or, still better—as Winton Dean and others have stressed—to see (or, more likely, to visualize) them as they were originally enacted and seen in early-eighteenth-century London. The curtain rose at the beginning of the evening and did not descend until its end. All scene changes were accomplished in full view of the audience, by panels that were moved on and off, either by hand or mechanically, in grooves cut in the stage. The music was never inter-



rupted over the course of an act. The main point, as Dean finely says, was "not to create illusion, but to excite wonder and delight."

But this is only half the story. A few years after Handel's death Dr. Johnson wrote in the preface to his edition of Shakespeare,

The irregular combinations of fanciful invention may delight a-while, by that novelty of which the common satiety of life sends us all in quest; but the pleasures of sudden wonder are soon exhausted, and the mind can only repose on the stability of truth.

The function of the aria that closed each scene was precisely to supply that stability and repose by giving the audience the emotional truth of a character's response to his or her immediate situation. Then, as if a kaleidoscope were being turned, a new scene would bring forth a new constellation of characters, a new series of conflicts as projected in their recitative, and, with the aria, a new point of repose.

Winton Dean has done a great service in helping us to understand the conventions of *opera seria* and the highly individual ways in which Handel bent them to his purposes. I would quarrel with Dean on only one point. He repeatedly (and somewhat apologetically) refers to *opera seria* as a convention that is "static," "intractable," "inherently undramatic." But there is always a reason why conventions become conventions, and no convention in itself can properly be said to be dramatic or undramatic, dynamic or static, good or bad. We know what can be made of a convention (and hence why it became one) only when we see what a genius makes of it. In the hands of a great composer like Handel, *opera seria*—with its stylized alternation of recitative and aria, the pleasures of sudden wonder and the stability of truth—is capable of showing us the meaning of human conflict and resolution in a new and revealing light, and thus of extending our conception of the possibilities of drama. What we need now is more recordings of Handel operas as spiritedly authentic as Gardiner's *Tamerlano*—and, I would add, more productions like the one of *Teseo* presented at the 1985 Boston Early Music Festival. Then we will really be in a position to fill that crucial gap in our understanding of opera and its history. □

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Second Coming

Prosciutto, which can again be imported from Italy, is notable for what it lacks

by Corby Kummer

THE PAST TWENTY-TWO years have been rough ones for lovers of prosciutto, the Italian ham cured with air and salt and nothing else, whose pink-red, polished, translucent slices combine the rich flavor of pork with just a slight saltiness. Other cured hams, like Smithfield and southern country hams, are smoked and have a stronger, much saltier flavor; often they are so brittle that they chip instead of slice. No other ham has the sweet suppleness of prosciutto.

Americans have been denied this prince of the Italian table because of health fears—fears for the health not of people but of pigs. A 1967 outbreak of swine fever in Italy threatened American pigs, according to U.S. regulators, who banned Italian pork products, reasoning that pigs here might be

fed discarded scraps of infected pork. Italians grumbled that protectionism was the real reason for the ban, and longed to re-enter the U.S. market. Even without access to it, however, they managed to increase their production tenfold from 1970 to 1980, selling mostly to France and Germany. It took Italian prosciutto-makers twenty years and a million dollars for testing, both in Italy and in America, to persuade the U.S. Department of Agriculture that bacteria and viruses cannot survive the carefully controlled process of curing. That process lasts at least ten to twelve months for all prosciutto and 400 days for prosciutto coming to America.

In recent years the negotiations have been the source of repeated rumors that real prosciutto was about to come back, rumors that created almost inde-

cent excitement in the food world and, frustratingly, came to nothing; for years Italophiles had made do with acceptable but unexciting Canadian prosciutto or unacceptable American prosciutto. At last, in July of 1988, hams destined for the U.S. market began to be processed at twenty plants around Parma, and they arrived here just after Labor Day last year. The Consortium of Prosciutto of Parma announced the arrival, with reason, as a kind of second coming.

PARMA IS A SMALL, fastidious city between Milan and Bologna, marked, like other industrialized cities in the north, by restraint. The predominant tone is gray, and boisterous color is banished from shop windows, which instead feature discreet

displays of luxurious traditional goods. Food shops have appealing old-fashioned fittings. The meat and cheese businesses are still important to Emilia-Romagna, the region to which Parma belongs, and which has one of the highest per capita incomes in Italy. Pork products are everywhere—many kinds of sausages and salami, including mortadella (bologna), which is classically made with pistachios and sold after being cooked very slowly; a prized salami, Felino, named for a town near Parma; and the salami cotechino, which is sold after brief drying and boiled before serving.

In Parma, zampone, salamis using pig's feet as a casing, are stacked above nearly every counter. Prosciutto is made from the ham, or hind leg, of a hog, and something has to happen to all those feet. You don't see so many in the shops near San Daniele, a town in the Friuli region, above Venice, which is Parma's chief rival in prosciutto production and one of three "denomination-controlled" regions in Italy where the prosciutto produced can boast of its origin on the label (the third is an area west of Venice; other towns are on a government waiting list). The foot is left on San Daniele prosciutto, which, like all denomination-controlled prosciutto, is strictly regulated by Italian law. That law forbids any qualifying adjectives on labels, such as "extra," "select," "fine," or "aged."

Prosciutto is dry-cured—cured with plain dry salt as opposed to brine, which is salt dissolved in water. Before the application of the salt the hams are chilled and trimmed to look like chicken legs (this very description—"a coscia di pollo"—is specified in the law). The first salting lasts about a week and starts to dry the meat. During the second salting, which follows immediately, the salt melts into the meat. After two to three weeks of this treatment the hams are brushed to remove excess salt and put in refrigerated rooms to chill for two to three months. Then they are washed and left to age in the mountain air.

The seasoning room in a prosciutto factory is an extraordinary sight: hams hang like thousands of cudgels from wooden scaffolding that runs floor to ceiling in a room the size of a football field. The walls are louvered, to allow breezes in during the day. The breezes in the areas around Parma—particularly near the town of Langhirano, in

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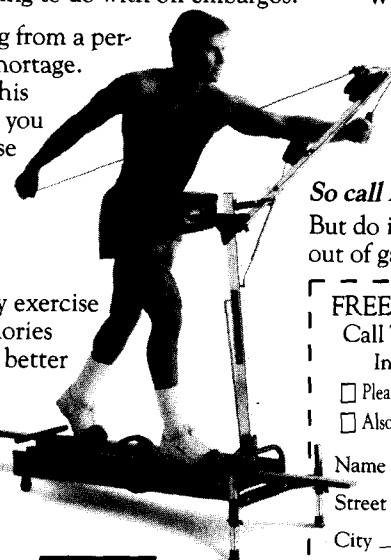
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the hills just south of Parma, where the industry is centered—and San Daniele are thought to be especially favorable to the slow but sure drying that prevents the growth of bacteria. Langhirano gets breezes across the Apennine Mountains which originate in the Mediterranean Gulf of Liguria. During the months of aging, technicians in white coats perform various grooming operations on the hams, climbing ladders up the scaffolding to pound out irregularities with mallets and to massage the exposed surface at the large end with a pomade of lard, salt, and traces of pepper, to keep the meat moist once the principal aging is complete.

As the *prosciutto* ages, it dries (the word *prosciutto* is derived from *prosciugare*, which means “to dry”), and after several months it no longer contains enough moisture for organisms to survive. The breezes of Parma permit the use of less salt than do the more humid breezes in, for example, the towns around Smithfield, Virginia, and other low-lying southern U.S. towns where country ham is still cured; other preservatives are used as well. The extra aging required for export to the United States means that all the Italian *prosciutto* sold here would be labeled premium grade in Italy if such labeling were allowed.

Prosciutto is notable, then, for what it doesn't have: preservatives such as sodium nitrate and sodium nitrite, and the spice mixtures that are often rubbed or soaked in with the salt. Few hams are as precisely regulated as denomination-controlled Italian *prosciutto*. Much American *prosciutto* is spiced and left to age, in closed, temperature-controlled rooms, for a shorter time than classic *prosciutto* is, resulting in a ham that seems partially cooked, since it was rushed in hot rooms, and that tastes inappropriately of spices like clove and nutmeg. The meat is less flavorful, because American hogs are slaughtered much younger than the Italian ones meant for *prosciutto*—at about 230 pounds as opposed to about 330.

The publicity surrounding the new availability of *prosciutto* has usually left out how other hams are made and how *prosciutto* differs from them. Other dry-cured hams are as a rule spiced, especially with red pepper, and smoked, as homemade *prosciutto* in Italy usually is. (Homemade *pro-*

sciutto is sometimes aged for two or three years, which intensifies the flavor but diminishes the softness.) Several hams that are not smoked are the French Bayonne and jambon d'Auvergne, and the Spanish jamón serrano, which are aged for just three to nine months. Among other cured and uncooked hams are the Italian and German speck and the German Westphalian ham, both of which are brined and smoked. Smithfield ham is not brined but it is spiced—the rind is nearly black from rubbings of cracked pepper—and the musty smell of smoke slaps you when you unwrap it. The rind of *prosciutto* is a warm straw color, running into purple-red meat.

Even though you could eat a Smithfield ham “raw,” because it has been cured long enough to kill any bacteria, it is far too salty. It and most country hams require long soaking and slow simmering. This is often followed by baking with brown sugar, and the application of a fruit glaze. (Even after soaking, these hams are probably best used in small dice to flavor other dishes, as in Chinese cooking. Smithfield hams are a common sight in Chinese markets, because they are the closest available equivalent of Chinese hams, explains Bruce Cost, the author of the scholarly *Bruce Cost's Asian Ingredients* and the owner of the new San Francisco restaurant Monsoon.)

This simmering and baking is also standard practice for brine-cured “ready-to-eat” hams, which are what most Americans are used to. These hams are pre-cooked, usually by steaming, are pressed into neat cubes, and end up watery and salty. “There is absolutely no relationship between an artificially flavored canned pork and a real ham,” James Beard wrote in *American Cookery*. Beard found canned ham to be “convenience food at its most unattractive—boned, cooked, defatted, deflavored.” Not all cooked hams need be dismissed. Two famous ones, both lightly brined and smoked before being cooked, are Prague and York hams. Vermont, among other places, is known for its sweet hams, which are briefly soaked in a brine containing honey or maple syrup, and lightly smoked, sometimes over corncocks (too many “smoked” hams use liquid smoke flavorings). But *prosciutto* is noble in its capacity to be eaten unsoaked and uncooked.

PROSCIUTTO CAN ALSO be eaten unaccompanied. Smoked ham goes with pickles, baked ham with cheese, but *prosciutto* demands no company on a plate, and the optional garnishes are few: homemade breadsticks, or slices of melon, or fresh figs. Like caviar, *prosciutto* is best served as a first course without garnish. A plate with slightly overlapping paper-thin slices is the ideal presentation for *prosciutto*, whose creamy white fat is as important to flavor as its pink flesh. Even imported *prosciutto* is a good deal cheaper than caviar; it has been selling typically for \$20 to \$25 a pound—nearly double the price of American *prosciutto*. A half pound will serve six generously as an appetizer. One delicacy as prized as caviar in Italy is *culatello*, which is the uppermost part of the hog's thigh rubbed with salt, pepper, garlic, and wine, and stuffed into a pig's bladder; it is aged in the same way as *prosciutto* but even longer and with more care, and soaked in white wine before being sliced as thin as *prosciutto*. It is papery, powerfully flavored, and also eaten alone; but there is hardly enough to go around Italy, and there are no plans to export it.

Gourmet shops across the country have been stocking *prosciutto di Parma*, and if one near you doesn't have it, lobby the manager to order it. This is not a facetious suggestion. Managers of fancy-food shops in Boston, New York, and San Francisco have told me that in the few months following its introduction Italian *prosciutto* far outsold American *prosciutto*, even at nearly twice the price. And it need not take long to go through a whole *prosciutto*, which typically weighs about fifteen pounds without bone. I recently fell heir to an entire *prosciutto* and, stuck for refrigerator space, gave it to an Italian friend on the condition that he show me how to cook something with the bone. He summoned me to his kitchen within ten days; his wife and small son, he reported, had eaten little else in the interim. The bone is excellent in soups, of course, and in bean dishes with olive oil, thyme or rosemary, and some pureed tomato. It can even be used four or five times. If you see a bone-in *prosciutto* being sliced in the store, cajole the shop owner into saving you the bone. Few shops have ordered the bone-in kind, unfortunately, because imported *prosciutto* is ex-

pensive for them and there is much less waste in cutting boned prosciutto. I have tasted samples from a half dozen of the factories producing prosciutto for U.S. export, and found differences in moistness, saltiness (obviously, the drier the meat, the saltier it tastes), and flavor, which has ranged from relatively insipid to too strong. Just as I think I prefer one, another proves its mettle. There is variation within individual hams, too. Outside large cities a shop owner will have to rely on the quality of the prosciutto his distributor has chosen.

Prosciutto itself is rarely used for cooking, unless as an extravagant substitute for pancetta, the briefly cured, unsmoked belly fat of a pig—exactly the same cut as bacon. Pancetta is ubiquitous in Italian cooking, serving with onion, carrot, celery, and parsley as a base for nearly every savory sauce and stew. Scraps of prosciutto can go into pasta sauces—for example, the classic cream sauce for *paglia e fieno*. An elegant first course is boiled asparagus or braised endive wrapped in prosciutto, sprinkled with butter and grated Parmigiano-Reggiano cheese, and glazed briefly in a hot oven.

Sliced prosciutto begins to stiffen after cutting, and should be consumed the day it is sliced. Whoever cuts the prosciutto should lay the slices side by side or slightly overlapping on waxed paper (otherwise you'll never get them apart cleanly) and should be sure that all surfaces touch either waxed paper or plastic wrap. You can buy a thick chunk, freeze it, and slice it as needed, but the texture will never be as creamy, and you need an automatic slicer: even the thinnest, sharpest knife for slicing ham hacks at prosciutto, and only tissue-thin slices show prosciutto at its best. Very few chefs or butchers can slice prosciutto by hand. An iron or wooden *morsa*, a device for holding a whole prosciutto, which is usually called a "cradle" but, with its sharp prongs and viselike screw adjustments, looks much more sinister, is often displayed proudly near the entrances of restaurants in Italy. But only a restaurateur who has had years of practice and has a special knife with grooves to prevent sticking will cut a good prosciutto by hand—after leaving it out for display, he'll bring it to the slicing machine in back. He knows how to take care of something precious. □

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"Land for Peace"

Can it solve the problems of the Middle East?

There has been much emphasis for years, intensified in recent months, on the "land for peace" formula to solve the long-simmering problems of the Middle East. Translating this slogan into plain English means that Israel should surrender Judea-Samaria (the "West Bank") and Gaza to the Arabs. They would establish a Palestinian state. Once that happened, it is thought that peace and tranquility would soon come to the troubled Middle East.

What are the facts?

■ The concept of "land for peace" is a totally new one in the history of the world. It was formulated for one specific purpose only, namely to persuade and pressure Israel to give up territories that it has administered since the Six-Day War of 1967. By its victory in that war, Israel wound up in possession of these territories. Contrary to what many are led to believe, the "West Bank," the focus of today's attention, had never been part of any Arab country. It was part of Palestine, a territorial unit that, by the Mandate of the League of Nations and in line with the Balfour Declaration, had been designated as a national home for the Jewish people.

■ Thus, while the concept of "land for peace" is a brand-new one, the concept that to the victor belong the spoils is as old as history itself and had really never been questioned before the days of the Israel-Arab conflict. Our own country, of course, following its Manifest Destiny, has benefited greatly and has consolidated its territory by applying this motto. But Israel followed a different path. From the day of victory in 1967, it waited for an offer of peace from the Arabs. But that offer never came. Instead, immediately following the war, the Arabs pronounced their three unalterable "no's": no recognition, no negotiation, and no peace with Israel.

■ In 1977, President Sadat of Egypt traveled to Jerusalem and presented a peace plan to the Israeli government. The Israelis eagerly embraced his suggestion. In exchange for peace and normalization of relations with its neighbor, Israel returned to Egypt the vast Sinai peninsula, together with the city of Yamit; some of the most advanced military installations in the world; the port and naval installations of Sharm-el-Sheik, which safeguard Israel's access to its port of Eilat;

and the oil fields that Israel had developed and which had made Israel self-sufficient in its energy requirements. And, of course, Israel also gave up the natural buffer against aggression that the Suez Canal and the strategic depth of the Sinai itself provided. It was a first in history. Never before in the chronicle of mankind had the victor returned conquered territory to the vanquished in order to attain peace.

■ One would expect that the concept of "land for peace" would work both ways. After all, should not the Arabs also make some territorial sacrifices for peace? Unfortunately, that is not the case. Every inch of land held by the Arabs is considered "holy Arab soil" and its possession by the "infidels" (Christians or Jews) is inadmissible, intolerable, a blasphemy and a case for "jihad" (holy war). No compromise, no concession is ever possible. The way the "Taba issue" was finally resolved further illustrates the Arab belief that the "land for peace" principle is basically a one-way street.

■ The "land for peace" formulation is now applied mostly to the Judea and Samaria (the "West Bank") and Gaza regions. Israel's foes, but also some of its friends, urge Israel to yield these regions to the Arabs, in exchange for "peace." But there is no peace, and no peace will come about by Israel's giving up this area of vital strategic importance to those who are its sworn enemies and who have declared over and over again that they wish to use this land as their launching pad for the final attempt at the destruction of Israel. The conflict in the area is not only between Israel and the "Palestinians." It is first of all between Israel and the Arab nations. With the single exception of Egypt, virtually all of them are still in a state of war with Israel.

To none of the Arab countries has the possibility ever occurred of *their* trading land for peace, for instance yielding the "West Bank" to Israel for the sake of peace. Not one of these countries has even hinted that they would make peace with Israel if Israel yielded the administered territories to the Arabs. There isn't even a gesture of accommodation, such as a lifting of the over 40-year-old Arab economic boycott against Israel, an apology for the odious slander that Zionism is Racism, or a discontinuation of the yearly charade in the United Nations, in which the Arab states attempt to expel Israel from that body. For the victor to yield land for peace to the vanquished is a new idea—who knows, it might even be a good one. But it surely would have to work both ways in order to be valid and effective.

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Books

Miss Jane's Prime

by Martin Amis

THE FIRST CHALLENGE you face when writing about *Pride and Prejudice* is to get through your first sentence without saying, "It is a truth universally acknowledged . . ." With that accomplished (with *that* out of the way), you can move on to more testing questions. For example: Why does the reader yearn with such helpless fervor for the marriage of Elizabeth Bennet and Mr. Darcy? Why does the reader gloat and flinch with almost equal concern over the ups and downs of Jane Bennet and Mr. Bingley? Jane and Elizabeth's mother, Mrs. Bennet (stupid, prattling, vulgar, greedy), is one of the greatest comic nightmares in all literature, yet we are scarcely less restrained than she in our fretful ambition for her daughters. Jane Austen makes Mrs. Bennets of us all. How?

And, even more mysteriously, this tizzy of zealous suspense actually survives repeated readings. Finishing the book for perhaps the fifth or sixth time, the present writer felt all the old gratitude and relief: an undiminished catharsis. These days, true, I wouldn't have minded a rather more detailed conclusion—say, a twenty-page sex scene featuring the two principals, with Mr. Darcy, furthermore, acquitting himself uncommonly well. (Such a scene would take place, of course, not in a country inn or a louché lodg-

ing house in town but amid all the comfort and elegance of Pemberley, with its parklands and its vistas and its ten grand a year.) Jane Austen, with her divine comedies of love, has always effortlessly renewed herself for each generation of readers (and critics, too: moralists, Marxists, myth-panners, deconstructors—all are kept happy). One may wonder what she has to say to the current crop of twenty-year-olds, for whom "love" is not quite what it was. Today love faces new struggles, against literalism, futurelessness, practicality, wisened-updom, and nationwide condom campaigns. But maybe the old opposition, of passion and prudence, never really changes; it just sways on its axis.

Let us begin by pinpointing the moment at which love blooms—for Mr. Darcy, and for every male reader on earth. It blooms on page 33 of my edition (the *Oxford Illustrated Jane Austen*, 1923). We have had the Meryton as-

sembly, the straitlaced *thé dansant*, at which the local community thrills to the entrance of the eligible gents and their entourage; and we have protectively endured Mr. Darcy's audible humiliation of our heroine: "She is tolerable; but not handsome enough to tempt me. . . ." Soon afterward Jane Bennet—meek, sweet, uncomplicated—is invited to dine with the fashionable newcomers. "Can I have the carriage?" she asks her mother. "No, my dear, you had better go on horseback, because it seems likely to rain; and then you must stay all night." Jane rides, it rains, she falls ill—and cannot be moved. Elizabeth's anxiety is one we can easily share: experienced in the ways of nineteenth-century fiction, we know that these frail beauties can fall apart more or less overnight. So, the next morning, impelled by sibling love, Elizabeth strides off through the November mud to Netherfield, that fortress of fashion, privilege, and disdain. She arrives unannounced, and scandalously unaccompanied, "with weary ancles, dirty stockings, and a face glowing with the warmth of exercise." By now the male reader's heart is secure (indeed, he is down on one knee). But Darcy's palpitations are just beginning.

As for female susceptibilities—as for falling in love with *him*—Mr. Darcy, I think, ravishes the entire gender on his very first appearance:

Mr. Darcy soon drew the attention of the room by his fine, tall person, handsome features, noble mien; and the report which was in general circulation within five minutes after his entrance, of his having ten thousand a year.



That, plus this—

"You have a house in town, I conclude?"

Mr. Darcy bowed.

—will about do it. Auden, among many others, was shocked by Jane Austen's celebration of "the amorous effects of brass": that is, of money, and *old* money, too (for in Jane Austen's world you cannot *make* money). Money is vital substance in her world; the moment you enter it, you feel the candid horror of moneylessness, as intense as the tacit horror of spinsterhood. Funnily enough, our hopes for Elizabeth and Darcy are egalitarian, and not avaricious, in tendency. We want love to bring about the redistribution of wealth. To inspire such a man to *disinterested* desire, non-profitmaking desire—this is the romantic hinge.

Elizabeth Bennet is Jane Austen with added spirit, with subversive passion, and, above all, with looks. Although writers' lives are no more than optional extras in the consideration of their work, the dull fact of Jane Austen's spinsterhood—her plainness, her childlessness, her virgin death—invests her comedies with disappointment, and with a sense of thwarted homing. It also confirms one's sense of the diminishing physicality of her later heroines: inconspicuous, undetectable Fanny Price; the regal Emma (with her avuncular Mr. Knightley); the poignant staidness of Anne Elliot. Incredibly, Jane Austen was about the same age as Elizabeth when she began *Pride and Prejudice* ("I am not one and twenty"), and Elizabeth remains her only convincingly sexual heroine. Even her father, indolent Mr. Bennet, is sufficiently aware of her passionate nature to deliver an exceptional warning: "discredit and misery" would await her, she "could be neither happy nor respectable," in a loveless marriage. *His* marriage is loveless, and so is everybody else's; and they have all settled for it. But he knows that Elizabeth would never settle for anything less than love.

How do we get a sense of this society, this universe, with its inhibition, its formality, its echelonized emotions? It comes to us most clearly, perhaps, in its language. Mr. Darcy's first name is Fitzwilliam, which is a nice name—but Elizabeth will never use it. She will call him "Mr. Darcy" or, occasionally, "My dear Mr. Darcy." You call your mother

"Madam" and your dad "Sir." When the dance floor is "crouded," young ladies may get a "headach." You may "tease" a gentleman, should you "chuse," and should he consent to be "laught" at. If it be the sixth of October, then "Michaelmas" will have been celebrated "yesterday se'nnight." "La," what "extacies" we were in! Everyone is much "incumbered" by "secrecy" and the need to watch their "expences." A rich man must marry a rich girl, to avoid "degradation" or even "pollution." But a poor man must marry a rich girl too, in order to achieve a "tolerable independence." So who is to marry all the *poor* girls—the poor girls, how will they find "an husband"? How will they swerve between passion and prudence, between sensibility and sense, between love and money?

TWO EXTREME CASES ARE EXPLORED in *Pride and Prejudice*.

Or, rather, they are unexplored, unexamined; they define the limitations of Jane Austen's candor and, perhaps, the limitations of her art. First is the marriage that is *all* sense, *all* money (and not very much money either): the marriage of Mr. Collins and Charlotte Lucas, Elizabeth's neighbor and her closest friend. Mr. Collins is, of course, a world-class grotesque; he has a slimy vigilance that Mr. Podsnap might have envied. "Can he be a sensible man, sir?" Elizabeth asks her father, having acquainted herself with Mr. Collins's introductory letter. Mr. Bennet responds with typically droll and fateful laxity:

"No, my dear: I think not. I have great hopes of finding him quite the reverse. There is a mixture of servility and self-importance in his letter, which promises well. I am impatient to see him."

Mr. Collins comes to stay. Because of the famous entail in Mr. Bennet's estate, the girls will be bypassed, and cousin Collins is next in line to inherit. He therefore feels obliged to marry one of the many Bennet daughters. His gaze first alights on Jane, then (one day later) on Elizabeth, to whom (eight days later) he unsuccessfully proposes before fixing on Charlotte Lucas (one day later). He proposes to *her* one day later. And she accepts him.

Jane Austen expends little energy on physical description. Her characters

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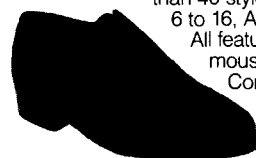


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are "handsome" or "pleasing" or "not pleasing" or "not at all handsome." The feature-by-feature inventory she leaves to the hags and harpies (this is Miss Bingley on Elizabeth: "Her face is too thin. . . . Her nose wants character. . . . Her teeth are tolerable, but not out of the common way"). She deals in auras, in presences; her creations fill a certain space with a certain personal style, and they are shaped by their idiolects. Of the Reverend William Collins we are told only this: "He was a tall, heavy looking young man of five and twenty." But his immense physical dreariness is nonetheless fully summoned. (The twenty-page sex scene is in this case not sorely missed. "I crave your indulgence, my dear Mrs. Collins, if, at this early juncture . . .")

Anyway, Charlotte repairs to what Collins calls his humble abode. And that's her life gone. Jane Austen interprets the matter with a kind of worldly savagery: Charlotte accepts Collins "from the pure and disinterested desire of an establishment"; marriage is "the only honourable provision" for women so placed, and "must be their pleasantest preservative from want." Elizabeth is not so hard-barked about it, but her "astonishment" at her closest friend's expediency soon modulates into the quiet conviction "that no real confidence could ever subsist between them again." And by the time she pays a visit to the newlyweds, she has decided that "all the comfort of intimacy was over." Isolation, then, is part of the price Charlotte pays, and expects to pay. Elizabeth feels she can discuss her best friend's situation with Mr. Darcy, whom at this stage she thoroughly dislikes ("[Mr. Collins's] friends may well rejoice in his having met with one of the very few sensible women who would have accepted him"); but she doesn't feel she can discuss her best friend's situation with her best friend. Why not? Well, people didn't, then. There is no reason why it should occur to Elizabeth to question this miserable silence. But perhaps it ought to have occurred to Jane Austen. Elizabeth is quick to find rueful humor in the business, and Jane Austen is even quicker to find non-rueful humor in it (we hear Charlotte's mother inquiring "after the welfare and poultry of her eldest daughter"). The marriage is pitiful and creepy; but it is routinely pitiful and creepy. It is everyday.

THE OTHER ESCAPE from the love-money, passion-prudence axis is the escape undertaken by Elizabeth's sister Lydia: *all* love, or at least *all* passion, or at any rate *no* prudence (and certainly *no* money). Little Lydia elopes with the feckless Lieutenant Wickham. Now, in Jane Austen's universe, elopement is a tractable delinquency, provided the absconders marry very soon, preferably before nightfall. Should she neglect the wedlock end of it, however, the woman will face an isolation far more thoroughgoing than Charlotte Lucas's: "irremediable infamy," ostracism, demi-mondainedom. Lydia languishes for two whole weeks with Wickham before the affair is patched and pelfed together (largely by Mr. Darcy, it transpires); thus Lydia's virtue is precariously and, as it were, retroactively preserved. Wickham consents to make an honest woman of her, after heavy bribes.

So what are we meant to feel about Lydia? Slimeball Mr. Collins writes to Mr. Bennet, at an early stage in the scandal, "The death of your daughter would have been a blessing in comparison of this." In a later letter, having "rejoiced" that the "sad business has been so well hushed up," Collins adds,

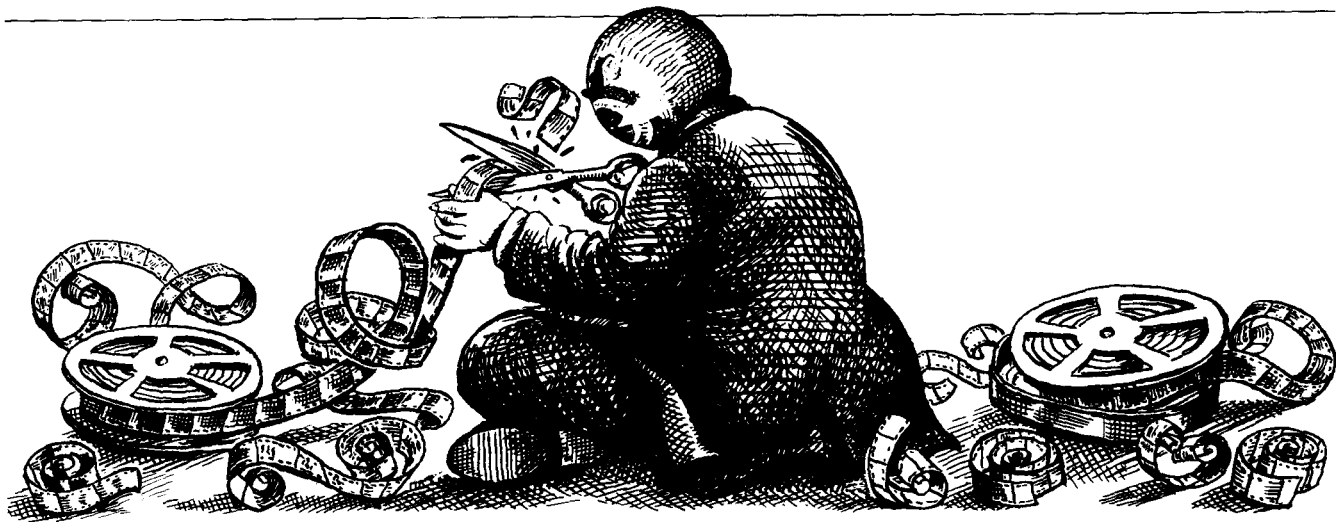
"I must not . . . refrain from declaring my amazement, at hearing that you received the young couple into your house as soon as they were married. . . . You ought certainly to forgive them as a christian, but never to admit them in your sight or allow their names to be mentioned in your hearing."

"That," says Mr. Bennet, "is his notion of christian forgiveness!" But what is Jane Austen's notion of it? We may well believe that as a Christian she forgives Lydia. But we will want to know whether as an *artist* she forgives Lydia.

Installed in "all the comfort and elegance" of Pemberley, Elizabeth sends the Wickhams odd bits of spare cash, and "occasionally" receives her sister there. Lydia, so to speak, is wheeled off onto a siding, lost to serious consideration, and lost to her sister. And this despite the following mitigations (which gallantry, as well as conscience, obliges one to list): that Lydia's fall was precisely and vividly foretold by Elizabeth; that its likelihood was blamed on parental and familial laxity; that Elizabeth was at one point entirely gulled by Wickham's charms and lies; and

that Lydia, during the course of the novel, only just turns sixteen. Calling on her privilege as the local omniscient, Jane Austen consigns Lydia's marriage to the communal grave ("His affection for her soon sunk into indifference; her's lasted a little longer"), underlining her exclusion from the circumambient happy ending. Lydia, so beautifully evoked (brawny, selfish, clumsy, wholly transparent: after the ball at Netherfield "even Lydia was too much fatigued to utter more than the occasional exclamation of 'Lord, how tired I am!' accompanied by a violent yawn"), is now summarily written out. And here, I think, the reader begins to feel that artists should know better than that; we expect them to know better than that. We expect artists to stand as critics not just of their particular milieu but of their society, and of their age. They shouldn't lose sight of their creations at exactly the same point that "respectability"—or stock response—loses sight of them.

For all its little smugnesses and blind spots, despite something airless and narrow, *Pride and Prejudice* is Jane Austen's most sociable book—and, strangely, her most socially idealistic. The impulse is in fact strongly present. And because this is a romantic comedy, the impulse expresses itself through the unlikely personage of Fitzwilliam Darcy. Darcy doesn't account for the novel's eternal humor and clan, but he does account for its recurrent and remorseless power to move. Elizabeth's prejudice is easily dealt with: all she needs is the facts before her. Yet the melting of Darcy's pride demands radical change, the difference between his first declaration ("In vain have I struggled") and his second ("You are too generous to trifle with me"). The patching-up of the Lydia business involves Darcy in some expense, but it also forces him to descend into the chaos of unrestrained dreads and desires—an area where Jane Austen fears to linger, even in her imagination. The final paragraph gives us the extraordinary spectacle of Darcy opening his arms, and his house, to Elizabeth's aunt and uncle, who make what money they have through *trade*. Darcy, Jane Austen writes, "really loved them." This is the wildest romantic extravagance in the entire corpus: a man like Mr. Darcy, chastened, deepened, and finally democratized by the force of love. □



The Church and the Movies

by Richard Schickel

THE DAME IN THE KIMONO
by Leonard J. Leff and
Jerold L. Simmons.
Weidenfeld & Nicolson, \$22.50.

CYNICISM? SOPHISTICATED disdain? Satirical derision? Or just good old-fashioned liberal outrage? It's hard to decide which tone offers the best hope of offsetting the depression that settles over a reader confronting this record of institutionalized self-censorship by the American motion-picture industry.

Perhaps wisely, Leonard J. Leff, who teaches film history at Oklahoma State, and Jerold L. Simmons, who teaches constitutional history at the University of Nebraska, have opted for straightforward objectivity in their scholarly, readable, intimate account of the rise to near-tyrannical power, and the fall to well-deserved ignominy, of the old Production Code Administration of the Motion Picture Producers and Distributors Association—widely, but less than accurately, known to the public as the Hays Office (after the alleged movie czar) at the height of its influence, and more precisely referred to in the industry as the Breen Office (after its chief censor and guiding spirit).

It was the duty of this tiny bureau to vet every script every major studio proposed to shoot, and to screen every movie before release prints were struck to make sure it did not violate the ta-

boos on themes and treatments set forth in the association's Code to Govern the Making of Talking, Synchronized and Silent Motion Pictures, promulgated in 1930 and revised on several occasions. From 1934, when rigorous enforcement of the code began, until 1968, when, already much battered by changes in laws and customs and (most important) pressure from the economically distressed studios, it was replaced by the present rating system, the power of the Breen Office over the content of American movies was absolute.

That power was based on its virtual right to give a Production Code seal of approval to, or withhold one from, every movie made by association members, which included every major studio. Without a seal a movie would not, could not, be played in the major American theater chains. In other words, "the Breen boys" (as they were known around town) had the means to render a film essentially valueless with a single stroke. Given the industry's traditionally pusillanimous business style, Joe Breen of course only rarely had to apply—or even threaten to apply—his ultimate sanction. For most of his career Breen had but to raise an eyebrow or cough delicately behind his fan to bring the mightiest moguls around to his way of thinking. He became, in fact, the American movies' great unacknowledged and totally unqualified *auteur*.

A SOMETIME COAL-company press agent whose appearance and manner belied his dour later calling, Joseph Ignatius Breen was a large, affable man who could take and tell a joke, and who enjoyed negotiating with studio executives over excisions.

He often proposed alternatives to material he found in violation of the code, permitting the movie to imply ideas or story points without saying or showing things that transgressed the rules. He was also open to trades: all right, you can keep the décolletage here, but that dialogue in reel six has got to go. By and large the studio people who dealt regularly with him liked him, even though he performed his duties in a literal-minded way that makes a modern reader cringe.

The spectacle that Leff and Simmons spread before us is of a grown man spending the better part of his life arguing over such grave matters as these: Should Mae West be allowed to say something like "It pays to be good—but it don't pay much"? Could the juvenile delinquents of *Dead End* use "punk" and "louse"? And what about Rhett Butler's famous "Frankly, my dear, I don't give a damn" tag line, in *Gone With the Wind*? The producer David O. Selznick argued for months with Breen about that one—and then won in part because he was willing to tone down the movie's brothel scenes. Not that details of dialogue were Breen's only concern. He insisted that Anna Karenina's illegitimate child be written out of Selznick's adaptation of the Tolstoy novel, but, in one of his patented trade-offs, permitted her climactic suicide. Breen could have written a book of Tolstoyan length in the amount of time he spent fussing over Jane Russell's cleavage in *The Outlaw* and *The French Line*.

It is possible, though, that he did more damage to movies made before his reign than to those made during it, for his office was charged with editing films made prior to 1934 when they went into re-release thereafter. In her

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recent autobiography Myrna Loy justifiably complains that her role as the title figure's mistress in the 1931 *Arrow-smith* was reduced to incomprehensibility by Breen Office cuts when it was re-released. The only time Loy ever sang in a movie in her own voice, in Rouben Mamoulian's *Love Me Tonight* in 1932, is also now lost because of retrospective moralism. Her filmy costume for that sequence revealed the outline of her navel, and so her contribution to it was cut. (After 1934, the female navel was not to be seen in an American movie until 1961, *Town Without Pity* being the breakthrough film.) The only discernible good done by Breen's assaults on screen history was unintended: that of giving Leff and Simmons a catchy title. "Who is that dame wearin' my kimono?" Iva Archer cried when she dropped in unexpectedly on Sam Spade in the first (1931) version of *The Maltese Falcon*. Bad enough that the private eye had one visitor in dishabille. But that the second visitor, the wife of Spade's partner, no less, implied by her question that she visited so often that she found it convenient to keep a negligee on the premises—that was too much for the censor. Out it went. And out of history, too, since the studios had no archival sense in those days. Censored film, as a rule, was simply junked, lost forever.

These examples of what we might call the Breen touch are chosen at random. Doubtless they puzzle those too young to remember movies of the code era. Obviously, everything mentioned could today be shown on prime-time television without raising a fuss or an eyebrow except among those fundamentalists who more or less ineffectually carry on the good old fight. Moreover, the language, imagery, and activities alluded to were no less within the common experience of most people in those days than they are today. Indeed, there is no evidence that the majority of Americans in the 1930s and 1940s felt any compelling need for Breen's ministrations, and there is nothing in the record to indicate mass disgust with the moral tone of movies prior to his arrival in Hollywood or mass anxiety that without censorship movies would become an affront to decent people. On the contrary, customer satisfaction with the movies was never higher than it was in this period.

If, in fact, there is a criticism to be made of *The Dame in the Kimono*, it is that its authors are so completely transfixed by the variously horrid and hilarious details they have dug up about the Breen Office in action that they fail to state as forcefully as they might the reasons for Breen's rise and for the peculiar policies he adopted. To put the matter simply, he was a man pursuing an agenda unknown to the majority of moviegoers, the result of which was to impose the tastes, values, and ideas of a minority not merely on an economically consequential industry but on the vast majority of moviegoers as well.

BREEN OWED HIS job and his authority to the Catholic Church. And it is the story of how a few influentially placed Catholics of militantly puritanical tastes came to operate a star chamber with arbitrary control over film content for three crucial decades in the medium's history that must be the most fascinating aspect of any account of screen censorship. This is also the aspect of that history that may have continuing cautionary value, since pressure-group politics in one way or another remains in control of the crossroads where public policy and moral values meet.

This is not to imply that Catholics were first or always foremost in demanding screen censorship (or that the Church of today continues on the old path). Starting as early as the nickelodeon days, states and municipalities, acting under pressure from various religious and reform groups, created literally hundreds of censorship boards to license the exhibition of movies. These entities were protected by a 1915 court ruling (not reversed until 1952) holding that movies were "common shows," like carnivals, and thus not protected by the First Amendment. As a result, the studios were forced to cut their products to conform to the whims of each locality's censors—and some films were banned outright in some venues. All in all, though, these boards were more a nuisance than a threat. However truncated, most movies finally played most places.

But, in part because this system was catch as catch can, outrage over movie licentiousness grew among professional and amateur moralists during the 1920s, as the tastes of moviemakers and of much of their audience became

more sophisticated. In that period Protestants and Catholics at first joined equally in a chorus of disapproval that was not without shrill anti-Semitic overtones, since the movie industry was known to be one in which Jews predominated. But as the twenties gave way to the thirties, and silent pictures to sound, which added the possibility of mischievous dialogue to imagery already deemed wicked enough, something close to hysteria overtook the Catholic voices.

Hollywood sinfulness was thunderously denounced from the pulpit and in the pages of the Church press, and the threat of boycott was heavy in the air. The moguls, isolated by geography from the centers of Catholic power, distanced by their Hollywood provincialism, preoccupied with the conversion to sound, and frightened by the possible effects of the Depression on their business, paid little heed. They also understood what history has since confirmed—that a racy reputation by no means assures a film box-office success. Sometimes it helps, sometimes it hurts, and often it is unimportant compared with other factors (stars and story, for example). Thus their challenges to conservative community standards tended to be more erratic than programmatic.

In other words, and no matter what some Church zealots thought, the mainstream producers were not pornographers. As the majority of their works prove, they shared the middle-class morality of their public, and earnestly propounded it to those who had not yet received its blessings. The worst that can be said of them was that like most bourgeois papas, they reserved the right to tell an off-color story, especially if it was "cute." It may be, finally, that this firm sense of their own respectability prevented them from taking the threat of censorship seriously until it was too late.

Will Hays, the perfect Wasp (small-town, Presbyterian, Republican), whom they had appointed to head their trade association and to clean up their image after several scandals involving movie stars in the early twenties, did not share their equanimity. You could pretty much ignore the fragmented Protestant community, but the monolithic structure of the Catholic Church gave it the ability to carry through on its boycott threats—so

Hays repeatedly warned his constituency. Unfortunately, he had no practical ideas for countering them. Equally unfortunately, someone else did.

That was Martin Quigley, a prominent Catholic layman, who also published an exhibitors' trade journal, the *Motion Picture Herald*. A clique of Quigley's co-religionists, that is, were the chief source of censorious agitation, and his readers were the chief victims of it; he resolved to help out both, clearly hoping in the process to become the *éminence grise* of movie morality, not merely cleaning up movies but also excising from them "things inimical to the Catholic Church," as he rather casually—but chillingly—put it.

What he had in mind was a document, binding on all producers, that would specify what subjects movies could never take up, what stylistic approaches to every topic would be placed under careful review—the code under which the Breen Office would eventually function. He obtained Church approval to engage a Jesuit priest, Father Daniel Lord, to draft this paper. Hays championed it eagerly when it was finished, and the industry hastily adopted it in 1930.

THINGS IMMEDIATELY went from bad to worse, from the Quigley point of view. The moguls had understood the code as a public-relations device, not as a set of commandments that would rule their professional lives. In the early thirties, with the Depression cutting into box-office revenues, they proceeded to threaten the Republic with such incitements as Jimmy Cagney's anarchic Tommy Gun, Jean Harlow's naked nipples (visible for a nanosecond in *Red-Headed Woman*)—and Mae West. The double entendres of *She Done Him Wrong* are accurately credited with saving Paramount from bankruptcy and causing Quigley and Co. to put some muscle behind their code.

West's quaint little movie went into American release in 1933 at almost the same time that the Vatican appointed the Most Reverend Amleto Giovanni Cicognani as its new apostolic delegate to the U.S. Church. In his first public utterance in the United States, Father Cicognani declared that God and everyone beneath Him in the hierarchy were calling Catholics to "a united and vigorous campaign for the purification

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AFGHANISTAN

by Lynna Williams

“He walked closer, four, five steps, and read out loud, ‘Have gone to Afghanistan. Tess at Scotts’ overnight. Food in fridge.’” A short story.

of the cinema, which has become a deadly menace to morals.” It is possible that this was a put-up job, something his hosts asked him to do, for the nuncio’s pronouncement helped the Church launch its next great idea. This was the Legion of Decency, which within a year was claiming that seven to nine million Church members had pledged themselves not to attend movies branded with the scarlet letter C (for “condemned”) by the Legion’s ratings board (influenced heavily by middle-aged Catholic women).

Here, at last, was a more than plausible boycott threat. And its organizers kindly provided the solution—the concept that led to the Production Code Administration’s seal of approval (a simple variation on the imprimatur the Church had long awarded literature that met its standards) and a good Catholic to oversee its application. Since Joe Breen already had a job in the producers’ association, thanks to Quigley, and was actively campaigning for this promotion, the new post went to him almost by default. From the day he got it, in 1934, until his retirement his strategy for imposing his will on producers was to pretend to a certain worldliness. Were it up to him, he would say, he’d let this or that bit of raciness go by. But the Legion . . .

It was a great dodge. It made him out to be a good fellow, an ally in the difficult task of applying a set of general rules to specific circumstances. To be sure, certain things (miscegenation, white slavery, nudity) were forthrightly banned. But much of the code required interpretation. What, for example, constituted “excessive and lustful kissing”? At what point did the presentation of adultery become censorably “attractive”? At what stage might “scenes of passion” cross an invisible line and “stimulate the lower and baser element”? There was as much room for argument in code law as there is in constitutional law, and Breen was artful at appearing not as the troubled producer’s judge but as his *amicus curiae*. In fairness, it must be said that when the point at issue was social criticism rather than sexual innuendo, he would sometimes stand with the producers against the conservative Hays. Breen thought that *Gentleman’s Agreement*, a pioneering study of anti-Semitism, should be made. (He objected, however, to the fact that its heroine was—heaven, or

Darryl F. Zanuck, forfend—a divorcée.) Still, his activities on the whole cannot be seen as anything but deadening to a free and mentally healthy screen.

Eventually, of course, he undid himself. After the Second World War, which had a vastly sophisticating effect on American morals and thought, Breen refused a code seal to a palpably decent, seriously made, seriously meant movie, Vittorio de Sica’s *The Bicycle Thief*, because its child protagonist paused briefly to pee in the street and because the search for the stolen bike took the boy and his father through a brothel. Here, at last, was an unambiguously good movie with which liberal editorialists could make a strong case against the code. Emboldened by this response, many theaters played the movie without the seal and found that the sky did not fall. Breen looked even sillier when he refused a code seal to a mild little sex comedy, *The Moon Is Blue*. As its producer-director, Otto Preminger, pointed out, it was quite a moral comedy, in which a young woman successfully defended her virginity against wolfish assaults. Preminger claimed that Breen refused the seal on the ground that the condition in question was mentioned out loud in the dialogue. Breen himself cited a Production Code prohibition against seduction as a “subject for comedy.” Whatever the case, his refusal struck people as highly hypocritical, and despite a C rating from the Legion and its lack of a seal, the movie did well in release.

With the extension of the First Amendment to the movies (the historic argument was over another Italian movie, *The Miracle*, which had been banned in New York for “blasphemy”) and Cardinal Spellman’s making a laughingstock of himself by denouncing the rather innocent and jolly *Baby Doll* from his pulpit, the power of the Church in the industry and with the public was damaged. And when the producers of movies like *Lolita* and *Who’s Afraid of Virginia Woolf?* instituted what amounted to a voluntary ratings system—they barred patrons under eighteen (in the case of *Lolita*, under nineteen) from their theaters—and enforced it without seriously affecting profits, the Breen era of motion-picture censorship began drawing to a close. Indeed, it was Catholics who led

the campaign for replacing the either-or seal system with the somewhat more flexible ratings system (which the Legion of Decency had been using, albeit with sterner standards, all along).

BY THAT TIME Joe Breen had folded up his lace curtains and tottered off into retirement, doubtless feeling the sting of ingratitude. After all, he might have asked, movies had been more popular during his reign than ever before or since, so what harm had he done? Had he lived longer, he might also have come to argue that his term of office closely coincided with what history now regards as the classic age of American cinema, a period of enormous creative energy (and prosperity) that remains unmatched. We can also add this truism to his defense: censorship often acts as a goad to creativity, imposing the need to find subtle and witty ways around its laws which are sometimes preferable to head-on statements. When Nick Charles tosses Asta out of Nora's lower berth into the upper in their train compartment, we know what he has in mind. And right under Breen's nose Preston Sturges made a comedy about virgin birth, *Miracle of Morgan's Creek*, that is infinitely more subtle and subversive—not to mention flat-out funnier—than *The Miracle*.

But all that is not entirely to the point. We can never know what might have been accomplished had censorship not been in place. Being happy with some of what we have is not the same as being pleased about everything we missed—or about the emasculation of earlier works. We can with even greater justification argue that the inability of the movies, when they were at the height of their influence, to deal with sexual issues forthrightly had the effect of imposing an adolescent mind-set about these matters on several generations. It seems to me that the influence of the Breen Office was a factor in making the so-called sexual revolution ultimately more wrenching and more confusing than it needed to be. It might, indeed, have been no more than a sexual adjustment if our popular culture had not for decades previously been so gingerly, genteel, and duplicitous about this topic.

The situation has obviously improved somewhat in the two decades

since the ratings system was put in place. A film like Woody Allen's *Crimes and Misdemeanors*, which is unambiguously ambiguous about the functioning of traditional morality, sexual and otherwise, in the real world, does get made without censorious tampering. On the other hand, the movie audience is increasingly dominated by adolescents. As a result, producers and Breen's heirs at the ratings administration continue the inglorious tradition of bargaining over minor cuts and revisions. The battlefield now surrounds the poorly defined line separating the relatively new PG-13 rating from the R, which prohibits (in theory, if not always in practice) adolescents under seventeen from seeing films so branded. My impression is that in order to secure a commercially crucial segment of the audience and to avoid these de-

meaning squabbles, a good deal of self-censorship is now being practiced in Hollywood. We therefore see more giggly-silly movies, on the order of the execrable *Look Who's Talking*, and fewer authentically adult considerations of the issues that vex grown-up men and women, than we should.

Even so, Protestant fundamentalism now speaks as threateningly as pre-code Catholicism ever did about the moral dangers that movies—and now television—are supposed to pose to youth. The spirit of boycott is by no means dead in this quarter. Indeed, nothing quite as extensive as the hysterical campaign in 1988 against *The Last Temptation of Christ* has ever been seen in this country. In other words, Joe Breen may be gone, but the spirit that animated and supported him lingers on. □

Brief Reviews



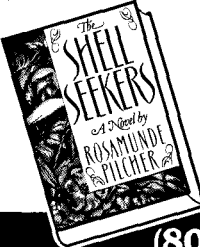
THE SECOND WORLD WAR by John Keegan. Viking, \$24.95 until January 31, \$29.95 thereafter. Mr. Keegan describes what happened in the far-flung and complicated campaigns of the Second World War and in addition explains why it happened. He never allows the reader to forget that terrain, weather, available resources, the capabilities of machines, and political expediency all worked to influence or actually to limit the decisions of military staffs. This background information enormously enhances understanding of the course of the war and, in some cases, respect for the men who directed it. The author does not, of course, overlook those elements of luck and individually inspired or disastrous judgment which occasionally thwarted the most carefully considered strategy. His own judgments are forthright and sometimes unorthodox but always supported by precise figures and logical arguments. There is relatively little of the sharp detail and anecdote that normally enlivens Mr. Keegan's work, probably because the vast amount of territory that he had to cover precluded all

but the strictly necessary. One does learn, however, that Hitler once tried to cheer up his generals by pointing out that Churchill was far more prone than he to the abrupt sacking of commanders.

NOTES ON THE UNDERGROUND by Rosalind Williams. MIT, \$19.95. Ms. Williams's book, subtitled "An Essay on Technology, Society, and the Imagination," proves to be a survey of the literary uses of underground space by post-eighteenth-century British and French authors. The only American involved is Poe, who pretty well held to the old tradition of hell and horror below and therefore does not fit well into the pattern that the author finds in subterranean fiction. That pattern is a combination of technology, derived from the nineteenth century's progress in tunneling and artificial lighting, and Utopian societies, derived from the lively social and political debates of the period. European authors presumably put their fantasy worlds underground because there was small plausible room for them above it. American authors in

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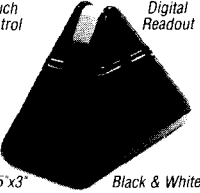


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need of fantasy territory had plenty of the horizontal kind available. The technological Utopias examined by Ms. Williams turn out to be disastrous either in themselves or to human visitors, raising doubts about the suitability of artificial environments for mortal habitation. The viability of artificial environments remains a moot question, but many readers will find nothing surprising in the suggestion that any genuine Utopia would induce suicidal boredom in its citizenry.

THE BRIDESHEAD GENERATION by Humphrey Carpenter. Houghton Mifflin/Peter Davison, \$27.95. Most of the friends that Evelyn Waugh made at Oxford in the early 1920s came there by way of Eton. Waugh did not, but he found the Etonian aesthetic ethos (warmed-over *Yellow Book*) congenial and joined a crowd that was to produce a number of influential writers and critics once the members outgrew their nostalgia for the nineties. They were an enterprising and talented clique, often offensive, sometimes ridiculous, but never dull, and Mr. Carpenter's group portrait of "Waugh and His Friends" is a lively, elegantly written study of a particular stratum of British society—elitist, conservative, eccentric, witty—and of the use Waugh made of it in his fiction. Waugh is the dominant figure on Mr. Carpenter's stage, but he has a notable supporting cast.

MY HOUSE IS ON FIRE by Ariel Dorfman. Viking, \$17.95. Mr. Dorfman, a Chilean, has spent many years in exile. His short stories concern the effects of political brutality and oppression on ordinary people, from small children only partially aware of the dangers surrounding them to a doctor asked for medical advice by the officer supervising his torture. Grimly realistic, ironic, or fantastic, each of these stories succeeds on its specific terms, and in Putnam, Mr. Dorfman has created what may be the most memorably contemptible character in recent fiction.

THOMAS HART BENTON by Henry Adams. Knopf, \$60.00. Benton (1889–1975), whose murals of American life caused him to be considered a leader of the Regionalist School, probably never foresaw such a position. When certain art gurus looked about for a new school, he happened to be there. He

had worked as a newspaper cartoonist, studied in Paris, tried several styles of painting, and taught painting to Jackson Pollock, among others, before becoming established as a man who could cover large stretches of wall with highly colored and exuberantly active representations of steelworkers, rodeos, railroad trains, nightclubs, or frontier history. As a descendant of Missouri politicians (Democratic with Populist leanings), he simply liked Americana and he liked to paint it big, often with a satirical undertone and a tilt toward caricature. As he was outspoken and argumentative, he was often embroiled in profane controversy with rightists, leftists, realists, nonobjectivists, and the unco guid. An artist who can infuriate opposing factions simultaneously and with the same picture has to be an interesting man. Benton was, and his biographer has made good use of the crotchety material at his disposal. The illustrations are plentiful and well chosen, although they cannot be expected to survive the unavoidable reduction in scale without some loss of effect.

DADDY, WE HARDLY KNEW YOU by Germaine Greer. Knopf, \$19.95. After the death of her father, Ms. Greer undertook to trace his early activities, about which she knew little that seemed consistent or even plausible. Ancestor-hunting can be a tiresome subject to all except the hunter, but Ms. Greer's investigations are far from tiresome, partly because she has no hesitation in converting molehill annoyances into mountainous obstacles, but principally because the story that she gradually unearths is decidedly strange. It describes certain peculiarities of Australian society, allows for discussion of the siege of Malta in the Second World War, and reveals, rather touchingly, the author's abiding resentment of parents who neither understood nor appreciated her scholarly and literary achievements. Unmasking Daddy is a fairly harmless revenge for that indignity.

ICELAND photographs by Eliot Porter, text by Jonathan Porter. Little, Brown/Bulfinch, \$50.00. The Porters and their party went to Iceland intending to photograph the country's lavish crop of lichens. Once there, they were inevitably seduced by glaciers, waterfalls,

rocks, seascapes, hot springs, and the brilliant flowers that duplicate in miniature those of the south. They even found a birch grove, which seems in the photograph to be not only flourishing but extensive. Its precise extent is not reported, but a grove of any sort that cannot be seen through is a marvel on that virtually treeless island. Jonathan Porter's text is unpretentiously efficient, placing emphasis on where the expedition went and what it observed while minimizing the melodramatic misbehavior of its hired vehicles. Eliot Porter's photographs, which occupy most of the book, are truly beautiful (as is to be expected) and accurately convey the slightly eerie look of a place where everything in sight is either very large or very small.

THE KISS OF LAMOURETTE by Robert Darnton. Norton, \$19.95. Professor Darnton offers, as "Reflections in Cultural History," essays on a variety of topics in a variety of modes. His discussion of the influence of individuals, as opposed to groups, on the French Revolution is serious and unorthodox. His "Survival Strategy for Academic Authors" is wryly satirical. His reminiscence of his youthful employment with *The New York Times* is funny and ultimately provocative, for it develops into an analysis of the social assumptions and professional methods that, in his opinion, create unconscious self-censorship by reporters. There are also essays on schools of historical study, and in these the author has been unable to avoid a certain amount of academic jargon, although he has plainly tried to do so. Altogether, an interesting grab bag of pieces.

ACTS OF WORSHIP by Yukio Mishima. Kodansha, \$17.95. A number of Mishima's short stories deal with the amorphous self-absorption of adolescent males, which he portrays with understanding although not necessarily with sympathy. The effects range from deadpan comedy to equally deadpan horror, both expertly created, but it must be admitted that Mishima has a weakness for elaboration. Impatient readers will find themselves wishing that the author would move faster to what has become his foreseeable destination.

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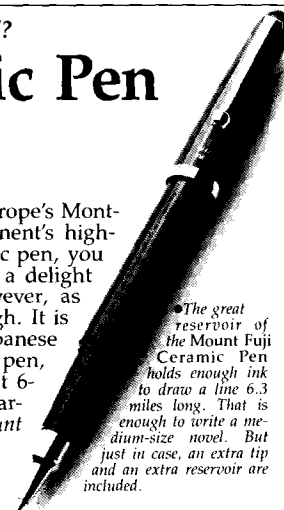
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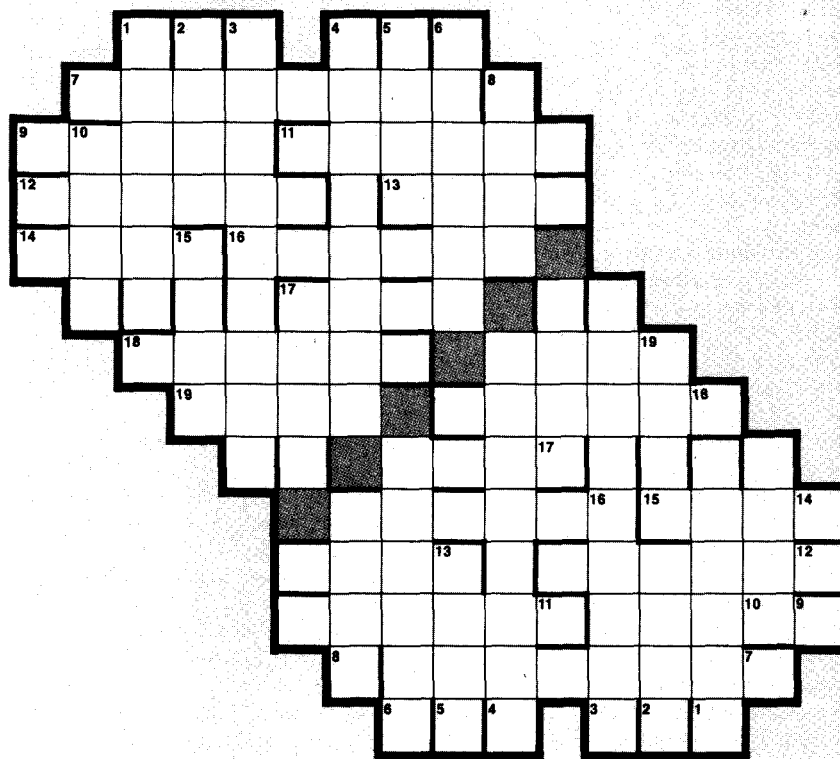
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THE PUZZLER

BY EMILY COX AND HENRY RATHVON

HEART-TO-HEART

This puzzle's diagram takes the shape of two hearts united by six shaded squares. Answers are clued in pairs, one belonging in the upper left heart (and starting at the given number), and the other belonging in the symmetrically matching location in the lower right heart (and *ending* at the given number). Either answer may be clued first. Each of the shaded squares will contain two letters—one from the upper heart and one from the lower heart. When read in the proper order, these twelve letters will serve to join the two hearts. Answers include five proper nouns.



The solution to last month's Puzzler appears on page 97.

ACROSS

7. Romance begins during meal with certain cherished one (8)
Understand inmate's faithful (8)
9. Biting a piece of cake, bride with sides splitting (5)
Sweetheart getting red—that's funny (5)
11. Mac is excited about ring design (6)
Awful boy's back chasing giddy girls (6)
12. Say words of *Love Story* to Eastern porter (6)
Peg, embraced by Sylvester, is firm (6)
13. In retreat, darlings dance (4)
Carol's fresh, having heart stolen (4)
14. Asian is pronounced wed (4)
1000 involved in common ceremony (4)
16. Inn was prepared, holding end of

wedding in cloth shelters (7)

On the way back, cruise featured flowers (7)

17. Run after boyfriend with fruit (5)
Paramour finally crossing one who strays (5)
18. Resourceful couple's first bar (6)
Traveling to spa, honeymoon chiefly yields soap stuff (6)
19. Rapper presented lady (5)
In time, dear enchantress (5)

DOWN

1. The woman's hugged by baseball player, an Angel (6)
Coaches wedding participants (6)
2. Gush intimately (4)
During the cruise, tan (4)
3. Face-to-face, Edward and Virginia declare crush (9)
Confirms engagement, packing most of suitcase (9)

4. In murmur, try to attract someone with money to spend (9)
Climber reserves a time in spring for sweetheart (9)
5. One's going after girl's heart with flower (4)
Also smitten in Asian land (4)
6. Big name in theater company pursues singles after one (7)
Mark loves tigers, essentially (7)
8. Court female with gruff utterance (4)
Request wedding couple announced (4)
10. Heart cheer (4)
Artist uplifted one boy (4)
15. Felt moved in the area of the heart (4)
Formal occasion for mother's first (4)
17. Crazy male takes a wife (5)
Hesitate to speak up after start of wedding (5)

NOTE: The instructions above are for this month's puzzle only. It is assumed that you know how to decipher clues. For a complete introduction to clue-solving, send an addressed, stamped envelope to The Atlantic Puzzler, 745 Boylston Street, Boston, Mass. 02116.

WORD WATCH

BY ANNE H. SOUKHANOV

anticipointment *noun*, a state of mind characterized by great anticipation, especially of a consumer concerning the advent of a new product, and followed by equally great disappointment in the quality of the expected product or outcome: "Mike Mischler, CBS vice president of advertising promotions, described the show's promotional campaign as . . . low-key to avoid what he calls 'anticipointment'—or unrealistic viewer expectations" (*The Los Angeles Times*). BACKGROUND: Advertising and broadcasting—fecund fields for the creation and nurture of trendy blends—have given us yet another one, *anticipointment* (never spelled with two *p*'s), a term for which we have accrued six citations during the past two years, most of them from articles about the promotion of new television programs, such as *The Pat Sajak Show* and *Prime Time Live*. The citations give credit variously for coinage of the word to a senior European brokerage executive (*Business Insurance*), the CBS network (*Advertising Age*), and a vice-president of an Iowa-based media consulting firm (*Electronic Media*).

Bosnywash *noun*, the Boston–New York–Washington, D.C., corridor: "Trying to reassure New Yorkers that they need not be concerned over a loss of jobs to New Jersey, Governor Kean said New Yorkers and New Jerseyans were all residents of one big megalopolis, *Bosnywash*, an 'economic belt' of 'shared problems' and 'shared hopes' stretching from Boston through New York to Washington" (*The New York Times*). BACKGROUND: Pronounced BOS-neh-wash, this blend is also sometimes written as *BosNyWash*. The word goes back as far as the year 1969, according to the *Barnhart Dictionary of New English*. The Barnharts point out that "similar

Here are a few of the words being tracked by the editors of The American Heritage Dictionary, published by Houghton Mifflin. A new word that exhibits sustained use may eventually make its way into the dictionary. The information below represents the first stage of research, not the final product.

names have been proposed for other regions comprising several large metropolitan areas: *Chippits* (Chicago to Pittsburgh) and *Sansan* (San Francisco to San Diego)."

heli-hiking *noun*, transport by helicopter to otherwise inaccessible points of natural interest, such as glacial ice fields or high alpine meadows, where one is dropped off for recreational short hikes and exploration and then picked up by the helicopter for the return to a base lodge: "For the less ambitious, *heli-hiking* in the mountains is a popular means of scaling the peaks without the perspiration" (*Newsday*).

BACKGROUND: In 1983 *Travel Weekly* stated that Arthur Tauck, the president of Tauck Tours, popularized if not actually invented *heli-hiking*, with his helicopter tours of the Canadian

Rockies. According to a 1986 issue of *The Los Angeles Times*, "*Heli-hiking* is not touring the mountaintops via the machine, but making a series of drops and pickups." A fairly un strenuous subclass of adventure travel, *heli-hiking* is appropriate even for the infirm and the wheelchair-bound. *The Saturday Evening Post* reported that the first-time *heli-hiker* must learn the *heli-huddle*, also called the *heli-cuddle*: "Crouched with eyes downward, your group assembles close together as the helicopter lands a few yards away. You climb onto a bench seat in the chopper, then you're whisked away."

numeronym *noun*, a telephone number that spells or is an acronym for a word or words, typically the name of a product, company, or service: "It's not as easy as you would

think, creating *numeronyms*. If there's a one or a zero in the number, you're out of luck" (*The New York Times*).

BACKGROUND: According to a 1989 story in the *Times* titled "1-800-BAD-NEWS," the novelist Eric Kraft coined the word *numeronym*. The word is formed from *numer-* (number) plus the suffix *-onym* (word; name). Other terms that reflect a changing telecommunications industry include *chat line* and a new sense of the verb *touch* (to depress an individual numbered cell on a pressure-sensitive matrix on a telephone in order to reach a party), as in "Touch 7 for Room Service."

outlaw party *noun*, an illegal nightclub that operates only one night a week in frequently changing locations to avoid prosecution and to keep out unwanted patrons. Also called *moving club*, *outlaw club*, *warehouse party*. "The concept of an *outlaw party* is neither new nor native to New York. Los Angeles, for instance, has had 'moving clubs' for a few years" (*The New York Times*).

BACKGROUND: These are modern, mobile speakeasies, access to which is largely controlled by word of mouth. When a new location, such as an abandoned warehouse, an old dance hall, a rooftop, or even a former synagogue, has been selected, handbills are printed and carefully distributed among the faithful. On a typical night, usually from 11:00 P.M. to 4:00 A.M., popular *outlaw parties* such as the New York clubs Payday and \$100,000 Bar can draw 1,000 people apiece. One of the big attractions is *house music* or *house mix*, which can be anything from rap to a kind of disco pop with a strong beat. "They're fun because they move around," one patron is quoted as saying of *outlaw parties* in the *Times* article. "The crowd changes depending on where they are."



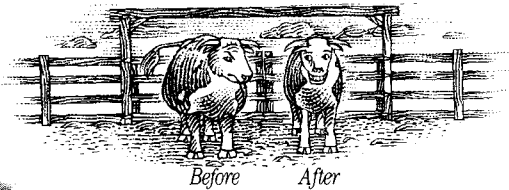
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OF CALORIES AND CRAVINGS

A lean, trimmed 3-ounce serving of beef averages just 200 calories. Some cuts have even fewer. Just check out the "Skinniest Six" below.



MEANWHILE BACK AT THE RANCH.

We haven't exactly been staring at the sagebrush while the rest of the world ran to aerobics class. Leaner breeding, skinnier feeding and closer trimming are making things definitely okay at the corral.



MODERATION IN ALL THINGS.

Beef, chicken or fish, the suggested serving size is 3-ounces, cooked. Raw, just think of a quarter pound of lean beef per person. Then think teriyaki, fajitas, kabobs, satays....

SKINNY BEEF SALAD.

For a salad you won't wish was something else, toss in a few strips of tender sirloin along with the green stuff. P.S. It also works with leftovers.



Figures are for 3-ounce servings, cooked and trimmed.*
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ROUND TIP
6.4 gms total fat*
(2.3 gms sat. fat)
162 calories

TOP LOIN
7.6 gms total fat*
(3.0 gms sat. fat)
172 calories

TOP ROUND
5.3 gms total fat*
(1.8 gms sat. fat)
162 calories

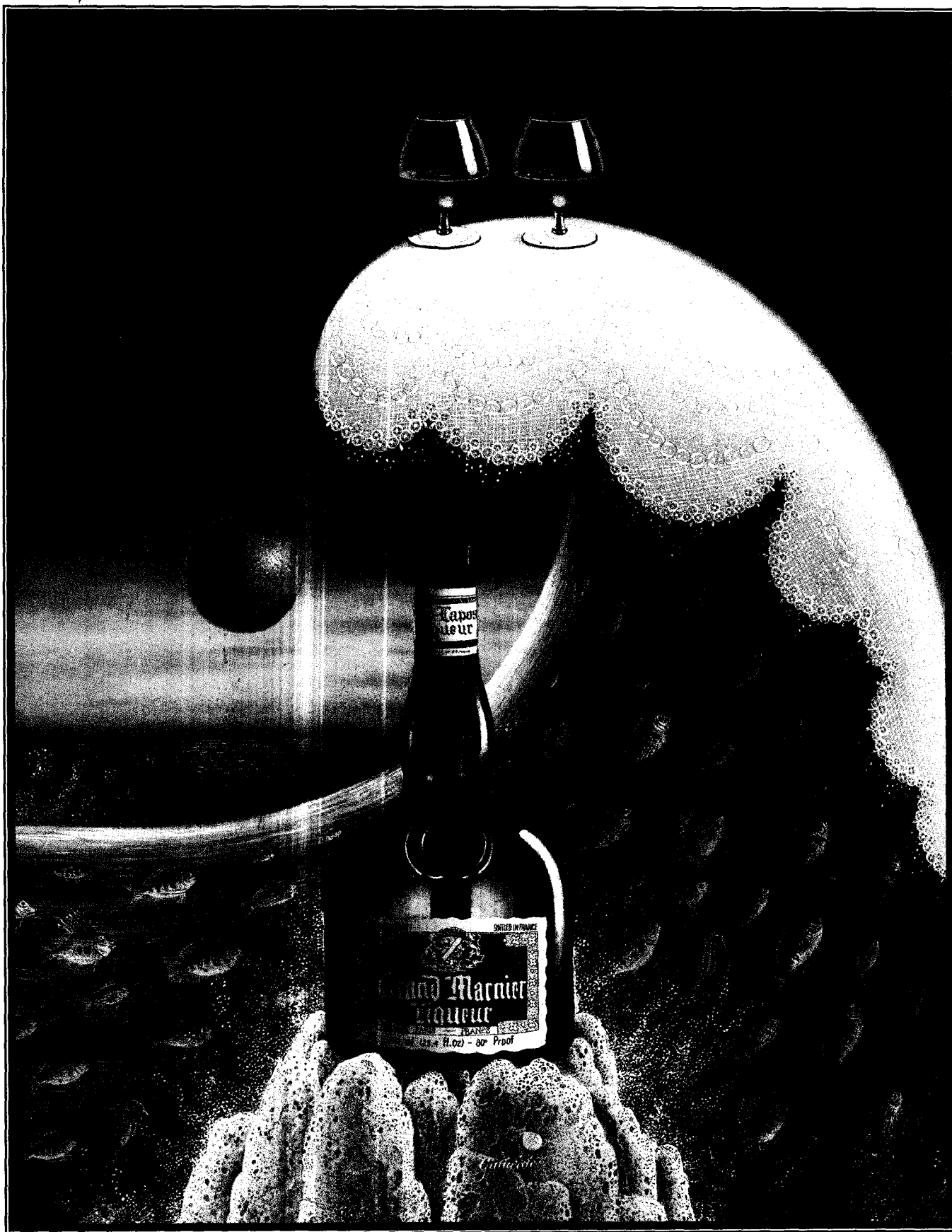
Beef.
Real Food For Real People.

Source: U.S.D.A. Handbook No. 8-13

EYE OF ROUND
5.5 gms total fat*
(2.1 gms sat. fat)
155 calories

TENDERLOIN
7.9 gms total fat*
(3.1 gms sat. fat)
174 calories

SIRLOIN
7.4 gms total fat*
(3.0 gms sat. fat)
177 calories



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